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Poetry.

"No God."

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.
"The foot hath said in his heart, There is no God."
"No God! No God!" The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God!" astonished echo cries
From out her caverns hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the atheist lore.
The solemn forest lifts its head
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet, on its crystal arm,
Doth leap to grave his name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sea
Along his billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opens his mouth
To hurl the fateshook back.
The palm tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The broad frond bending to its lord
In yon fair island glade—
The winged seeds, that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.
"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns piteous still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

Select Literature.

A NOCTURARY OF TERROR.

Once more is the drawer opened; once more are the papers in my hand. The ink of my firm youthful writing has grown pale, and my paper discolored; for I have not cared for many a long year to open a roll so fraught with painful recollections.

My present narrative is founded upon these rough notes now before me; they were hastily and briefly written down at the time, and they only chronicled events to which I was myself a witness.

To proceed:—About thirty-five years, I was a medical student at my alma mater, the country had placed me in a noble city for the purpose of education. No authorized schools of surgery or anatomy at that date existed in the country towns, and the earlier years of the student's life were passed in the acquisition of general preliminary information, and in attendance upon the local hospital or dispensary. Still, however, in the principal cities and towns anatomical study was privately carried on, the great importance of this particular branch of professional education having led, at an early period, to the establishment of rooms for dissection and the delivery of lectures on anatomy. In the town in which I resided one of the leading surgeons rented rooms over the cathedral cloisters for the purpose. These antique apartments, part of the monkish fabric of the cathedral, had been fitted up for lectures and dissections. The narrow casements overlooked an ancient burying-ground full of the decaying memorials of mortality. The time-worn Gothic carvings, the silent quadrangle with its spreading yew-tree, the dark shadows in the cloistered arches beneath the rooms, gloomy even in the summer daylight, gave a funeral character to the whole locality; and the nature of the studies carried on above becoming generally known, in spite of our precautions, the place was regarded with peculiar aversion by the common people.

In the present day the advance of education, and the wise provisions of an anatomical bill passed some years since to regulate medical schools and to supply them with subjects, have much lessened these extreme prejudices of the public at large and have entirely remedied very great evils. The practice of dissecting bodies, and the sentence of the law, which formerly doomed the murderer to death and dissection, accounted for the strong feeling of horror and indignation with which human dissection was universally regarded. People became so alarmed that watchers with loaded fire-arms were frequently placed over the graves of recently deceased persons by their friends. Still the practice of dissection went on, and a sufficient number of bodies was obtained, though with great difficulty, to supply the necessities of the schools. It seems now extraordinary that such a system should have ever existed, or that young men of education could have been found to engage in the revolting work. But the danger and mystery of these night expeditions excited in youthful minds a daring spirit of adventure, and there were always plenty of volunteers ready to undertake them. It was not this spirit of enterprise, however, that alone actuated the student and urged him to a fatiguing and dangerous duty—heavy toil in the lone church-yard at midnight, with the certainty of the roughest treatment from the populace if discovered. Higher motives impelled him: the attainment of anatomical knowledge, and the consideration and esteem of teachers and comrades always accorded to the hard-working and the resolute.

It was, then, on a wild, stormy night in December, 1825, that a party of students agreed to meet at the dissecting rooms, and to start from thence at midnight on an expedition to a neighboring church-yard, three miles distant from the town. The party consisted of Balfour, young Fletcher and myself. Qualified by my greater experience, I was the leader; Balfour was my second, and Fletcher was to procure a gig for our conveyance. I agreed to join Balfour at the rooms an hour before we started, in order to prepare a dissection which we had been unable to get ready before, and which it was necessary to complete for the morning lecture. Balfour was the son of a dissenting minister in the town, and had been carefully brought up. He was a hard-working, attentive student, but of a reserved and gloomy disposition. He seldom joined in the amusements of young men of his age, and consequently, though generally respected, he was not popular with his comrades. He was a heavily-built, strong

fellow, with a resolute and not unpleasant countenance, though his smile was somewhat sinister. A man of hitherto proved courage, I always felt that I could rely upon him in emergency. It had been raining and blowing hard all the day; the evening closed stormily in clouds, and showed no prospect of improvement. I arrived at the rooms the first, and groping up the dark circular staircase, was glad to find that the fire I had made up when I left in the afternoon was burning brightly.

It was a wild night. The crazy leaden casements shook noisily in the eddying gusts of the heavy gale that far above our heads swept round the cathedral tower. The skeletons, suspended by hooks from the ceiling, moved and creaked in the frequent draughts. The dried anatomical preparations, contained in cases ranged round the room, stood out in the wailing gloom, and as the candle flared in the wind, glanced with grinning teeth from their glazed sepulchres. In the centre of the apartment, stretched upon a board and covered with a sheet, lay a subject for dissection. It was the body of a quarryman, recently killed by a fall from the rocks. The dim light of the candle rested upon the solemn folds of the white drapery, and gave a statue-like character to the form.

As I sat in the gloom waiting the arrival of my comrades, a succession of strange thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. I speculated upon the probable aspect of the face concealed beneath the sheet—was it not horribly distorted by the nature of the death—a fearfully sudden death—rendering a wondrous living tissue of organization, in an instant, effete and worthless—a man yesterday, and to-day knowing more of heaven and hell than all the philosophers upon the earth.

The idea grew horribly vivid until I fancied that I saw the shrouding-sheet, that enveloped the body, slightly move. Though I felt that this was but the effect of an excited imagination, to reassure my mind I rose, walked to the table, removed the covering, and looked steadily upon the face of the dead. There was nothing to alarm in the wan effigy. The characters of mortality were there: deep-graven in lines not to be mistaken, and I gazed upon the fixed and peaceful outline of what had been a vigorous, half-savage, tolling athlete, with a strange and deep interest.

It was now eleven the quarter bells chimed out from the cathedral, followed by the heavy toll of the hour, taken up in succession by more distant bells, whose drowsy voices were borne far away upon the sweeping storm.

A step on the stairs; enter Balfour, more serious and sour in aspect than usual. Wrapped in a rough-coat and muffler, he did not speak until he had removed and shaken his drenched garments.

"Balfour, this is a capital night for us; we shall have no witness to our proceedings in this howling storm."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "For all that, there are busy fiends who love the darkness and the storm. Come, get to work, we have no time to lose; already eleven o'clock has struck, and I see," turning reproachfully toward me, "the dissection for to-morrow's lecture is not yet even begun. Come, to work!"

So saying he uncovered the body, and proceeded to flex the arm across the chest, the more readily to dissect the upper and back part of the extremity, at the same time that he secured it by a chain to the other side of the table. The limb was thus put forcibly upon the stretch, and the subject drawn over on its side. Balfour seating himself opposite the arm, commenced the work. I was on the other side, engaged in reading aloud the anatomical description of the parts we were preparing, when, during a pause, the hook which had secured the arm in the direction before-mentioned slipped its hold, and the hand, suddenly freed from its bondage, swung with an increased momentum given by the turning body, and struck Balfour a violent blow upon the face. With a fearful shriek—the more startling from his habitual composure—Balfour sprang to his feet, like Richard in the tent-scene; with hair erect, blanched face, and large drops of perspiration gathering on his brow, he staggered back, shouting:

"O God! the man's alive!"

I dashed at him, horror-struck myself, not at what had occurred—for I saw how it had happened—but at the abrupt terror of my companion, appalling to the last degree. Clashed together we hustled each other into a corner of the room, giving, in our passing struggles, a sharp gyration to the suspended skeletons. I shook him violently, exclaiming:

"He is not alive; he is dead—dead!"

But Balfour, half-dead-struck himself, still gasped: "Alive!—alive!"

"No, no, no," I repeated; "he is dead!"

At length he drew a deep breath, and sunk down in the corner whimpering:

"And yet it is impossible; that half-dissected body can not be alive."

"My good fellow," said I, "this is mere childish delusion—what is the matter with you? are you well? Here, take some brandy."

He seized the flask and drank deeply; then, with a strong effort, he rose, walked to the fire-table, and said nothing.

The whole scene was very ghastly. Balfour's firmness in all times of trial, heretofore, made his present abject fear the more unnatural and shocking; no doubt, to a man of his serious mind and ordinary gloomy disposition, with a temperament prone to superstition, the impression of an incident so sudden and appalling was the more powerful in its effect.

We sat in silence.

"Balfour," I said, at last, "we must put off our expedition for this night; it is blowing and raining hard, and you are not in a fit state to encounter fatigue and exposure."

"Why do you talk thus?" he replied, looking up doubtfully; "do you think that I am afraid?"

"Not at all, my friend; but this circumstance that has so startled you may perhaps make you—"

"Here I hesitated, not caring to say what I thought, so I stopped abruptly."

"Wild!" said Balfour, angrily, seizing me

by the arm, "have I ever quailed in this most horrible, but, to us, righteous task?—have I ever shrunk from my duty that you thus insinuate?"

"Never, Balfour; you have always stood by me like a man, and I would rather have you for my lieutenant than any other of the students, and that you know right well; but we will not go to-night for all that."

He started up, and with sudden energy exclaimed, "I will go, even if I go alone, even should the dead arise to oppose me—Wild!" say not one word more; and he struck his fist violently on the table, setting the skeletons and window-frames trembling and clattering in the pause of the storm, which was now subsiding.

At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and the old clock tolled twelve.

"Here is the gig, and we not ready!" I exclaimed.

I was glad to see Balfour eagerly seize and put on his grave-clothes. I followed his example. We then collected all the requisite tools—tooth-pick, shovel, elevator, etc.—and descended to the street, groping along in the dark.

"A wild night, lads!" said the cheerful voice of young Fletcher, a youth of seventeen, who, accustomed to drive, was chosen as our charioteer. "I have had the greatest work to get the trap; I should never have come round old Higgins if it had not been for Nancy. He declared that we were going to commit a dead robbery, and somebody would swing for it one of these days; and Nancy actually kissed me, because she had it in her mind that I should be surely nipped up by them awful spectres. At last, however, I got off, and here I am, all right and tight."

"Jack," said I, "can you see, and is the horse steady? It is awkward work driving in such a black night as this."

"Be easy, my dear friend; I could drive you to the devil, if required."

"Well," added Balfour, "I believe it is not unlikely that you may do so."

It was a good horse, and we rattled along at a great pace between long lines of lamps through lonely streets, deserted, save by drowsy watchmen calling the hour, who raised their lanterns to see what we were. Then came the straggling, half-lighted suburbs, and lastly the dark and open country, through which we drove more slowly, though still at a steady trot, to the quiet churchyard at Hilton. The wind had much subsided; low, rolling clouds, opening here and there, showed a few faint stars; but the road, where shadowed by trees, would have been almost undistinguishable save for the glimmering pools by the heavy rain. We now quitted the gig, which Fletcher drove back to the shadow of some fir-trees, there to await our return. As I ascended with Balfour the path that led to the church-yard, we paused to look round, and assure ourselves that no one was following upon our steps.

I never approached the dark sanctuary of death with more awe or reverence than at this moment, though about to mock and desecrate that sanctuary by rifling it of its poor contents.

The shadow of the darkest night, which you inwardly how may shroud the ghoul-like proceeding, is never profound enough. The disinterred body gleams with its own ghastly lustre. A faint phosphorescent nimbus seems to surround it, developing the characteristic outline of humanity, when it is so dark that you can not see your hand before you. I do not know how it was, but at this moment I did not feel my usual steadiness. I was fidgety and anxious. Balfour's alarm in the room had filled me with uneasiness, and though he seemed recovered, he was still nervous and depressed. However, it was no time for retrospection; and, creeping along the side of the low wall to the deeper shade of the church, we leaped the inclosure.

The moment I was in the ground all uncertainty passed from my mind, to be immediately succeeded by a deep sense of duty, and a firm purpose to execute it. I at once advanced to the spot marked in a visit of investigation the day before as the site of the recent grave. After having made the needful preliminary examination, and satisfied ourselves that we were correct, I let Balfour take the commencement of the work, while I removed a short distance from the grave to watch, and warn my comrade should any thing occur to disturb us. It is far better to watch than work on these occasions. The attention is absorbed in the exertion; and on that account I determined that Balfour should begin. As I stood in the drear yard I looked about me more narrowly to accustom my eye to the dim obscurity and to the various dark mis-shapen objects around—

One decaying monument appeared like a crouching monster watching us; and it was not till I had approached to examine the object more closely that I could perfectly satisfy myself of its real nature. The evergreen trees and bushes that clustered in the opposite corner of the yard were darkly outlined against the dusky reddish light arising from the city, three miles off. As I stood listening on the watch, the ticking of the church-clock seemed to grow gradually louder in the intense silence. Presently I heard another sound, not unlike it—a soft tapping noise that I could not understand. It appeared, at times, to be very near me. The grating of the spade in the stony soil, which had been going on for some time, now ceased. I therefore returned to Balfour, to see what he was about, and to take my spall at the work, surrendering to him the watch. As I approached he spoke softly from the grave, in a nervous and excited way.

"Hush! do you hear nothing? do you see nothing?"

My own attention had been drawn to the peculiar sounds before mentioned—soft intermitting sounds, like little footsteps pattering on the ground. Balfour came stumbling up to me.

"It is horribly dark! What are these noises, so like heavy droppings of blood? Are they the echoes of the church-clock, or are there two ticking clocks to the tower? I hate this internal thing! What is it? Why do you bring me here to be thus tormented?"

And he added the perspiration from his brow with his muddy hand.

"Pooh, pooh! it is nothing at all, Balfour," said I. "Get back to the work again. I will go to the other side of the yard and see about it."

I crossed the ground in the direction of the sounds, ankle-deep in the rank, wet grass that ever fattens on the rich loam of the church-yard, slipping over graves and low head-stones, to the imminent danger of my shins. When I drew near I perceived the simple cause of our alarm; though the storm had ceased, large drops continued to fall from a spout at the top of the tower, and pattered on the flags below.

As I turned to go back I jostled a dark figure standing close to me. In my first impulse I seized it by the throat, but was roughly shaken off by the more powerful Balfour. "Why the devil," I angrily exclaimed, "do you thus dog me, Sir? How infernally you have startled me! Do get back to your work!" We returned sulkily and in silence. I took up the shovel and began to dig. Balfour presently touched me on the shoulder. "Wild!" he said, "you were very angry with me just now; I ought not to have followed you; forgive me; I am not quite myself to-night."

"All right, Balfour. Go back to your watch; I quite understand." Balfour, however, did not seem disposed to quit my vicinity. I took no notice at first, but kept vigorously at the work; then in a pause I said, "My good fellow, you must return to your post; you can not hear anything so near me, and it is quite necessary to keep a sharp look-out, though all may be perfectly quiet, and every thing promise success."

While I yet spoke we were startled by a remarkable sound above our heads, apparently close to us. A low whistling in the air, very strange and even weird, seemed to wander and play about us. "What is this—now?" gasped my companion. "What is it, I say!" and he seized me convulsively by the arm. I was myself astonished, and could in no way explain this new phenomenon. However, I said hastily, "Birds—night birds, chirping round us—nothing more."

"Wild!" said Balfour, slowly, in a hollow and altered voice. "God sees us, and vouchsafes us a warning. This may be a dreadful sin that we are engaged in. Come, let us go." I was much more alarmed at Balfour's evidently growing disturbance of mind than at the cause, and did what I could to reassure him. The sounds, as I seized the spade, suddenly ceased, and pushing him from me, in one continual I was hard at work. I had scarcely thrown out a dozen shovelfuls of earth before Balfour rushed wildly up and exclaimed, "By Heaven! there is something in the church-yard—there—close to the verge of the inclosure!"

Instantly I jumped out of the grave, and with straining eyes looked in the direction he indicated. I could see nothing.

Balfour was evidently pointing to some moving object, and following it with his finger; while he muttered words which, in the agitation of the moment, I did not understand. We stood close together, our eyes directed toward the opposite boundary wall. There the solemn bushes were waving slowly in the night air against the illumined sky, but no other moving thing could I perceive.

At the same time a new and extraordinary sense of undefinable solicitude and anxiety—a sense of something to be feared—except through me; and as I now felt certain that with a man in Balfour's excited state, verging upon insanity, I could hope for no assistance, but must expect every embarrassment, I determined to give up all farther attempt, and to leave the church-yard at once. I was on the point of saying so, when my companion spoke again in broken, shivering whispers. "Wild!" he said, "do you not see it now? I see it distinctly in ghastly outline against the sky. Mark how it glides along, slowly, very slowly—a terrible shadow streaked with light, where the shroud parts upon the breast. See, it stops, it beckons, it lures us to its haunt. Oh, Wilder, stay not a moment; instantly let us go—not that way—no!—there—that is the grave—its grave—tread softly, softly, and with haste." Then, in the delicious ecstasy of his terror, he suddenly shouted out, in a loud, clear voice, most appalling in the absorbing silence of the night, "Save me, O God, for I come into deep water. Let not the pit shut her mouth upon me. Save me! save me! I go to judgment!" And he made a step forward, as if to advance upon the mystic horror.

Now was my own concern infinitely increased, when I fancied that I myself could perceive through the gloom what resembled a slowly passing shadow, illumined below, and dark above the wall. The undecided sensation I had before experienced swelled into a deadly sense of sickly fear, as I followed with straining eye-balls a dim something that was stealing along the verge of the inclosure, in the direction of the dark evergreens, erect and human-shaped. Had I never been infected by Balfour's abject terror (for terror is an infectious disease), it is possible that my natural audacity would have made me dash at the figure to solve the dreadful mystery; but as it was, I stood, for the moment, benumbed, terror-struck, and incapable of motion. As I gazed with dilated pupils, I saw the shadow what seemed an arm; but whether to beckon us onward, or to warn us to desist, I could not in the dim obscurity discern.

At this moment the air became filled with the same strange, sweet, whistling sounds we had before heard—above, below, around us, everywhere. My comrade fell heavily to the earth in strong convulsions, and struggled violently in the loose mould, dashing it about in a fearful manner. I endeavored at first to hold him in these spasms, to prevent him from hurting himself, but in vain; so I let him wrestle it out, while I thrust my brandy flask between his tightly-wedged teeth, and succeeded in getting some brandy into his mouth. I thought of running for Fletcher, but I feared to leave Balfour in his present state, lest, suddenly recovering, he should go raving mad to find himself alone, and apparently deserted; besides, what would become

of the horse if Fletcher were to leave the gig? I do not know how it was—for I am sure my present situation was bad enough—but I felt in my anxiety for poor Balfour, and the constant attention I was compelled to give him, a relief from a worse and more prostrating feeling—that of a terror such as I had never understood before. I tried to be calm—determined not to turn my eyes in the direction of the late visitation, and to await, as steadily as I could, the restoration of my comrade to consciousness. The convulsions now nearly ceased, returning only at intervals and in a slight degree. Still he remained insensible. I had loosened his neckerchief and chafed his temples, sprinkling his face with spirit from my flask. After a brief period of intense anxiety, I found the pulse returning, and the breathing in a degree restored. I gently whispered to him that we were going away, and raising him upon his feet, I led him with faltering steps toward the point of our entrance. In this way, with difficulty, we gained the boundary wall, and I lifted him over, holding him with one hand and scrambling up with the other. At this moment the clock struck three, and the sounds rose faintly from the churches of the neighboring city. As I paused after my exertion, leaning against the wall, and still supporting my companion, the cool night breeze that bore the welcome sound of the bells upon its wings, fanned my heated brow with an ineffable sense of refreshment. My shortened breath grew deeper in the pure current of vital air, and my shaken frame became braced again. My judgment, which had never entirely deserted me, was restored to its full integrity with returning bodily strength. I felt excited, but equal to any emergency. It was clear that Balfour's mind had not yet sufficiently recovered to enable him to comprehend his situation, nor did I, by any remark, attempt to lead him to a consciousness on this point. With the same slow advance we descended from the churchyard to the road. Here I left him and ran on to Fletcher. Jumping into the gig, I told him to drive instantly back to where I had left Balfour.

"What is the matter?" whispered Fletcher. "Have you seen the devil, or are you pursued?"

I made no answer, but seizing the reins from him as we approached the spot, I pulled up sharply, leaped from the gig, and found Balfour exactly where I had left him.

"Here, Fletcher, jump out and lend a hand to get him in."

Fletcher now whispered, "Oh, the immaculate Balfour drunk, I perceive."

"Be quiet; you know nothing about it. Keep hold of him and remain where you are until my return; I will be with you in ten minutes."

I hastened back to the churchyard, determined to ascertain, if possible, what it really was that had upset us so completely. As I climbed the wall I glanced in the direction of our recent terror, and leaping down, walked to the grave. Here I collected the tools that were scattered about, and seizing the elevator, which made a formidable weapon, I advanced, with a beating heart, to the other side of the graveyard. As I looked doubtfully round, the various objects in the inclosure seemed perfectly stationary. At last I arrived at the extreme end of the yard, and leaned against the wall for a few moments, for I felt a sudden faintness, and the darkness which enveloped me seemed so profound that I lost all idea of the direction to return in.

In a few minutes my faintness passed off, but it required the utmost resolution to enable me to enter the funeral shadows of the evergreens. I did enter though, and walked round and between what I found were cypress-trees. No light burst from the gloom. All was bare and silent. I returned with much more trepidation than on my advance. I felt every moment as if about to be clasped from behind by a loathsome spectre. Exhausted, and wet with perspiration, I rejoined my comrades. Balfour remained in the same condition, and Fletcher exclaimed, "Thank God you are come! I have been dreadfully frightened with this living ghost. What is the matter with him, and what is it all about?"

I now hurriedly explained what had occurred, and told him to get home as fast as he could.

We drove rapidly back, entered once more the deserted streets, and reached the lecture-rooms in safety. I ran up the stairs to unlock the door, raking the embers of the nearly extinguished fire, lit a candle, and descended for Balfour. He seemed partially to comprehend that he was to leave the gig. Both assisting, we got him up stairs; and then Fletcher drove off to the stable. I now proceeded to examine more closely into Balfour's condition. He was deathly pale; his pupils, widely dilated, were insensible to the action of light; his extremities cold. I laid him on the floor, bathed his face and head with cold water, and poured more brandy down his throat, until by degrees his consciousness partially returned. I was right when Fletcher's springy step was heard upon the stairs. After nearly two hours of watchful care and continued endeavors Balfour was much recovered; still there was an unpleasant, unearthly stare on his face, with a slight squint. He talked incoherently, alluding to some deadly sin he fancied he had committed, for which there was no hope of forgiveness. Dawn at last stole through the gloom, and dimmed our wasted, flaring candle. When the daylight was fully established I sent Fletcher for a carriage, and putting Balfour into it, drove with him to his home. The family were not yet up, and, seeing the servant to get him to bed as quickly as possible, I hastened to Mr. Bromfield, our anatomical professor, and begged him to return with me as soon as possible. He attended to my request at once, and on the way I detailed to him the adventure. Mr. Bromfield listened attentively to my recital. He considered that Balfour's unusual terrors were due to his having been unwell before we started; that I had myself been infected by my comrade's fear, and that the whole thing was the result of our disordered imaginations. I made no answer to these observations; and

though I inwardly wished that the matter could be thus satisfactorily explained, I knew better. We now arrived at Balfour's house. When Mr. Bromfield had seen and examined the patient he expressed great alarm. He said: "There is much more in this than I at first thought. I consider him in immediate danger."

He remained with poor Balfour to see that the remedial measures which he had ordered were promptly carried out, and to break the matter to his friends. For my part, I returned in a sad and subdued state of mind, and felt more than half inclined never again to attempt these adventures. Fatigue and excitement had quite upset me, and truly glad I was to find myself once more in my own lodgings. I undressed and jumped into bed, but essayed in vain to sleep. When I dozed off, the horrible scene with Balfour in the dissecting-room came before me, or I fancied myself in the church-yard starting at every noise. At last I could bear these half-waking horrors no longer; so I determined to get up and go to the lecture, for it was just ten o'clock, the hour for its commencement.

Returning wearily to my lodgings I was startled by a placard, signed by the churchwardens of Hilton, which a man was in the act of posting up. It was as follows:

FELONY.
FIFTY GUINEAS REWARD!

WHEREAS, last night, or early this morning, some villain or villains, unknown, entered the church-yard of Hilton, and feloniously stole the body and the grave-clothes of a person therein buried, and have thus incurred the penalty of transportation: Any person giving information that may lead to the discovery of the offender or offenders shall receive Twenty Guineas reward upon his or their apprehension, and a further reward of Thirty Guineas upon conviction.

I do not know that the horrible witness of the night affected me more strangely than this announcement. The body gone and the grave-clothes! I read and re-read the words until the very idea sickened me. The unearthly sounds we had heard all now bore a fearful interpretation.

I turned away from the contemplation of this infernal placard, repeatedly unconsciously, "the body and the grave-clothes—the body and the grave-clothes!" Suddenly I started at full speed to Balfour's. Judge of my alarm and distress when I found the street-door wide open and the household in great confusion. Mr. Bromfield and Fletcher, with several neighboring practitioners in the sick-room, drawn thither by strange reports of Balfour's extraordinary state. As I entered the apartment, Balfour, a dying man, rose upright in his bed, and with the same ghastly expression he wore in the dissecting-room, pointed at me with outstretched arms, and exclaimed, in a voice that haunted my dreams for months afterwards:

"See, it comes again! The grave is opened! I am in the Valley of the Shadow of Death—it grows darker and darker! I go—"

He gradually stiffened in this fearful attitude, and in a few minutes was a corpse. So ends my noctuary of terror.

Jones and the Robbers.

A TALE OF THE EARLY WEST.

"In early times," said Jones, "I organized a party near Louisville, Ky., to go down and commence a settlement on the Ohio river, in Hardin county, Illinois. The country round about there bore rather a bad name at that day, for people generally believed a strong band of robbers were quartering among the hills and rocks skirting the stream; nevertheless I was determined to carry out my plans. Rich specimens of lead and iron ore had been brought up by boatmen from that region, with the assurance that it existed in large quantities. That was the magnet which drew me thither."

"The company organized consisted of ten men—all heads of families. Our programme of action was to first go down ourselves and get ready our cabins, etc., and then to return for our women and children."

"Preparations for prosecuting the enterprise having been made complete, a morning was set for our departure from the settlement. On the night preceding it I went to bed as usual, but not as usual calmly to sleep. Something laid heavy upon my mind, yet I knew not what it was. It occurred to me that there was danger near at hand, or that something would occur to prevent our voyage down the river in the morning. My wife, to whom I unfolded my thoughts, laughed at my fears, and being anything but superstitious myself, I tried to shake them off."

"Next morning I found, however, that they were not wholly without foundation. Only two of my men made their appearance equipped for the expedition; the other seven sent word that they had changed their minds, and, consequently, would not accompany me. What was to be done? Must the enterprise, which had cost me so much labor, both mentally and physically, be abandoned? We three consulted together, and, without a dissenting voice, resolved to go at all hazards."

"Smith and Steene, my only backers in the new enterprise, were both as resolute as lions, and but little inferior to lions in point of physical ability. They were a host within themselves—capable of felling more trees, chopping more logs and splitting a larger number of rails in a day than half-a-dozen ordinary men; and I, myself, was not slow at such things. Knowing our ability to make a mark in the woods, we doubted not that we would be as successful as if accompanied by our over-nerved neighbors, besides, reasoned we, the fewer claimants the greater the glory. A large canoe was loaded up with such articles as our wants in prospect demanded, and, under the influence of buoyant spirits, we paddled off down the river. In due time, we landed at a suitable place some four miles below 'Cave in Rock,' and took possession—not like Cortez, in the name of our sovereign, but in the name of Jones, Smith and Steene."

"Our first care after locating, was to erect a shanty for our own accommodation. This we completed in two days, after which we slept

at home and boarded at the same place. From the beginning, our work of improvement was pushed on with giant strides—in six weeks we expected to go back for our families. At the end of two weeks nothing had disturbed us. The robbers so much dreaded by those living at a distance and in perfect safety, had not made their appearance. Not a human being, save those composing our little party; or, in other words, our own trio, and the crews of two flatboats, that had floated down the river without landing, had been within sight of our new homes, so far as we knew.

The story of the robbers began to be regarded by us as a myth, in consequence of which we felt entirely secure. Why not? If robbers really did exist in the vicinity, what had we to fear from them? They robbed for profit, and had they taken it upon themselves to rob us, the profit would not have paid the expense, for we had no valuables with us. The only score upon which we could have the least apprehension was, that they might wish to check our operations in order to prevent the encroachment of civilization upon their den."

"As before stated, two weeks passed without the least disturbance. At the end of that time, and late in the night, I was suddenly awake from sleep by an unusual sound in our cabin. A large fire was burning upon the hearth, by the light of which I discovered, on opening my eyes, that two strange men, each armed with an axe, and making suspicious gestures, were in our apartment. I was lying on the same bunk with Smith at the time—Steene was sleeping by himself in a bunk in the opposite corner."

"Ere I had time to speak the strangers separated, and with poised weapons leaped each to a bunk. Two dull heavy sounds followed, and poor Smith and Steene—it was all over with them! Their brains were splattered upon the walls and floor of the shanty. I leaped up in bed, and drawing up a blow aimed at me, struck the villain who had wounded Smith, with all the power I could command. He rolled over on the floor like a log, and his companion on the other side of the room was too intent on his hellish work to observe what was going on. Seizing the momentary advantage thus gained, I bounded from the bunk and made the best of my way to the open air."

"In less than a minute the robbers were in close pursuit, and owing to the fact that I was barefooted—in short, almost wholly unclad—and the land was thickly strewn with an undergrowth of thorns and briars, and masses of broken rocks, they could not do otherwise than gain upon me. The struggle, on my part, was one of almost superhuman endurance, however, for I knew life or death depended upon its issue."

"The chase continued for at least two miles; the robbers gaining ground slowly all the while. The fates seemed against me, for a full round moon was looking down upon the scene, and destroying all my chances of dodging them—chances which might have been good in the dark. Finally I lost my reckoning, and becoming entirely bewildered, ran on I knew not whither. The result of this was, that a few minutes later found me standing upon the range of a cliff looking down upon a small stream that gurgled among the rocks full two hundred feet below. I was trapped and wholly in the power of my merciless foes. No, not wholly in their power! There was still a chance to escape them, but no hope of cheating death out of a victim. What would I do? Would I deliver myself into the bloody hands of these fiends, or would I dare the leap and die among things which had never, of themselves, committed a crime? Would I suffer my blood to bespatter the garments of murderers—devils—to be exhibited by them as marks of triumph, or would I let myself be buried among the silent rocks at the bottom of the precipice? Thus debated I for a moment, while the robbers paused to laugh in derision at my condition. In that moment my verdict was made up—I would clasp their grasp. A short prayer, and closing my eyes I sailed from the giddy height and alighted upon the floor! I had jumped out of bed—it was only a dream. On getting fairly awake I found myself still in my comfortable room in Kentucky, on the night before starting on the expedition.—New York Weekly.

"A lesson.—There was once an old man whose eyes

The Middlesex Journal.

S. M. R. PIPPEY, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and no person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; seven lines, one insertion, 75 cents; each additional insertion 50 cents. One Square, per year, \$20.00; six months, \$12.00; three months, \$7.00. Half a Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$5.00; three months, \$3.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square; more than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, (under 50 cents a line, for one insertion, 25 cents; and for each subsequent insertion, 10 cents. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted FREE, (consigned to, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

South Woburn.—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO. North Woburn.—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON. Boston.—E. T. WHITTIER. Reading.—THOMAS H. FENNISON. South Reading.—DR. J. D. MANFIELD. Manchester.—JOSEPH HOBBS.

S. M. R. PIPPEY & CO., Boston and New York: S. B. NILES, (successor to T. H. Palmer), South Woburn, Court street, Boston; and JOHN H. HARRIS, Boston, are daily empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1860.

READING MATTER ON OCTOBER.—First page.—Poetry, "No God," A Notary of Terror; Jones and the Robbers; A Lesson, &c. Last page.—Poetry, The Autumn Leaf, Small Red Chambers; A Thrilling Incident; Big Words; Funny Mistake, &c.

THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL.

With the present issue the Middlesex Journal enters upon the tenth year of its existence. A sufficient time has elapsed to show the estimation in which it is held in this and the adjoining towns. No better indication is to be found than the continued patronage of our old subscribers and the constant accession of new ones. We have had the pleasure of adding to our subscription list, during the past week, some of our substantial and reliable citizens. It will continue to be our aim to render our sheet interesting and valuable to every family into which it finds admission.

The Journal will continue to receive contributions from the same sources as heretofore. Besides this we shall receive occasional communications from other gentlemen well qualified to interest our readers.

The Departments have been well sustained during the past year. Reading and South Reading have been as constant as the Sun in their course. Winchester, during the past few months has manifested an interest unknown before in that town. The communications of Excellence, and the letters of S. have reflected much honor upon the conductors of the Winchester Department.

The press is emphatically a good time to subscribe for the Middlesex Journal. It is the commencement of a new volume, and will enable subscribers to possess a complete file. It is interesting to turn back to the early volumes of this paper, and read the facts, incidents and historic events there recorded. There we find names figuring prominently in public matters and in business affairs—which, a few years later became chronicled under the obituary head. Nothing more emphatically impresses us with the changes that are constantly going on amidst and around us, than the humble chronicle of events as they appear from week to week, during a series of years, in this local newspaper.

We thank, once again, our patrons and friends for the many words of encouragement and acts of kindness we have experienced at their hands, and especially during a period when sorrow and bereavement spread their dark wings over us. We can assure them, however, that it is no less pleasant to bestow than to receive.

We take this opportunity to thank our advertising friends for their numerous favors. The circulation of the JOURNAL, not only in Woburn but in the surrounding towns, renders it valuable as an advertising medium, while money thus spent is the best investment, usually, that a man of business makes. In all things we shall continue to pursue a high minded, honorable course toward all, never prostituting our columns to personalities, or aught of a questionable influence. We shall ever rejoice in the prosperity of others, and sympathize with those who may experience reverses. While such continue to be our principles of action we have no misgivings in respect to the patronage of an appreciating public.

COUNTY CONVENTION.—At the County Convention, held at Charlestown, Wednesday, Oct. 3d, the Hon. James M. Usher, of Medford, was chosen President; and Francis Brinley, of Tyngsboro', S. D. Davenport, of Hopkinton, Charles Hurd, of Brighton, Charles Eastman, of Malden, Luther Hill, of Stoneham, N. P. Gates, of Lowell, S. W. Lewis, of Charlestown, J. P. Richardson, of Cambridge, Vice Presidents; and J. O. Cogswell, South Reading, Geo. F. McLeod, of Cambridge, H. C. Shepherd, of Melrose, Secretaries. The committee on credentials reported the convention represented by delegates from 40 towns. On motion an informal ballot was taken for County Commissioner with the following result:—Whole number of votes 170; Leonard Huntress, of Tewksbury, had 108; J. B. Keyes, of Lowell, had 15; G. W. Coburn, of Braintree, had 41; and 6 were scattering, after which Leonard Huntress, of Tewksbury, the present incumbent, was nominated for County Commissioner by acclamation.

COUNCILOR CONVENTION.—The third Councilor Convention which met at Charlestown, Oct. 3d, was organized by the choice of Hon. P. J. Stone, of Charlestown, as President, and Mr. Hovey, of Medford, as Secretary. The Committee on credentials reported twenty-six towns represented by one hundred and forty delegates. The present incumbent, the Hon. James M. Usher, of Somerville was re-nominated for Councilor by acclamation.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—On Saturday evening last, the Democrats held a caucus in the Town Hall, and elected the following delegates to the Convention, held at Waltham on Wednesday last:—Otis Bacon, Lorenzo Winslow, Joseph B. Steele, Peter Kenney, Stephen Nichols, Alfred Eaton, Henry Taylor, Joseph Kelley, J. P. Converse, Wm. V. Bartlett, Lincoln Emerson.

The Meeting of the American Board.

The fifth annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, was held in Boston the present week, and continued three days. An unusually large number of persons were present, and that large audience room, the Tremont Temple, was filled to its utmost capacity. The President, Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., of Williams College, occupied the chair.

It will be remembered that a debt of \$66,729 was resting upon the Board one year ago. That debt, large as it was, has been entirely cancelled by the liberality of the christian public, without its interfering at all with their regular contributions to the cause of foreign missions. More than this, the sum of \$4,059 was left of the special contribution over and above what was necessary to cancel the debt. Among the liberal donors for liquidation of the debt, are the following:—Wm. Ropes, \$1250; A. Kingman, \$1250; J. Field, \$1250; James M. Beebe, \$1000; J. Field, \$1250; John Tappan, \$1000; Charles Stoddard and Brothers, \$3000; Joseph C. Tyler, \$1000; a friend, \$1100; Mrs. M. A. Abbe, \$1000; Alpheus Hardy, \$1000; Vinal street church, Roxbury, \$500; Richard Bond, \$500; B. E. Bates, \$500; A. Wilkinson, \$250; T. Bacheiler, \$200; Franklin S. Tow, \$250; Frederic Jones, \$250; Edward S. Tow, \$200; John G. Tappan, \$250; W. T. Burdick, \$1000; M. G., \$100; Central Church, Fall River, \$1000; George Merriam, Springfield, \$1000; P. Whittier & Sons, Whitinsville, \$1000; an old Hampshire Co. friend, \$1000; a friend, \$1000; three Connecticut Brothers, 1000; Hartford Center Church, \$2400; Pearl street church, \$1000; New York Fourteenth street Presbyterian church, \$1000; and a friend in New York, who refuses to have publicity given to his name, \$10,000, making in the aggregate the sum of \$50,500.

The annual sermon was delivered by President Fisher, of Columbia College, N. Y., from Isaiah 45: 1—6, and 43: 21. The discourse occupied nearly two hours.

On Thursday P. M. at 3 o'clock, the Lord's supper was celebrated in four churches, viz: Park street, Bowdoin street, Essex street, and Mount Vernon street. At the meeting in Tremont Temple, on Thursday Rev. Mr. Keith, one of the few who were present at Bradford in 1810, as the originators of the Board, was present, and addressed the assembly. He remarked that this society sprang from the people, and its safety in the future lies in the faithfulness of the people. He stood here alone. His stand point was 1810. At that time the mission work was an infant, but a smiling one.

The closing exercises on Thursday, were particularly interesting and affecting. Rev. A. L. Stone made a brief address, and spoke the farewell words. Mr. Hopkins expressed the thanks of the meeting to the people of Boston for the liberal entertainment so generously furnished, and the immense audience separated.

The number of visitors to whom free return tickets were issued, was about three thousand.

Republican Meeting in Melrose.

The Republicans of Melrose and vicinity held a meeting at that place on Thursday evening last, in honor of D. W. Gooch, who has been re-nominated for Representative to Congress from this District. The whole affair was eminently a success in fact, and it is computed that not less than one thousand torches were present. Addresses were delivered by John A. Andrew, Gov. Banks, John C. Park, and Mr. Gooch, and the utmost enthusiasm existed throughout the whole of the exercises. At the close of the addresses, the Wide-Awakes, at the invitation of Mr. Gooch, visited his residence, where they found a bountiful collation awaiting them, and doubtless Mr. Gooch received many silent congratulations for his nomination.

Nearly all of the houses, on the principal streets in Melrose, and the premises adjoining thereto, were most brilliantly illuminated; and we think that the old ladies,

"If thou wouldst visit fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,"
were not applicable on Thursday evening, for what with the patriotism of its citizens burning in every pane and shooting skyward in a blaze of fire, Melrose looked better under the political excitement of the hour, than she would under the pale moonlight.

The Woburn Wide-Awakes were present in full numbers, and we understand that they were the largest body in attendance from any one place. On their return to their headquarters, they voted to attend the torchlight procession at Bunker Hill, on Monday evening next, and after some rousing cheers for their candidate, State, National and local, they dispersed to their homes, no doubt feeling the reverse of their names, as it was then past midnight.

A Grand Ball is to be given in Boston at the Academy of Music, on the 18th inst., in honor of the Prince of Wales. The tickets are set at \$15. There will be no phlegmatic present unless they throw away the hard earnings of weeks; and then it would be "unmanly" for them to come "betwixt the wind and the nobility" of the "hub of the universe."

The Flora McMinnies of New York are in high dudgeon at the thought that Miss Lane is to be imported into New York for the purpose of leading in the dance with the Prince of Wales. Keep cool ladies, and if he leaves her in the middle of the floor at the conclusion of the dance, (as he is said to have done with some in Canada and elsewhere) to find her way to her seat as best she can, doubtless part of your chagrin will emerge into a broad grin.

CLOSE OF THE FAIR.—The Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics Association closed on Wednesday evening. The amount of receipts from visitors was about \$20,000. This, at 25 cents each, makes the number of paying visitors 200,000.

The annual meeting of the Woburn Gas Co. was held on Monday evening last, and the following officers were elected:—President, Charles Choate; Directors, Chas. Choate, Abijah Thompson, J. B. Winn, J. P. Converse, Bowen Thompson; Clerk and Treasurer, Aaron Thompson. The meeting stands adjourned to Tuesday evening next, at which time the Treasurer will present his annual report.

A NEW WORK.—We understand that Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, of Lyndfield Center, has another book in press, designed chiefly for afflicted families, entitled "The True Consoler," to be issued in course of a few months.

ORGANS.—The old organ which was built for the First Congregational Society in 1850, was taken down last Monday. Many pleasant associations have gathered around that instrument, and it is not strange that the organist, as he sat before it for the last time, should find "Departed Days" stealing over his spirit and taking expression beneath his touch. We well remember the pleasure and the satisfaction all felt ten years ago, when that instrument was first put up and dedicated to the worship of God. May the new one—now being erected in the new church, prove indeed a helper to the devotions of those who may worship there, and may its sweet harmonies attune the hearts of all who hear them to a fitness for the nobler songs of the upper world.

RECEPTION OF MR. MARCH.—As the time of Mr. March's return is now at hand—the time of his sailing being to-day—we hope immediate steps will be taken to give him and his companion a fitting reception on their return to Woburn. We feel confident that every heart among his people will respond to this proposition. There is no man more worthy the profound respect and ardent affection of a community than the faithful pastor. We hope there will be no delay in taking the necessary initiatory steps in this matter. Let him find us united at least in an earnest desire, one and all, to promote the cause of Christ in that world.

THE EVERETT GUARD.—Met for drill on Monday evening and chose for officers—William Woodberry, Commander; Walter Wyman, 1st Lieutenant; E. Burbank, 2d do.; J. Kendall, 3d do.; John F. Barrett, 4th do. The company voted that a Committee be chosen to purchase six dozen Bell shape torches.

The members of the Guard express themselves much gratified with the drill and exercise, and the interest increases each meeting. The present number is about 70, with the prospect of further accessions to their ranks. The Ratification of National and State nominations will take place in Woburn, on the 19th instant.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.—Messrs. Gardner & Woodward have established a shop on Chestnut street, in this town for the purpose of manufacturing awls, and also, some things of their own invention, of which we shall speak at a future time. Mr. T. T. Woodward of this firm is the grandson of T. Woodward, of South Reading, the original American awl maker, and is doubtless well qualified to give the most thorough satisfaction. Their tools are an improvement on the old ones, and of their own invention. Messrs. G. & W. will give their attention to the repairing of all kinds of Sewing machines, so that those of our readers who need such work done will find it convenient to patronize them.

APPLES.—We have on our table, some apples of very large size and fine appearance. Miss Flint has presented us with a Fall Harvey, weighing 10½ ounces and measuring in circumference 12½ inches. Dr. Rickard has shown us a Hubbardston Nonpareil, raised in his garden weighing 12½ ounces and measuring 12 inches. These, for the kinds, are large apples.

THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE 7 o'clock train from Boston, on Monday morning last, ran into and through the depot, making a hole in the end of the building. The engine was not much damaged. The accident was caused by the rails being wet and the brakes not taking hold.

Rev. Alvin J. Bates, of Lincoln, Me., will preach in the First Cong. church to-morrow.

CLOAKS.—Any of our lady readers who felt the recent cold weather, much to their discomfort, and who wish to be prepared against a recurrence of the same, are referred to the advertisement of Mr. C. E. Morse in this day's paper.

Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana hold their state elections on Tuesday next.

LEVEE.—The Juvenile Society connected with the First Congregational Church, held a Levee on Tuesday evening next, October 3d, in the vestry of the Church.

There were 15,000 torches in the great Republican torchlight procession, in New York on Wednesday last.

OVERCOATS.—When you want a good Overcoat, one that will do you good service and not cost an unfair price, call at J. W. HANCOCK'S, Lyceum Building, and you will, without doubt, be suited in all your desires.

ACCIDENT TO THE REV. A. L. STONE.—As the Rev. A. L. Stone, his wife, a lady and gentleman, were returning to Hillsdale, Tuesday evening, in a carriage, the forward axle broke and dropped to the ground. The horses plunging forward, threw the carriage body off from the running part of the vehicle into a ditch by the wayside, injuring Mrs. Stone with some severe contusions, and the other persons were slightly hurt.

The horses with the wheels still attached to them, ran over a top buggy, driving towards them, in which a gentleman and lady were seated. The buggy was badly damaged, but the occupants were unhurt. This is the second accident Mr. Stone has experienced within a few weeks.—Herald.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN LEXINGTON.—A correspondent, writing from Lexington, informs us that a shocking accident occurred about noon yesterday on the main road between West Cambridge and East Lexington. Mr. and Mrs. Pond, of Bedford, were coming from Boston in a wagon, and stopped near Brattle Station in West Cambridge. When the horse commenced to run she probably attempted to jump out, and in doing so caught her skirt in the wheels. She fell inside, and in this condition was dragged up the hill to the hotel, through the yard, and up the railroad track over several curbs, to the depot, where a third culprit stopped the horse. She lived about half an hour. She was 22 years old, and had been married two years. Her husband ran after the horse, and got to the spot just as her mangled body was being removed. At first, while the horse was running, Mrs. P.'s cries could be heard, but they were silenced long before the horse stopped.

See advertisement for Fall Arrangement of trains.

Letter from Rev. Daniel March.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers another letter from Mr. March. In interest it is not inferior to any he has written during his tour. It will be recollected with much pleasure by his people that the steamer in which Mr. March has engaged passage, sails from Liverpool for Boston to-day.

London, Prince Street, Hanover Square, Sept. 14, 1860.

MR. JAMES G. SHUTE—My Dear Friend:

I thought on leaving America last May, that among the few letters which I should write from the old world there would certainly be one to you. But knowing something of your peculiar taste, and the objects that would interest you most, I thought I must write to you just when I had visited some scene or viewed some collection which you would examine with the greatest interest. But in this case, as in many others, while we are waiting for the best opportunity, the only one we can escape us altogether. So now at last having seen all that I can of the continental world, and having come back to plain, busy, smoking, English-speaking London, I take the pen to write a simple letter of friendly remembrance, leaving the amiable subjects of scientific and historic interest to be discussed more at length when I trust, we shall meet again and often in the quiet evenings of the coming winter. We have been here about ten days, and are expecting to leave for Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland, next Tuesday. Both here and in many other places, during the summer, Mr. March and myself have often expressed our feelings by saying involuntarily, "How much Mr. Shute would enjoy seeing this!" "How we should like to give him our place for an hour, if it were possible, that he might enjoy the sight of what would certainly give him so much pleasure!" Among the objects here which have called forth such expressions, I might name especially the British Museum, the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and the Botanical Gardens at Kew. In visiting the latter yesterday, while wandering through the wilderness of tropical vegetation which fills the great glass conservatory, Mrs. M. managed with one of the gardeners to get a leaf of the black pepper tree for purpose for Mr. Shute, simply as a memorial of the greatest collection of tropical plants reared under glass in old England. The display of Palms is very rich, and in another house that of Cactuses and Agaves is not less so. The Victoria Regia is not now in blossom, but we saw its green leaves, broad and round as the shields of the Saxon heroes, spreading themselves over the surface of water that is kept at a temperature congenial to the nature of plants whose native home is the sunny south. The grounds at Kew are very large, embracing many acres, and kept in the finest condition, and both the grounds and the conservatories and museums are all open to the public every day. I was especially interested in seeing at the British Museum the winged, man-faced bulls and horses, of colossal size, brought by Layard from Nineveh. The wall inscriptions of arrow-headed characters, and the immense images of semi-human monsters, are so arranged in one great hall that it needs little effort of imagination for the visitor to feel as if he were walking through the palaces of Niniveh kings, whose history though written in stone, is still a wonder and a mystery to the wise men of all lands. The hippopotami at the Zoological Gardens still continue to be the source of unrivaled attraction and amusement to thousands of spectators. We saw them at their evening sport, gambolling in the water like leaves, though of such enormous size as to weigh between four and five tons each, and reminded one of Job's description of Leviathan, "He maketh the deep to boil like a pot." The collection of living animals at the Zoological Gardens in London is far superior to that in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and the Englishmen will have it that the preserved specimens in zoology, botany, mineralogy, geology, and comparative anatomy, in the British Museum are fully superior to the corresponding collections at Paris. Having seen them both, I do not agree with John Bull in the latter opinion, however characteristic and patriotic it may be in him to maintain it. The Kensington Museum in London, also open to the public, and contains an endless variety of objects for study and instruction in science and the arts. The host of Turner's paintings are there, and a great number of these, there are too. It is well worth the while to sit one hour in one of the rooms especially devoted to Turner, for if nothing else, only the better to understand what John Ruskin means by his eloquent and endlessly diversified commendations of Turner's style. The National Gallery in London, has some very good paintings both ancient and modern. Having visited the great galleries at Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Frankfurt, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris and Versailles, I am now very well pleased to sit down in the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square and say with some sense of authority as I look around me, "Well, it was not necessary to travel so far to see some of the best pictures, and to get a correct idea of the best that the art of painting can do." The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, six miles from London Bridge, nearly beyond the limits of the city, is still a great curiosity as when it was first set up for the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. It is visited by thousands daily in view of attention as its contents. So that the whole, although the English have the credit of being a matter-of-fact people, to the fine arts or means of popular recreation, still the Londoners at least have within their reach, collections in art, science and literature quite as large and accessible as the people of Paris or any continental city.

The business of travelling and sight-seeing becomes wearisome when pursued for a long time, and now that we are in England after a whole summer of journeying to and from city to city and from country to country without any permanent resting place, we find that it requires some resolution to add one more palace, gallery or museum, to the long list that we have examined in other places, and we find ourselves quite seriously asking the question whether it will pay to visit places now, which a year ago, we should have thought it worth a journey across the ocean to see. I was surprised and a little mortified yesterday to see with how little emotion I could walk over the graves of England's greatest sovereigns at Windsor, and how poorly I could survey the field of Runnymede, where the barons compelled King John to sign the Magna Charta, the original copy of which I have seen in the British Museum. Still I hope that strength, patience and resolution, if not curiosity and enthusiasm, will last a fortnight longer, and that I shall not come home with regrets that I did not see what I had the opportunity, but wanted the energy to visit.

We hope to make a short tour in Scotland, selecting its most memorable historic scenes, and looking upon some of the most attractive features and its lake and mountain scenery, then to pass through the length of Ireland from Belfast to Cork, stopping at Parsons' town to see Lord Rosse's great telescope, and then taking steam homeward bound, at Queenstown.

Yours most truly,
DANIEL MARCH.

Queen Victoria and Lord Renfrew.

Last night, at the Spingler Institute, Mr. Siddons delivered a lecture on the above topics to an audience consisting principally of ladies. The lecturer, who was introduced by Rev. Dr. Gorham D. Abbott, commenced by a eulogium on the first of his royal subjects, in her several relations as daughter, wife, and mother. After a glance at her genealogy, an allusion to the general popularity of women as rulers in England, and to the disappointment of the British people on the death of the Princess Charlotte, Mr. Siddons stated that Queen Victoria was expressly educated by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, with a view to her future position.

When very young, she was rickety and weak in the ankles, and some apprehension existed that she might inherit the mental infirmity of George the Third. Healthily training prevented this. She was brought up at the sea side, at Ramsgate, her ankles puffed on, and sea bathing resorted to.—She rode on horseback, visited the poor, being supplied with money for the purpose of relieving them. She was a very benevolent princess; when she rode abroad, her purse, however plenary, always returned empty. She had a good appetite, which she retains to this day. Her intellectual and moral education was as sound as her physical one. Her mother carefully inculcated in her a love for the Protestant religion; German was almost her nursery language; she learned French and Italian perfectly, and knew a little Spanish. She was also an accomplished musician and vocalist.

At the age of 18, on June 26th, 1842, she became Queen, in consequence of the death of her uncle, William IV. The lecturer described the assembling of the privy council, and read her majesty's speech to them, in which she declared her love for, and devotion to, the British constitution. Twenty-three years have elapsed since that time, and in no instance has she swerved from it. She was fortunate in her ministers. The agreeability, tact, good taste and worldly knowledge of Lord Melbourne were deservedly eulogized. He and the Duke of Wellington proved excellent advisers to the young Queen.

They dined with her every day, and being old gentlemen, would sometimes drop asleep over their wine, when she would tickle their noses. Very soon Lord Melbourne thought it advisable that she should be married, and on his stating it in diplomatic language, she did not understand him and replied: "Let me have the Duke of Wellington!" Explanations being offered, she objected severely to her cousins of Cumberland and Cambridge, and suggested "poor Albert." It proved a happy choice, as the young Prince of Sax Coburg and Gotha possessed all the qualifications necessary to make an excellent husband.

He had a good understanding, and knew his wife's weak points. It was said that the Queen manifested a penchant for Lord Alphonso, but objection being raised to such a marriage, he received the government of Madras, to get him out of the way. On the Queen's union with Prince Albert, it was proposed to give him an income of £60,000, but on the motion of Joseph Hume, it was reduced by one-half. The young couple started in life with a mutual income of £60,000. It was not too much; they brought up their family on it without calling for a separate allowance for any of them.—Mr. Siddons described the coronation, and enumerated the remarkable men there assembled, telling an anecdote of Marshal Soult and Lord Hill, who met on that occasion.

He then depicted a day in the Queen's life. She rose at half-past six in the summer, and seven in winter, and always walked abroad, returning to morning prayers and breakfast, at which she ate heartily, and subsequently spent half an hour in the nursery. She next received the master of the household, and decided what invitations should be accorded for the day, and then visited her aviary, menagerie, aquarium, or stables. She was passionately fond of horses and a good rider. At eleven she accorded an audience to the secretary of war, the home and foreign secretaries; at twelve she received general visitors; at one o'clock, when she drank Alston's pale ale. At three she entered her carriage, or rode on horseback, either visiting or on some errand of charity. An anecdote was related of her kindness and liberality toward Mrs. Warner, the actress. The Queen gave a medal to Florence Nightingale. Returning from her drive or ride her majesty dined in state, which was rather a dreary affair, no conversation being allowed. But that over, etiquette was dismissed; in the drawing room the Queen played on the piano, and indulged in German games. At 11 she retired.

The Queen appeared fond of American ladies; the lecturer knew the wife of a New York editor who had danced in the same quadrille with her. Of the Prince of Wales a very true impression prevailed. He was neither dull nor stupid, but a youth of the noblest disposition and splendidly educated. Like his mother, he appeared rickety and delicate in his youth; it was feared that he might not survive. He carried his head a little on one side now. He speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish with fluency, besides being a good Greek and Latin scholar. He well is acquainted with law and the law courts; a good soldier theoretically, and a good horseman; no wall or brook ever stopped him when on horseback; he is what is technically termed "a bruiser rider." He dances enormously, like most of the English youths of the day, and is always guided by his personal appearance in his choice of partners.

The lecture terminated with an allusion to the friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States, which he thought the Prince's visit would still further establish.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Among the many shoals and perils of life on which our frail bark would founder were it not for the beacon lights that indicate and warn us of our danger—are Rhytmic fits, rush of blood to the head, apoplexy, &c., for which Holloway's Pills are the safest remedies in existence. These disorders arise from some one or more derangements of the system, from whatever source however they may proceed. Holloway's Pills are the most salutary in effect, as they cool the blood, brace the relaxed nerves, give tone to the digestive organs and energy and vigor to the enfeebled constitution.

An Evening in Stoneham.

A new movement has been inaugurated in this "wide-awake" town, so long noted for innovations and improvements. A series of Sabbath evening discourses, to be delivered by clergymen from abroad, including several Boston ministers, was commenced in the Congregational meeting-house last Sabbath evening by William C. Whitcomb, formerly pastor of the church, who preached to a very large and attentive audience, from Rom. 12: 21, "Overcome evil with good."

The devotional exercises were conducted by Wm. J. Batt, the present worthy pastor; and the place of worship was lighted by some beautiful lamps paid for from the proceeds of a Fair the previous week, and never before used at a preaching service.

The audience, representing all the denominations of the town, and many of a heterogeneous population belonging to no Christian sect, was estimated as numbering about 500. It must have been gratifying to the speaker to behold such numbers of his old friends together again; gratifying also to his companion to hear the rich tones of the organ procured by the Union Circle, which she helped to organize a few years ago; and no less gratifying to their successors to see a new experiment so remarkably successful. The music, instrumental and vocal, was characterized by much excellence; and we were peculiarly struck with the singular beauty and appropriateness of the following verses of the last hymn:

"Now let our voices join
To form one pleasant song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's way
With music pass along.
The flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing."
TRUE FRIENDS.

AN ENGLISH STRIKE.—A three months "strike" has just terminated at Coine, in Lancashire county, England, by the submission of the operatives. From some revelations in a periodical report published by the leaders of the strike, which are copied into the London Times, it would seem as if the poor operatives, in leaving their manufacturing employers to range themselves under the direction and control of an executive committee, formed from their own number, subjected themselves to the most odious of tyrannies. The report alluded to gives an account of the finances of the strike. It furnishes the minutest details of collection, and enumerates to a fraction the pence gathered from particular mills, shops, cellars, rooms and sheds.

The astounding feature of the document is the terrorism it discloses. The statements of the sums collected are followed by remarks on their sufficiency or insufficiency, and by gross threats of slander, insult, or persecution, wherever any room or individual is thought below the mark. The special and favorite objects of attack are women and young girls, whose names are printed in full. The agency of work is impersonated under the name of "Punch," who informs these poor girls that if they do not pay better he will hold their reputations up to shame.

For instance, he remarks, "if E. P. does not pay next week, Punch will attach something to her name that she will not relish." "If that old maid on No. 189 does not pay next week, Punch will say something about her walking out with a married man." "If No. 90, that young woman who makes a practice of going into the back streets with men, does not pay, Punch will set somebody to watch her." The names, be it remembered, are printed in full, not indicated by initials. A more terrible and degrading despotism cannot be imagined.

The funds collected by the agency, under this cruel system, amounted to £600, or about \$3600 per week. What makes the matter still worse is the fact that the publication from which the above quotations were taken had a weekly circulation of 18,500 copies, and made not the least attempt to conceal or disguise its scandalous system of terrorism.

PROSPECT OF A EUROPEAN WAR.—The New York Tribune expresses the opinion that the twenty millions of united Italians will at once rush upon Venice; that Austria will thereupon declare war against Sardinia; and that the fleet of young Italy will forthwith transport a revolutionary expedition to the coast of Dalmatia, and that Kosuth will once more arouse Hungary to a struggle for liberty and nationality. Then if the Czar should once more cast the heavy sword of Russia into the Austrian scale, Louis Napoleon will be compelled to march to the defence of Italy, and thus the flames of war will sweep from Rima to the Caucasus. Manifestly, the events of 1861 will be more momentous than those of 1859 or of 1860. The elder Napoleon's prediction, that "Within half a century, Europe will have become Republican or Communist," extravagant though it was, seems again in a fair way toward realization. Should Louis Napoleon permit the Austrians to re-establish the absolute sway of the Pope and the King of Naples over the fairer half of Italy, his prestige is gone forever, and his throne will crumble at the first breath of popular discontent. But he cannot be so short-sighted as to permit this.

A LECTURE FOR MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW ENGLAND.—One of the editors of the New York Journal of Commerce, who has been on a tour in New England, on his return here indulges in some reflections, in the course of which he admonishes this section of the United States after the following fashion:—"We have cause to be dissatisfied with many things in New England. Along with much that is excellent and praiseworthy, Massachusetts seems to be beset with an under current of scepticism, and a saucy individualism which spurns all authority, unless accordant with its own notions of propriety. In politics, the fundamental principles upon which the Constitution and the Union are erected, are apparently forgotten or despised, and the State formerly the most true and loyal of all, is now the most trustless and disloyal. In this course she seems to be closely followed by many of the neighboring States, which appear to be more attracted by their own individual opinions and caprices, than by those duties which they owe to their nationality and government."

We are inclined to the belief that the saucy individualism which requires everything to accord to its own notions of propriety, is more peculiarly a characteristic of the editors of the Journal of Commerce than it is of the people of Massachusetts.

An individual that presses himself into company uninvited should receive, as he deserves, the cold shoulder.

For the Middlesex Journal.

THE PRESS—WHAT IS IT?—The realm of the press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has given utterance to a sentiment that has cherished somebody's solitary hour, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or hope in a heavy heart. He may meet with that sentiment months, years after it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders if indeed he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to the present, and there is something mournful in its tone.

He begins to think, to remember—remember when he wrote it, and why; what he was then, and how much he has changed. So he muses, till he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float on after he is dead, and whether he is really looking upon something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentiment he could wish had been unwritten; that it is the better part of him—a shred from the garment of immortality he shall leave behind, when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent halls of death.—Chicago Journal.

HEARINGS IN LABOR CHURCHES.—The New York Evening Post reports the following successful result of an experiment just completed in Trinity Church, in that city:

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

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WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Old Cottage Clock.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Of the old, old clock of the household clock
Was the brightest thing and nearest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For ten I've given warning."
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning."

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime
The winter hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed,
For five I've given warning."
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that eases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever:
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer:
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning."

Select Literature.

A RIVER ADVENTURE.

IN the summer of 18—, I was engaged with a young man, named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone partly to accommodate one who had been a noble friend to me, and who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Davenport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever, and as the physician said he would not probably be able to move under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good nurse, and having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out with three pack horses to carry our luggage, and I soon found I had lost nothing, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going on to St. Joseph's, where they had land already located, and where they had mills upon the river, intending to lumber during the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logan's fort we reached Walton's settlement on the Little River, having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log-built inn of the shelter—for ere we had fairly got under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly too. And more still had I to be thankful for. My horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from my saddle I found that his foot pinned him very much as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for that section and that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful drowse, I was startled by the shouts of men, and barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose, threw on my clothes and went down.

"What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who was standing in the entry.

"Ah—don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning. "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

Who in the West at that time had not heard of him?—the most reckless, daring and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host I had heard of him often.

"Well," he resumed, "the villain was here only this forenoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him, but he got us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came on the bank and fired at us and killed one of our horses, and drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you've come back horseless," said I.

"Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these hunting, or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man you would take for Gus Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six, with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. O! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided was drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up to bed again, and this time I slept uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining hard all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor said he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asked for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself.

friends and fond relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land!" I told the man I would set out on my return as soon as possible. He ate his breakfast and then resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawatomie border.

I settled my bill, and then sent for my horse, but a bitter disappointment awaited me. I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and it pained him so he could hardly step on it. Had the road been good I should have been tempted to try him, but I knew that in some places the mud would be deep. I went to the host, and asked him if he could lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led my horse out, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look'e," said my host, as I began to despair, "can't you manage a canoe?"

"Yes, very well."

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong enough this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You can have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and you can sell it at Logansport for a much."

I caught at the proposition instantly, for I saw it was a good one.

"If ye daren't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "ye can easily shoulder the canoe and pack it boat."

I found the boat to be a well-fashioned "dug out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and I at once paid the owner his price—ten dollars—and then had my luggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horseback. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at some of the boldest varmints, but I had no time to waste, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion; but I was destined to find one soon enough.

I was shortly after noon, and I had just eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and a little farther on I came to a deep basin, where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my horse got entirely into it, and found myself going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the current; but in doing so I ran myself upon the low, sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes, when I was startled by hearing a soft fall close by me, and looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two and thirty, and seemed to be a hunter. He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggings of red leather, and a cap of bear skin.

"Which way are you bound stranger?" he asked, in a pleasant tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking your second paddle, and keeping you company?"

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs through the deep forests."

"Come on," I said, and as I spoke he leaped into the canoe, and having deposited his rifle in the bow, he took one of the paddles and told me he was ready when I was.

So we pushed off, and were soon clear of the whirlpool.

For an hour we conversed freely. The stranger told me his name was Adams, and father lived in Columbus. He was now out on a hunting and prospecting expedition with some companions, who had gone on to Logansport by horse, and having got separated from them in the night, had lost his horse in the bargain. He said he had a great sum of money about his person, and that was one reason why he disliked to travel in the forest.

Thus he opened his affairs to me, and I was fool enough to be equally frank. I admitted that I had some money, and told him my business; and by a most quick and presuming course of remarks he drew from me the fact that I had money enough to buy forty full lots.

Finally the conversation lagged, and I began to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was about midship, and facing me.

He was not a large man, nor was he tall. His hair was of a light flaxen hue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome; and complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless cream, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glacial ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age, I set him down for not over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—knew it, there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash robber! For a few moments my emotions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell all my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had

I had enough to look out for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon, when I thought of being at some game.

They were in the breast pocket of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour had passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt on me till night-fall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer while the other slept.

"Aye," I added with a smile, "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable. I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"Oh! you'll meet him; never fear," said my companion.

At length he spoke that with too much meaning; I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when first I saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unpracticed physiognomist could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent on me as he spoke, and that he seemed to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few moments' reflection told me that I had better behave as though he was an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved farther forward, and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and beneath the cover of a oar I cocked it. Then I moved my body so that my arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, and with my finger upon the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down to my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest trees threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell full upon Karl, and I could see his every movement. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said, drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night, and pleasant dreams. I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself as I lowered my head, and pretended to settle myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see that he became uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long, regular drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Ah—there was before the lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter:

"Oho, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. If your friend is dead you shall follow him, and I take your traps to pay for your passage to heaven!"

I think these were the very words. At any rate they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and then rose up to his feet. I saw him reach over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a huge bowie knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the fool wretch approached me. Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear his breathing plainly, and I could hear the grating of his teeth, as he nerved himself for the stroke.

The villain was at my side, and he measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. This was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart stood as still as death. Of course my snoring ceased; and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom! Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was with a quick cry. I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the last far was past. I had thought the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and back I heard a fierce yell, and at the same moment the robber fell forward, his head striking my knees as it came down.

Weak and faint, I sat back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right, I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and I saw it quiver—only a little spasmodic movement—and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and

ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away; and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found Gustus Karl was dead! He had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it had struck very near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had hard work to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swiftly flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I told them my story they poured a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised and the offered reward put in it and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the citizens, and the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him in a room where a well man must have soon suffocated.

"Water—water! give me water!" he gasped.

"Have't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows—sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me that it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back, and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke again his skin was moist, and his fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle by my side, and together we started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse fully recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

The old man's Wooing and his Widow.

When Mrs. John Dale returned home, at sunset, she found that "Grandfather," as she called Uncle Dale, was not there. All the members of the family were inquired of concerning him, and it was at length ascertained that he had been last seen climbing into the stage coach, but nothing further could be learned. A week went by—ten days—two weeks—a month—when, one evening, in the coach which took him away, in excellent health and spirits, and dressed with more than his usual precision, Uncle Dale returned. The two families felt as if some conspiracy had been forming, and his reception was a little dubious, though evidently there was an effort to seem pleased. More than ordinary pains were taken for his satisfaction, but the politeness was too formal, and the constraint was apparent.

When the workmen commenced repairing the cabin, no one asked familiarly what he proposed to do; and when the children climbed on his knees and teased about his intentions, they were hushed and told they were quite too heavy for him.

This was not for any lack of curiosity; why should it be so? certainly Uncle Dale had manifested no such interest for years, as he did now in the restoration of the old house, assisting, every day, himself, till all complete, though for a long time previously, he had been unused to any toil.

When it was done, he felicitated himself greatly on the cozy, comfortable look it presented, but no one noticed or added anything to his felicity; indeed there seemed an unconsciousness of his movement, and even when he said he would look much better when he should get the furniture home, there was still the same apparent indifference.

This silence made him visibly uneasy; he was dejected of being questioned; yet no one embraced the frequent opportunities he gave for the purpose. In vain he said John and Joseph might have their big houses in welcome, and that he would rather live in the old cabin than with either of them. At length he became restlessly dissatisfied, sitting sometimes for hours with his head resting on his cane, without speaking; at other times going from John's to Joseph's and from Joseph's to John's half a dozen times during the day. Neither of his sons, however, opened the way for what he wished to communicate.

One morning as John was climbing into the wagon, with a design of going to Clover-nook on some little errand, (he always harnessed two horses for the bringing home of six pounds of sugar or a fresh cheese,) Uncle Dale said in a sort of flurried accent, "Can you spare your team to me for an hour or two to-day, John?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he answered; "but what do you want to do?"

"Nothing much," was the reply; "I thought of moving my few effects out of your wife's way—that's all."

"Humph!" said John, drawing the reins so tight that the horses pushed the wagon back, crushing a beautiful young tree; "where do you propose to move?"

"Into the cabin, to be sure; it's good enough for me."

"But how do you intend to live?—not alone?"

"No, certainly not; I shall need a nurse and housekeeper, and I have an excellent young woman engaged who will combine both qualities."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed John, bringing down his whip in a way that sent the horses briskly forward, and in a few moments he was out of view, leaving Uncle Dale in a state of troubled bewilderment. During the day, however, he managed to communicate definitely his intentions; he was going to be married, and to a pretty young woman of twenty-five. He enlarged of course on her beauty and many amiable qualities; but there seemed something he would say, which he did not; for, many times, after speaking of an excellent trait, he

other doubtful disjunctive, convey the idea of something connected with his proposed marriage, not altogether pleasant to think about.

Rejuvenated as much as might be, but without hearing any "God speed you," he set out in the evening coach on the bridal expedition. Then it was that the tongues so silent before, found utterance.

Mrs. John Dale and Mrs. Joseph Dale, exchanged little visits daily, at which a thousand comments were made, and a thousand speculations indulged in reference to the new phase of things. They were not only displeased, in fact outraged. An unwarrantably foolish thing was about to be done, and that too, without their having been in the least degree consulted; but all the anxiety and suspense and gossip must be passed over, or left to the reader's fancy. Little preparation was made in either house for the entertainment of the bride; Mrs. John Dale thought probably the first visit would be to Mrs. Joseph Dale's, and Mrs. Joseph Dale thought likely the first visit would be to Mrs. John Dale's. So they excused themselves. At any rate, a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter were all the old man wanted, and as for the young wife, why, nobody was going to give themselves trouble for her.

Uncle Dale had been absent two or three weeks when, one evening, as the family of John were seated around the supper table, one of the children came breathlessly in, saying that grandfather had come, and brought a woman and a little girl with him. Neither son nor son's wife went forth to relieve him of any embarrassment; and, indeed, I think he would have preferred to encounter a British regiment forty years before, to facing the little party now before him, and presenting his wife to them. There was no alternative, however, and the ceremony was gone through with awkwardly enough, and the little blue-eyed trembling girl dropped into the most out-of-the-way place she saw, and taking on her lap the little girl brought with her—five years old, perhaps, with a pale face and dark mournful eyes—she smoothed the black hair from her forehead, and remained silent.

There was nothing of the British appearance in the young wife, against which Mrs. Dale had set her heart; on the contrary, her dress was a mourning one, and simply, it may be a little old-fashionedly made. White frills about the wrists, and fitting close to her neck, relieved the otherwise somber effect, for she wore no ornament, but a wealth of luxuriant chestnut hair, which, though put plainly away, lay in wavy masses along the brow, that was white, and shaded with sorrow.

In spite of her resolved obduracy, Mrs. Dale was slightly softened, obviously so, when the moisture gathered to the eyes of the young wife, though she endeavored to conceal it; and more so when the dark-eyed little girl, putting her arms around her neck, said softly, "Mother, what makes you cry?"

A flush of crimson mounted to the face of the young mother, and the tears, held back till then, dropped heavily one by one on the head of the girl, who, leaning against her bosom, presently fell asleep.

Uncle Dale turned away and said something hurriedly about the sunset; and the children came about his knees saying, "Who is she, grandfather?" and "What makes her cry?"

Without answering the last question, Uncle Dale said he had brought them a new aunt; they must call her Aunt Polly; so it soon became a natural and familiar thing to see grandfather and Aunt Polly, for Mrs. Dale caught the instruction conveyed to the children, and with a woman's tact said Aunt Polly too.

I remember of visiting them after they were domiciled in the cabin; how comfortable and homelike it all was—the bright rag carpet on the floor—the small and plain table on which lay the Bible and hymn-book—the cupboard with its open doors, where the china and britanna were wisely set for show—and Uncle Dale's cushioned chair—I can see it all before me as plainly as I see the appointments of my own room. And Uncle Dale and Aunt Polly—I can see them, just as they used to look—she, meek, and gentle, and devoted, for she was of a quiet nature, and had the kindest heart I ever knew, engaged with knitting or sewing, or in the performance of some household duty, while Uncle Dale sat by the door, or at the fireside, as the season might be, reading aloud from the newspaper, or telling stories of olden times.

Aunt Polly was not mentally gifted; in truth, she could not fathom half her husband said to her; but her reverential love prompted the liveliest and most implicit obedience to his wishes; and they glided smoothly, and I think happily along.

Mrs. Joseph Dale, and Mrs. John Dale, became measurably reconciled to the new order of things, and to the young wife, for she won upon all hearts, and though they sometimes said she was not much like grandfather, (whom they had never seen) they supposed they ought not to complain—and surely there was no reason why they should do so.

But for the little girl there was no kind word; no pet names; they had little children too; but they did not like her to play with them. This was the felt if not the expressed understanding, and the child wandered lonesomely about the woods, or sat by the brook-side in the sun all day, till summer was faded, and the autumn gone, and the winter whitening all the hills. Then it was that, digging down through the snow they made her a grave, and she needed no playmates nor kind words thenceforward. When the spring came round, the violets sprang up at her head and feet, and quite overran the little weedy heap of earth that was above her, blooming and blossoming as brightly as over the heir of a hundred kings—she had never other monument.

In the little white-washed cabin the widowed wife yet lives, training the roses at the windows, and keeping all things just as "grandfather" liked to have them when he sat in the great arm chair, telling her stories

were his, are held sacred; the bridal dress is hung carefully aside, and she wears it only when she visits the two graves under the locust. But the mourning has never been changed—never will be, I think, and the look of patient meekness she wears still, only with more sorrow in it. She is "Aunt Polly" to every body, and all love and respect her.

Seed-Words.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noxious weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfill,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

A Touch of Nature makes the whole World Kin.

On board the steamer Ocean, between Cleveland and Detroit, a circumstance occurred last week which is pleasantly told by a correspondent of the Cleveland Herald.

A young girl, apparently about 17 years of age, was seated upon a pile of cheese boxes, with her two little brothers, aged 11 and 13 years. They were orphans, bound from Alleghany, Pennsylvania, to Michigan, where they expected to find a home with an uncle. After having purchased second class tickets for the three, the girl had spread her old quilt on the pile of cheese boxes and prepared to pass the night in quietude. She had hardly arranged her nest, however, before she was accidentally discovered by a second class passenger, a tall young man, of 23 years of age, who had loved her in secret almost from her infancy, and who, for the past two years, had been rafting lumber on the Ohio river. Having acquired about two hundred dollars in hard currency, he came to Cleveland on the tenth to participate in the celebration, when, as he expressed it, "some mean kuss had picked his pocket of every darned cent but four dollars."

Being unable to find the thief or the money, he had started for the West with the determination to hire out on a farm. To his surprise and joy he found himself on board the same vessel with the object of his heart's earliest affections.

Sliding up to her, he exclaimed:

"Why Cynthia Ann! why how do you dew? I didn't hardly know you! Why how you've grown! Where you going?"

"I'm going to uncle's in Michigan," was the feeble reply. "You knew mother was dead, didn't you?"

"Why, no!" and his voice softened.

"When did she die, Cynthia Ann?"

"She died last January! Uncle wrote to me that if I'd come up there he'd give me and the boys a home."

"Cynthia Ann!" and the young man's voice trembled—"there ain't no man'll be so glad to give you a home as I will! I've a-lers thought a heap of you! I told your mother when you wasn't more'n a so high, that when you grew up I was got to have you. Now Cynthia Ann—just say the word, and you're to hum now!"

"What'll become of the boys?" inquired the agitated maiden.

"I'll go with you and leave 'em to your uncle's, and then we'll go west and hire out this fall and winter, and then next spring we'll buy a small farm and live to hum!"

The girl gave a warm sigh of acceptance, leaned her head against the honest breast of the hardy youth, as much as to say—if you want anything take it.

The man snatched a kiss from her ripe, ruby lips, sprang down from the cheese boxes and exclaimed—"If there's a minister or justice of the peace on this boat, I've got a job for him!"

"I am a justice of the peace," remarked a venerable looking old man from York State, "remount the cheese boxes, and you shall be a married man in less than five minutes."

"Well, hold on, squire! I haint got no money, but I'll give you an all jorried good ax."

"Never mind about the pay," said the worthy squire, "I'll take my pay in seeing you happy."

The fellow remounted the pile of cheese, clasped the hands of his dearly beloved, and in three minutes the ceremony was performed—he had entered into a new existence. Kissing his little bride once on her ready lips, he seated himself on a big cheese and commenced, no doubt, for the first time to realize what he was, where he was, what he had done, and what ought and must be done.

Starting up suddenly he exclaimed, half aloud, to himself—"Well, by hokey, this is a pretty hard way of passing the night!"

The bride blushed, and replied—"Never mind, John, we are just as happy as if we were rich. Come, sit down."

But John had an idea, and he was bound to put it in operation. Going to his pile of baggage consisting of one large meal bag, containing a change of shirts, socks, neckerchief, and old boots, he took from the leg of one of the boots, an excellent axe, and walking up to the Clerk's office, he exclaimed:

"I say, look a here, Cap'n, I've paid for a deck passage, but I want a bed for myself and w—self and woman. I haint got no money, but here is an all jorried good ax."

The gentleman in the office replied that the Clerk had stepped out but would be back in a few moments; whereupon the man went back to the pile of cheese to look at his precious treasure.

Having our sympathies aroused, we hastily ran around among the passengers, told the story, and took up a collection to procure a state room for the young couple. To the credit of our lady passengers, they were the most liberal in their donations, and in less than ten minutes we had collected \$14.92. Presenting this sum to the agreeably astonished young man, we informed him that he could now procure a state room with two beds, one for himself and wife, the other for the boys. Thanking us with his big watery

was met by Capt. Pierce, agent of the line; Capt. Evans, commander of the boat, and Mr. Carter, the Clerk.

Capt. Pierce exclaimed—"Here my good fellow; here's a ticket for yourself and wife to go to Chicago. Get West as far as you can; go to work on a farm, and look out for land-harks."

Capt. Evans pulled out a glittering coin and said—"Here's five dollars! keep yourself in good condition, and—here the worthy Captain forgot his speech and ran off laughing.

The Clerk, Mr. Carter, hezied the man a key, and said, "You are welcome to one of the best state rooms in the boat. It has two beds—one for yourself and wife, and the other for the boys."

Capt. Evans having returned, exclaimed—"Give the boys another room! They haint no business in there. They haint no business n—here he broke down with laughter again, and hurried away to give orders on the boat. The couple now retired to their sumptuous apartment, as happy as mortals are allowed to be on this earth, and the passengers gathered in knots to praise the liberality of all concerned, and the comical oddity of Captain Evans.

ORIGIN OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—Two pictures, by the well-known German painter, Herr Oppenheim, are making a sort of sensation at Frankfort. They belong to the family Rothschild, and have for subject the historical origin of the Rothschild's great wealth. One of them brings before the eye of the spectator that modest house in the Frankfurt Judengasse, which has become famous as the cradle of the Rothschilds. One of the pictures shows us the ancient, neatly-furnished hall of Maier Rothschild, the grandfather of the present Barons Rothschild. The portly Frankfort merchant goes to meet respectfully the elector of Hesse, who is followed by several servants carrying boxes and coffers with gold and other valuables. In the background stands the plain housewife, to whom a little daughter clings timidly. The elector, with full confidence, gives to the Jew his treasures in keeping, for he has been driven away by the enemy, and has, perhaps forever, to leave behind his throne and his country. The look of the Jew inspires us with the conviction that the elector's unconditional trust will not be deceived—that, let the events be what they may, the Jew's honesty will stand as firm as his faith in the Old Testament. The second picture leads us into the socially more refined conditions of a later period. The French tyranny has been shaken off, the elector has been reinstated in his country, amidst the cheers of his people, who at that time still looked up to him hopefully and confidently. He comes to Frankfort in order to take back his property. The faithful keeper is dead. His five sons, whose exterior is in accordance with the claims of modern times, prove themselves by expression and action the heirs of their old upright father. With neither too much pride nor too much humility, they stand before the grateful elector, returning his property, which, during all this time, has plentifully increased. It is known that from this event dates the rise of the Rothschild family; so far the pictures claim an historical interest.

HEALTHY CHILDREN.—An Old Woman's Opinion.—A wealthy Boston lady, on riding out with her delicate and sickly little daughter, an only child, espied by the roadside an old woman washing, and near her three or four rosy, ruddy, fat and muddy young ones, engaged in making mud pies and dirt puddings by way of pastime; they were evidently the old woman's grandchildren.

"I desire to speak to that woman," said the lady to her coachman; "drive near her, John." John obeyed orders, and the conversation ran thus:

"My dear, good woman, pray tell me how it is you manage to have such healthy children? Oh! what a difference between them and my poor, dear little darling!"

The old woman, who had raised her specs and was paying the utmost attention, responded:

"Waal, I s'pose ye give the l-e-e-t-l-e-r-e-e-t-u-r 'bout enough to e-a-t, don't ye?"

"Why, indeed, my good mother, we have every thing that heart can wish for."

"Dare say, marm; but, perhaps, ye wish for a l-e-e-t-l-e-t-u much sometimes, and ye come from Baastin, don't ye?"

The lady replied affirmatively. "Waal," continued the old woman, as she made preparations to resume her washing, "I'll tell you how it is with us, and how I think it is with you in Baastin. We use home material, dyed in the wool, home spun, well knit, well wove, and all done up by ourselves, under our own roof; but down in Baastin you leave too many chores to be done by shifless quill-drivers, and sickly d-d goods clerks; that's my opinion, marm; and by the looks of that poor little creature ye've got in yer wuggin, I guess I'm about right."

"Drive on, John!"

Years come and go, hearts writhe and waste by the hard beaten highways of busy life, whole armies of men go down at high noon under the sleet from the dram-shops, and the pauper fields are rank with their tributes of rotting dead. Yet Legislators dare not look at the facts; Executives ignore their existence, and the people generally slumber.

Behold! the public mind is stirred all at once. Governors send out commissions, societies fall to investigating. The people are alarmed, and prompt measures put in operation to meet the sudden danger. *Cattle are dying of pneumonia!* Ah! well men are not worth "more than many sheeps," for the flocks are guarded against dyes; nor cattle, for the death of a few heaves awakened the most intense anxiety, where there was an utter indifference over the death of thousands of thousands of men.

Foreshy brutes, to die of pneumonia! Had they copied down humanity, and took to drinking rum, the article could have been dealt out to them by select dealers and they

Business Cards

EDWARD BUTLER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.
BANK BLOCK, WOBURN.
Nov. 7, 1877. ytf


HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to
promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

CHARLES A. SMITH

DEALER IN
AMERICAN
AND
FOREIGN
DRY GOODS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*
PERRY, BELL & EATON.

Manufacturers and dealers in
HARD, SOFT AND FANCY SOAPS.
Wagon Soap made expressly for Carriers' use.
 All orders promptly attended to.
 NORTH WOBURN, MASS.
 Feb. 14. ly

D. C. T. LANG,

 **SURGEON DENTIST,**
Corner of Main and Walnut Sts.,
WOBURN CENTER, MASS.

MEAT! MEAT!
CHARLES J. WORTHEN & CO. corner
of Main and Railroad sts., have just opened
Meat Stall.

Meats of the best quality will be constantly
on hand. Sept. 8.

JOHN G. COLE,
PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring
done in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and
Varling. Sashes and Blinds of every description
furnished. PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best
quality, constantly on hand.

try SHOP, first building south of the Branch
Railroad Depot, Main street.
Woburn, Feb. 14.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX
COUNTY.

OFFICE 1-4 WADE'S BLOCK,
Woburn Centre.

Jan. 21, 1860.

E. D. HAYDEN,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW.
No. 4 WADE'S BLOCK, WOBURN, MASS.
Feb. 13. ytf

Central Market,
Main Street, Woburn.

FRANK B. DODGE,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
ALSO, DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware,

For Melodious For Sale and to Let.
(Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
Novl, 1858. 1st

Fire Insurance!
B. T. H. PORTER.
AGENT FOR—
ANDOVER, BRIGHTON,

CONVERSE & CO.,
WOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS.
OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad
Depot, Woburn.
Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly ex-

paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—ytf

A. B. COFFIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 4 NILES BLOCK, BOSTON.
Entrance from Court Square and 33 School Street
—
At STONEHAM from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M. Office

WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.
Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms.
Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive
prompt attention.

A. E. THOMPSON,
DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS.
West India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and
Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block.
Woburn, April, 1854.

WYMAN'S
AMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND
DAGUERRETYPE Rooms,
KELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures
March 5, 1858. ytf

J. M. RANDALL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR at LAW
No. 17 STATE STREET, BOSTON.
Boston, March 3. 1f

H. HARRIMAN,
HARNESS AND COLLAR MAKER.
Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite
Central House), Woburn Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by experienced workmen, at low prices.
Repairing neatly done.
 Nov. 29.

East Woburn Grocery Store.

II. RAMSDELL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of Groceries, and is prepared to receive orders from the country.

quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; all of which will be sold at the *very lowest cash prices.* J. H. G.
East Woburn, Sept.

WM. PRATT,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy
Goods, &c.
347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
May 14, 1853.

T. W. PAGE,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real Estate, Household Furniture, and
kinds of Personal Property, attended to prompt-
ly on reasonable terms.

For Orders may be left at the Woburn Bdg.

PERSONS'
WOBURN AND BOSTON EXPRESS,
Will leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, a. m., and
Boston at 2 o'clock, p. m.
OFFICES: J. S. Ellis and W. Woodberry's Store,
Woburn; No. 6 Court Square, and 41 North
Market Street, Boston.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : No. 3.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

Poetry.

Autumnal Time.

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.
Now is the autumnal time,
The fair autumnal sky;
Magnificent in royal pomp,
Rich with resplendent dyes;
When all the blended glories,
That flush the arch'd rainbow,
Along the sunset heavens
In rare effulgence glow;
Each form and hue of beauty,
And each enchanting grace,
On cloud, on stream, on forest,
And mountain top I trace;
In woods, the regal maples
Wear each a diadem;
The oaks are strung with jewels,
Each colour'd leaf a gem.

With wreaths and chaplets garlanded,
The bending woodlands stand;
All radiant as the gardens,
In the enchanted land;
Waving all its flaming banners,
Fair the landscape beams
Fair as that celestial garden,
In the fairy-land of dreams.
Dropping fruits from laden orchards
Stain with ripen'd wealth the ground;
All the woods around are vocal
With the children's joyous sound:
Reapers in the harvest fields
Blind the rustling sheaves of grain,
And the golden Indian corn,
Heaps the loaded wain.
Now the elder trees its acorns
Pour forth in a constant tide,
Now the purple grapes are gather'd,
By the rushing river's tide;
From the dusty threshing floor
Sounds loud the busy flail,
And the moonlight nights are joyous
With the dance and tale.

O, merry autumn I with thy days
So gloriously bright;
Thy rosy dawns, thy dewy eves,
Thy harvest moons at night;
Thy merriments in all the varied year
There's no such happy time,
As when the gay autumnal days
Are in their prime.

Select Literature.

"CHECK-MATED."

CHAPTER I.

There was such a party assembled in the vine-covered, low-ceiled library at the Woodlands, as can only be gathered in a hospitable mansion of old Virginia. It was October, but the evenings were cool among those breezy hills, and a huge hickory fire crackled and sparkled in the wide-mouthed chimney, throwing ruddy light on the groups who sat near it, and strange, fantastic, dancing shadows on the more distant book-cases, and the be-truffed or peruked portraits which hung here and there around the room. Over the bronzed clock on the mantle were suspended branching deer-horns, a fox's brush, a clumsy old "Queen Anne," and a rusty sword or two, each of which had a story of its own.

"Papa, mamma, here's Natalie," said Cora Taylor, as she entered the library, followed by a lady who was so tall that Cora's petite form seemed almost fairly beside her.

"How did Charley happen to miss you?"

"How far did you have to travel alone?"

"Weren't you horribly afraid?" were the questions asked on all sides, as soon as the greetings were over.

"Oh! no, I wasn't afraid. I got along very well, particularly last night," answered Natalie.

"It was ten o'clock when we changed cars at A—, and when I entered the car there was not a vacant place. Some body was curled up on every seat, that had not already two occupants. I acknowledge that I was worried and nervous from having missed Charley, and of course did not feel inclined to stand all night, so by the time I got to the furthest end of the car and found no vacancies, I was obliged to rouse a gentleman, and ask for a part of his seat."

Natalie paused, but Cora said, "Well, go on, tell the rest."

"Certainly, Miss Page, no half confidences, if you please," said Mr. Taylor, laughing.

"Oh! I've not any confidences to give, except that I got sleepy at last, I suppose, and probably nodded. I have no doubt but that my performances in that way looked like a Chinese Mandarin in Dresden porcelain. Then I awoke with—well, I'm ashamed to tell it, but it's absolutely true—I awoke with a—more, and found myself comfortably sleeping on the gentleman's shoulder."

"Happy gentleman!" interrupted Mr. Taylor.

"Was he handsome, Miss Page?" asked some of the ladies.

"I don't know, for the lights were all out, except one in the far end of the car, but I think he had dark eyes, that expressed a good deal of amusement, and a moustache, and that's always handsome, you know. But the provoking part of the business was that I went to sleep the second time, and when I awoke about daylight, I was on his shoulder again. Indeed I rather began to like it," said Natalie.

"Yes, and she vows that she's going to marry a man who can support her so comfortably," laughed Cora.

"Unfortunately for any designs of mine he went on, and I stopped at B—, in the vain hope that Charley would turn up somewhere," Natalie replied.

"Why, Anthony, you must have come on in the same train with Miss Page, then! What a pity you hadn't known each other," said Mr. Taylor, turning toward a gentleman who was sitting out of the group, away from the fire, and in the shadow.

"I should have been happy to have known Miss Page," was the reply, without looking up.

Natalie glanced quickly around. She had not noticed him before, but the speaker seemed determined that his face should not be seen, for he leaned over with his head down and his elbows on his knees, pulling the ears of a greyhound that was standing before him.

Till tea was announced, the dog seemed to engross the gentleman's attention. Then Cora said,

"Here, Anthony, take care of Natalie. I put her under your special charge till after the wedding." And she went off happy, leaning on Frank Lesley's arm. For Frank and herself had arranged, that his brother Anthony and her friend Natalie Page should be thrown a great deal together as bridesmaid and groomsmen; should love each other; should have a quarrel or so, (Cora held that an engagement was not orthodox without a quarrel,) should make it up; (the making up was so pleasant;) and should finally marry, and live happily ever after, in the true romance fashion.

As Natalie walked down the passage, toward the tea-room, she was inwardly blaming herself for not noticing more particularly her companion's features the night before. This gentleman at her side bore a wonderful general likeness to him, she thought; he certainly had a moustache; and if she could only catch the expression of his eyes she would be satisfied.

The consciousness that she had so coolly expressed her determination to marry her travelling companion, and declared her position on his shoulder to be so comfortable, made the hot blood rise to Natalie's cheek and brow, when Mr. Lesley gave her one laughing glance as he took his seat by the table, that satisfied her of his identity. Her manner was unusually constrained during the rest of the evening.

Cora whispered to Frank as the party separated for the night, "It's too bad, I see plain enough that Natalie don't like Anthony; all our fun will be spoiled now."

The face of the bride-elect, during the evening, looked as disconsolate as it was possible for such a happy face to look. She sat silently watching her friend, as Natalie sat out dress after dress from her trunk. At last she exclaimed,

"Natalie, what made you so stiff toward Anthony? Don't be disagreeable now, will you?"

"Not any more than is natural to me," was the reply, with the saucy air of one who was conscious of never being considered disagreeable, except by discarded lovers.

"I thought, when you met, you must like each other; but it seems that you have taken just as strong an antipathy to him as he did to—"

Miss Page was still kneeling by her trunk, but her hand fell as she turned her flashing grey eyes quickly on her friend.

"Well, go on, Cora, she said, finding that Cora did not proceed. "As he did to me, I suppose you were going to say. Pray what reason had Mr. Anthony Lesley to dislike me?"

"Well, I don't know that he disliked you exactly, excluded Cora terribly perplexed, but he used to hear me talk about you after your visit here a year or two ago; how you used to climb into the hay-mow, and drive about the country by yourself, and dress up like a ghost, and all those mad pranks of yours; and one day he said that he suspected that my friend Miss Page was a rump. But that wasn't saying he didn't like you, you know."

"Humph!" was the only reply that Natalie vouchsafed, as she closed the lock of her trunk with a snap.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Taylor determined that the last month of his daughter's stay at home should be as gay as his laughter-loving, turbulent spirits could make it.

Natalie was the leader in all the frolics, but she avoided Mr. Lesley as much as possible. There was always a flash of defiance in her eye, however, if he happened to be present when she had done anything particularly outre.

"Come, girls, let's have a ride," she said, one day, as they met the huge hay-wagon, in one of their walks. "The gentlemen have all gone over to Mr. Warren's so we're safe. I'll be Jehu. 'Jump in,' and in a few moments the reins were taken from Bill, and the bottom of the wagon filled with laughing girls, cuddled down on the loose boards.

"A very wild pair of horses, Bill! Do you think they will run away?" asked Natalie, gravely.

"Lor' no, Miss," answered Bill, as he stood showing a mouth full of white teeth, and thrusting both hands far down in his trousers pockets.

"All right, girls?" queried the driver. She gave the whip a crack; and off they started. Virginia roads are no where proverbial for having been benefited by Macedonia, and those in the vicinity of Mr. Taylor's plantation did not belie the usual reputation.

But Natalie drove up hill and down hill, over stones and through ruts, regardless of the laughing exclamations of her companions, who were jolted about on the loose boards that covered the bottom of the wagon.

"Keep quiet, it's good for digestion," said she, half turning her head, but giving the whip a crack at the same time. She was standing up with the reins in her hand; her long hair which had partially escaped, flying about her face in every direction.

"Queen Boadicea, in her chariot, by all that's good," she heard some one say. She pulled the horses up with a jerk.

Had the ghost of Anthony Lesley lived before her, instead of Anthony Lesley himself, she could not have been more startled. But it was only for a moment, and then her audacity came to her rescue.

"Make the Roman captive, my women!" she said, in the same light tone in which she had been addressed. "We will take his death into consideration," she added, as Mr. Lesley sprang into the wagon.

The ride back was not quite so gay. The charioteer seemed to think it necessary to pay strict attention to her horses, and she only occasionally glanced down a reply to the gentleman who sat on the bottom of the wagon at her feet, his arms clasped around his knees, as he looked up into her face with saucy eyes, and provokingly commented upon her driving.

Natalie, as she sat in her own room, on her return, the excitement all over; "he's my late voice. He thought me a rump, did he? Well, I don't know that his opinion is of much consequence," and she rose to arrange her disheveled hair.

She was half way down the staircase, just before dinner, when she saw a couple of the servants waxing and polishing the black walnut floor of the hall. Natalie took a seat on the steps to watch them. This was Gabriel's pet pride. He puffed as he rubbed, telling Clara to "put a little more elbow-grease on that part o' yours. It looks j's like de hall to Massa Warren's. Mought's well be pine, for all de polish on it. Now where I've rubbin, you see's, as bright as a lookin'-glass and as glib as ice."

Gabriel's was too true. The hall door opened, and Anthony Lesley was hurrying east, when his foot slipped, and down he went on his back. The whites of Gabriel's eyes showed distinctly as he attempted to help Mr. Lesley up; and before the latter had recovered his footing, he was sure he heard the tinkle of a silver laugh.

"Be careful to avoid slippery places in future, Mr. Lesley. But pride must have a fall, you know," said a mocking voice, as Natalie came bounding down the staircase.

But alas! she had just reached the bottom, when she was the victim of Gabriel's excessive polishing. She had been so elated with Mr. Lesley's fall, that she forgot her own footsteps, and after a side and an ineffectual effort at recovery, she too came down.

"I believe with Rochester, Miss Page, that we are always glad to see others brought down to our own level," said the gentleman, as he assisted her up.

Natalie bit her lips with vexation. "Oh! if I only could be revenged," she muttered, as she made her way to the library. "I wish he would fall in love with me. Wouldn't I refuse him?" and the very thought brought the light to her eyes.

A week of wet weather set in. There were no more rides, nor rambles, for the party at the Woodlands. Grey mists over the hills; yellow leaves circling slowly down; sodden flowers nodding sullenly in the garden; the dreary, dreary rain; the mournful winds roaring about the old house; was it any wonder that those who had nothing else to occupy them should fall in love?

In truth, Anthony Lesley had surrendered his heart unconditionally, the night when Natalie's nodding head had fallen on his shoulder. He had been very glad to have it remain there, excusing himself to himself by thinking how much more comfortable it was for her.

As for Natalie—well, Natalie was playing a desperate game, determined to be revenged for his calling her a "rump," and to let him see that she really did not mean to marry the gentleman of whose shoulder she made a pillow in the cars.

CHAPTER III.

There hung in the hall, at Woodlands, a portrait of one of the Taylors of old times, a stately lady, with pride on her regal brow, and pride in the curl of her red lips, but with a dewy sadness in the yearning eyes. The hair was combed back carelessly from the full forehead, and hung in long, loose curls on the white neck. The stiff rose-colored brocade and delicate lace seemed a fit appendage to the wearer. This picture had haunted Natalie; and she often spoke of it.

"A game of chess to-night, Miss Page?" asked Mr. Lesley, one evening.

Natalie assented, and they played for a long time in silence. He had just made a move, and she sat leaning her cheek on her hand, contemplating the board thoughtfully. He looked at her steadily. He was beginning to arrive at a true estimate of her character; he was beginning to think that her defiant manner was probably not so much against him after all. As he leaned across the small chess table, his breath almost waved the loose curls which fell on her neck.

"Miss Page?"

Natalie looked up.

"Do you know the story of the lady whose picture you talk of so much?" he asked.

"She lived and loved and died," the usual story, I suppose," was the indifferent answer.

"Yes, but she was beloved in return," said Mr. Lesley.

"Quite common!" was the only reply, with a nod.

"By a man who was willing to sacrifice all the prejudices of religion and rank for her sake," continued the gentleman.

"Quite uncommon!" was all the answer that Natalie deigned, as she raised her hand as if to make a move.

"She was too proud to marry him, but it broke her heart," said Lesley.

"Very foolish of her," answered Natalie.

"You don't seem to fancy that story, Miss Page; I've another that I'll tell you."

For one moment Natalie looked in his face. A gleam of triumph was in his eyes, as they fell, but the rest of her countenance was stolid.

She raised her hand; for one moment her fingers rested above the piece; it was moved; and, with eyes that looked steadily at Anthony Lesley, but with a low voice, she said meaningly, as she rose from her seat.

"Check-mated!"

A cold bow was the only answer, as the gentleman wheeled away the table to let her pass.

Oh! wayward heart of Natalie Page. She surely should have been happy, for had not her pride triumphed, and her revenge been sweet and sure? But one might have thought that there was regret in her eyes, as she sat gazing, silently, in the fire, seeming to seek in the glowing coals for a prophecy of her future.

"He can't call me a coquette; I've never encouraged him," she thought, as her glance fell on Mr. Lesley, who was now seated at a table with a book in his hand, though not a leaf had been turned since he took it up.

"I know she understood me," he was saying to himself. "But what can she mean? If she had been a thorough coquette she would have let me declare myself out-

don't believe she dislikes me. Yes, it must be pique! Well, she's a woman, and when you have said that, you've said everything. But, I can't understand it."

CHAPTER IV.

Pleasant weather came at last. An excursion up the mountain, which had been deferred from day to day, was now decided upon. "But, how to get so large a party up? that is the question," said Frank Lesley, at the breakfast table.

"There are not horses enough for so many," "That's true," answered Mr. Taylor, "so you must ride double, young folks. Some won't object, I'm sure."

"Why not go in carriages?" asked Natalie.

"That shows how very little you know about Virginia mountains," answered Anthony Lesley. "Why, Miss Page, you might as well try to scale Parnassus in an ox-cart. I shall be very happy to carry you behind me!"

"Don't go with him, Natalie, you'll have to hold on to him like grim death, and that's what he wants," said Mr. Taylor, laughing. "I do not intend to," was the reply.

"Miss Bryant, if you go on Pluto, let me ride behind you, won't you?"

"Certainly, honey, we can go so, all comfortable."

"Better have taken my offer, Miss Page," whispered Anthony Lesley, as they left the table. "You see, Miss Bryant is so big that she will want all of Pluto for herself; and, besides, you will have to be tied to her; your arms will never reach around her in the world."

"I'll risk it," answered Natalie.

"You'll repent," said the gentleman. "You're an Amazon in the saddle, but it is yet to be seen what you are behind it."

Such laughter and scrambling as there was in mounting, when the party assembled after an early dinner, Miss Bryant, a maiden sister of Mrs. Taylor's, was the perfect ideal of an Arab beauty, a lion for a camel. And Pluto was a huge beast, with a mind of his own, who had already lived twenty years, and considered that his days for work were over, but that he would occasionally carry Miss Bryant as a favor.

One couple after another defied off the lawn, and Natalie, who had hung back, hoping that Anthony Lesley would ride away with a lady, was at last obliged to let him assist her to mount. Miss Bryant was already seated in the saddle, puffing with the effort it cost her to get there, and nearly monopolizing the horse. Natalie scrambled on. Pluto turned his head, plegmatically, at this imposition, gave an equine grunt, and quietly shook her off.

With much laughter, and some doubts as to the result, Natalie again mounted. Pluto did not even deign to look around this time, but shook himself like a huge hippopotamus that has just come from the water; and she and he lighted on her feet a second time.

"Think better of it yet, won't you, Miss Page," said Anthony Lesley, who had been an amused spectator of all this. But she shook her head in the negative, though she could almost have cried from vexation.

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"Jump away, then," Lesley answered, coolly. "You will hurt yourself, and I'll pick you up and take you to the Woodlands."

Without a word, Natalie seated herself behind Anthony on his horse, but taking care to be as ungracious as possible.

Miss Bryant was quietly watching the proceedings from the side of the stream, and when she saw Miss Page under Lesley's protection, she jogged on, quivering like a bag of jelly with every step that Pluto took.

"Stop your horse, Mr. Lesley; I'm going to get off," said Natalie, when they were firmly landed on the opposite bank.

"What for?" he asked, as he quickened his horse's speed, by a motion of his head.

"I am going to walk," was the reply of his companion, loosening her hold.

But the increased gait of the horse made her tighten her grasp involuntarily.

Every once and a while Natalie would loosen her hold, and just as often, by an imperceptible sign from his master, Comet would start off again at a quicker pace.

A satisfied smile was on Mr. Lesley's face, when he took good care to conceal, by never turning his head.

As for Natalie, in spite of her intense vexation, the whole thing was so ludicrous that she could not help laughing.

By this time they had overtaken the rest of the party, and the ascent up the side of old "Blair" had commenced.

If Natalie had but felt comfortable with regard to her return, she would have enjoyed the magnificent view which now presented itself. Distant mountains, grand and solemn in their purple shadows; others golden in autumn tints and the glorious sunset; and all around the rose-colored and violet shades of the coming twilight, creeping slowly up the sides of the nearer hills.

The scene had subdued Natalie. She suffered herself to be assisted on Comet's back without a word; and the ride home, in the hazy autumn twilight, was only broken by snatches of sad airs, hummed by her companion, or the subdued laughter of some of the party behind them.

CHAPTER V.

A week had now elapsed since the day of the excursion to the mountain. Natalie's spirits had become strangely fluctuating, now gay, then sad, then again with an unusual disposition to reverie. There was a feverish longing, but severely an expectation, of hearing the story which once before she had cut so short. Had Anthony Lesley but been haughty, or even cold in his demeanor toward her, she would have taken "heart of grace;" but he treated her with the same careless politeness that he did Cora, or any of the lady visitors. He never avoided her; he never sought her company.

Natalie felt that she was playing the game badly. If she was thoughtful, she was recklessly gay; if she was gay, she felt that her laugh was empty, and she became silent again; and so she alternated.

She had but one hope, and that was in the wedding. She had often heard that there was a certain magnetism at such times, that made the propinquity of hearts exceedingly dangerous to bridesmaids and groomsmen.

But the bridal evening came, and Natalie Page was conscious of looking more beautiful than she had ever done before; yet as she sauntered about the crowded rooms, or walked in the cooler halls after a dance, with her hand on Anthony Lesley's arm, it was not pressed closer to his side than the varied stranger's would have been; he seemed to permit it to rest there, and that was all.

She talked about the picture in the hall, but instead of its leading the way, as it had done before, to a story she would not now refuse to hear. Mr. Lesley commenced a dissertation on painting. She spoke of the neighboring festivities which were to be extended to the bride and groom; and he replied, with indifference, that so much feasting was an annoyance rather than otherwise, and that as he was obliged to go North, he thought he should leave in two or three days, and be in Richmond by the time Cora and Frank arrived there and had taken possession of their new home.

There was a quiver around Natalie Page's mouth, at this announcement; but her voice was steady as she answered, after a moment's silence, that it was "certainly a pleasant time of the year to go North."

After this she danced every set, never seeming to tire, and laughed and talked most pertinaciously to her cavaliers.

"Do you really mean to go to-morrow, Anthony?" asked Frank, a few evenings after the wedding.

"Yes, I shall leave by daylight, in time to catch the through train at G—," was the reply.

Frank voted his brother mean, Cora pouted, and the rest of the party loudly protested against the desertion.

All but Natalie. She sat by a table with her head averted, apparently busy arranging some white chrysanthemums and the crimson leaves of the gum tree, in a vase before her.

"Now, Anthony," said Frank, "I know there's no necessity of your going. Stay now, to please Cora, won't you? That's a good fellow!"

His brother seemed to hesitate a moment. He glanced at Natalie, whose fingers were still busy, and her head still averted.

"Come now," continued Frank, "suppose we toss up whether you shall stay or go; heads I win, tails you lose," as he cast a laughing glance at Cora, as much as to say that that process he must stay, you know.

"You'd have all the advantage on your side, Frank; it won't do, but I'll tell you what I will do; Miss Page has not said one word to urge me to stay; she therefore is indifferent either way and will be fair; so if she will play a game of chess with me, that shall decide the matter. If I win, I am to go."

Natalie appeared to have difficulty in making a cluster of the chrysanthemums stand erect; for she still busied herself with them, though at Lesley's proposition she had suddenly turned her head toward him; but her eyes were now on the flowers, and the crimson of her cheek rivaled that of the leaves.

"No, take away your horse, I'll jump."

"To be sure she will play the game. Won't you, Natalie?" asked Cora, and going up to where she sat, she whispered, "I know you don't care anything about his staying, but do it for my sake, won't you?"

"Oh! certainly, if you wish it so much, dear," answered Natalie, carelessly.

But she never looked toward her opponent, till just as she was seating herself at the chess table. Here she gave him one quick, scrutinizing glance, and sat down.

The game went on for a long while in silence; Lesley gaining great advantages, she obviously playing very carelessly. Cora stood behind her, watching them, till at last she said,

"Oh, Natalie! you are not trying to win. You promised you would for my sake."

"So I did, Cora; well, I will try," and as she spoke, she glanced again at Lesley.

"I'm doing my best, Miss Page," he

The Middlesex Journal.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1860.

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page.

Poetry, Autumnal Time—The Ways of Heaven; Check-Mated: A Brave Boy, &c. Last Page.—Poetry, The Brewer's Conchman; The Woman Commelle-fault; The Human Body, &c.

MATTERS AND THINGS.

There is but little that interests the public mind at present but politics, with an occasional episode in the form of a Prince of Wales Reception, or Ball. The papers are filled with little else than accounts of Wide Awake demonstrations, Bell and Everett illuminations and processions, &c., &c. Now politics must have their place, as well as everything else, and so long as a President is to be nominated once in four years as well as chosen, and state officers are to be selected every year, there will be a plenty for the office seekers and wire pullers to do to carry out their own ambitious schemes. We are glad that there is a fair prospect of an election of President by the people. We think a throwing of the election into the House, far more to be deprecated than the election of any man before the people as a candidate, by the people themselves. When the point of influence is narrowed down to the members of the House of Representatives, means will be brought to bear by way of influencing votes rendering it altogether desirable that somebody should be elected by the people. There is room now for little doubt that Lincoln is to be the next President, and if he possesses the ability and integrity ascribed to him by his friends, we need have no fear should he take a four years' lease of the White House next March.

The ruin of the country has been frequently predicted in case such and such men should be elevated to high office. But one thing is most certainly true—the ship of State will not founder and go to the bottom in any ordinary squall. There is a strength in her hull and in her rigging and an ability in her crew that will keep her in the right course, even if her first officer is sometimes a little inefficient. She has weathered many a severe gale, and will outlive many more storms, should they gather around her. After all, a change in the Administration will effect those now in office more than anybody else in the whole country. The farmers, mechanics, and producers, will know but very little difference. The great measures of banks and tariffs that once agitated the country are virtually settled. A national bank will never be again known, while the tariff, although it may be subject to occasional slight modifications, will continue pretty much as it now is. We do not think all the great men are in their graves. There are those now living equal to any emergency, should occasion call them forth.

Every man should feel an interest in National and State elections. All should endeavor to act understandingly, and give their votes to honest, capable men. We have our own preferences, but are entirely willing that others should enjoy theirs. It is far better for men to differ than for all to think exactly alike. One party will watch the acts of another, and thus serve as a check upon it by exposing whatever is not for the public good. After the November elections are over, people will once more settle down to the ordinary cares and duties of life, business will probably take a new start, and the new administration will get a pretty good share of credit for improving the general condition of business throughout the country.

We understand an effort will be made to get up what is called a course of first class lectures the present season. We hope the Committee will be abundantly successful in their efforts to please and benefit the public. We must confess, however, that we have some misgivings in the matter. The difficulty will be here—not that the people are not willing to pay for good lectures—but they are not willing to pay for so called first class lectures and then be served with a dish of mere twaddle. It is no fault of our lecture committee that such is the condition of things, but it is a fault of the men of high reputation to ask and take a high fee, and then deliver a poor, worthless production. Such as been the case so frequently, that people have become unwilling to be gulled any more. Yankees are very much inclined to expect an equivalent for what they pay. If they can be sure of good lectures, they will be willing to pay for them, no matter whether the tickets are fifty cents or one dollar.

We cannot agree with some people that we are to look for amusement only at the Lyceum. Were this the fact, we should go in for a repetition of a certain poem that many of our readers, doubtless, well recollect. No man should stand up and talk an hour to such an audience as has been accustomed to assemble in Lyceum Hall, without accomplishing more than their amusement. Many a lecture has been delivered there, however, unworthy the respectful attention of the audience.

Much has been said about scientific lectures. It is of no use, however, to present them unless from such men as Agassiz. Men of ordinary attainments in science cannot interest many in any audience. Our best lectures in years past have been practical in their character. Prof. Hitchcock is never dull and tiresome. He would not fail to fill the house

who may have known themselves what they were driving at, but none of their hearers could imagine what all their bombast, swelling words, and smoothly turned periods amounted to. The silent pipes of an organ please the eye, but do not delight the ear. So many a lecture pleases the ear with a mellancholic diction, but the intellect remains un-instructed and the heart untouched.

We hope our committee will be so fortunate as not only to secure some first class lecturers, but some first class lecturers, also. If the public get but feel sure of this, there will be no want of patronage.

Reception of Mr. and Mrs. March.

Last Thursday evening there was a large meeting at the Vestry of the First Congregational Church to welcome Mr. March back to his home and to the scene of his pastoral labors. A meeting was held on Monday evening to make the necessary arrangements, and Messrs. John R. Kimball, Horace Conn, W. A. Stone, John A. Gould, J. G. Pollard, T. Rickard, Thomas Richardson, James Tweed and Willis Buckman, were appointed a committee to take charge of the whole matter. The committee appointed W. A. Stone to make welcoming address.

The people having assembled, and Mr. March having entered the room, Mr. Stone arose and addressed him as follows:—

Most esteemed and cherished Pastor:—It has been made my most pleasant duty to endeavor to give public expression to the feeling that swells every bosom and animates every heart of those your friends by whom you are now surrounded. It is mine, my dear Sir, in behalf of these your friends and members of the family of your pastoral care, and in behalf of other members of this same family whom sickness or other causes equally imperative prevent from being present on this occasion—It is mine to welcome you to this good old town of your adopted home. We welcome you not as one whom a few months of traveling in the old world has un-Americanized, but as a high minded, true hearted and whole souled American, whose heart beats in living sympathy for all that cultivates and renders more happy every class and condition of our citizens. But more especially and guide us to your place in this consecrated room and to the sacred desk. Finally, my dear Sir, do we all unite in giving you and your companion in life's journeyings a most cordial welcome to our homes and our hearts.

Mr. March responded with much feeling, saying, that amid all the perils of his journey by sea and by land, his heart had been made stronger by the thought that his people at home were constantly remembering him in their prayers. At the close of his address the whole company united in singing the following hymn, in the tune "Auld Lang Syne":

Welcome, three welcome, to the fold,
Dear Shepherd, Pastor, Friend;
We greet the kind Almighty power
That's crowned thy journey's end.

CHORUS:—The God that hears and answers prayer
Has heard our prayer for thee,
And never more will we distrust
His kind Paternity.

We hail thee welcome to the hearth
Where all our loved ones meet,
And in the path that leads to life,
Guide thou their erring feet.

We bid thee welcome to our hearts,
These hearts subdued by grief,
Oh, may they as thy crown appear
Before the Savior's face.

There may we meet thy welcome smile
Before the Eternal throne,
Or by thy Father clothed in love
Be offered as thine own.

The company then, individually, took Mr. & Mrs. March by the hand, exchanging greetings and congratulations. The meeting was closed by prayer and the singing of the Doxology.

The Prince of Wales.

Baron Renfrew, (Prince of Wales) was formally received in Boston, on Thursday last. At 12 o'clock he was escorted from his quarters at the Revere House, to the State House, where he was welcomed to the State of Massachusetts, by Gov. Banks in a short and fitting address. He then mounted a beautifully caparisoned black charger, and accompanied by his suite and some state and private dignitaries, drove to the Common, where he reviewed the military there assembled; immediately afterwards the military formed in procession and escorted him through the prominent streets of the city. There was no boisterous demonstration whatever, but on the other hand he was received by the people in a quiet and dignified manner, and just enough enthusiasm was shown, to give evidence that he was heartily welcome. The concourse of people was immense, the streets being impassable. The ladies were out in full numbers and showed hardihood, which on other occasions, would be deemed out of place and improper—many of them being compelled to occupy less space than is generally allotted to the sterner portion of creation; and the way they asserted their rights to see and to be seen, was not the most courteous that could be desired. And, from conversation heard, doubtless, many would, out of pure kindness, have kissed the Prince heartily for his mother's sake, if for nothing else. The ball given in the evening to the Prince was attended by the *bon ton* of this and other States, and is declared to be the most select of any he has yet received.

The Prince leaves Boston this Saturday morning at 9 o'clock for Portland, where he will remain about eight hours, and then go on board his fleet and sail for home. That the visit of the Prince to this country will be the means of cementing in lasting union the present good relations existing between Great Britain and the United States, no person who has his eyes open can fail to see; and that the two countries should ever act in harmony, not only for their own good but for the good of the whole world, every American and Englishman should devoutly pray. The Prince of Wales, boy though he is, has not travelled through this country with his eyes closed, nor yet do we believe that he will prove a verification of Sidney Smith's answer to a person who had shown him a walking stick which he said had been all round the world; Sydney, after examining the piece of wood intently for a few moments as if wishing to discover what change, if any, had been wrought in it during its many miles of travel, replied, "And still it is only a stick." We believe that the Prince has watched the working of the institutions of this country, as far as he has had opportunity, with an acute eye, and that when he comes to wield the power which is now vested in the hands of his august mother, he will be all the better able from his present tour, to sustain understandingly, the amity of the two greatest powers of the world.

It is said that Gov. Wise of Virginia is engaged on the Eastern shore to defend two negroes, who are accused of running off a slave.

Bell and Everett Demonstration last Evening.

The Bell & Everett party held a Demonstration in this town last evening. At about 9 o'clock the delegations from out of town were received by the Everett Guard, accompanied by Gilmore's Band. The procession formed in the following order, and then passed through some of our streets to Lyceum Hall:

Everett Guard of Woburn, Capt. Woodberry, 96 men; Melrose Minute Men, J. R. Simonds, 29 men; Appleton Guard, East Cambridge, Capt. Davis, 73 men; Delegation from Company A, Boston, E. A. Richardson, commander, 25 men; Zeonue Club, Somerville, J. K. Hall, 57 men; Winchester Union Club, 24 men.

The proceedings at the Hall were formally opened by J. R. Kimball, who informed the audience that Mr. Salmonstall was prevented from being present. He then introduced John S. Holmes, Esq., who addressed the audience but a short time, as it was nearly 11 o'clock when he commenced. He was followed by Chamberlain, who spoke for a few moments, when the assembly began to disperse.

The out of town delegations, with the exception of the Melrose, remained in the Hall but a few minutes, when they proceeded to the Town Hall, and there partook of a collation, and at about 12 to 12 left for home.

There were many places in town brilliantly illuminated.

Preachers in Rev. Mr. March's Pulpit.

We have thought that our readers would be interested in seeing together the names of the several clergymen who have preached in Rev. Mr. March's pulpit during his absence in Europe. A friend has kindly furnished us with the list of names, and in nearly every instance a reference to the chapter and verse where the text may be found:

May 6th.—Rev. David Brigham, Bridge-water; A. M. 2d Cor. 5: 20; P. M. 2d Cor. 5: 22.
13th.—Rev. H. Kimball, No. Woburn; A. M. Luke 2: 49; P. M. —.
20th.—Rev. W. H. Wilcox, Reading; A. M. Luke 2: 49; P. M. same.
27th.—Rev. Mr. Packard, Somerville; A. M. —; P. M. Rom. 2: 15.
June 3d.—Rev. Mr. Greeley, Nashua, N.H.; A. M. 1st Cor. 13: 13; P. M. Act. 1: 25.
10th.—Rev. W. Barrows, Reading; A. M. 1st Sam. 18: 32; P. M. 1st Kings 22: 34.
17th.—Rev. S. M. Worcester, Salem; A. M. Prov. 23: 24; P. M. Rom. 1: 16.
24th.—Rev. E. P. Marvin, Medford; A. M. 1st Cor. 1: 24; P. M. Matt. 10: 13, 14.
July 1st.—Rev. Geo. Munroe, Winchester; A. M. 1st Cor. 1: 18; Rev. S. Sewell, Burlington; P. M. 1st Cor. 10: 14.
8th.—Rev. Asa Burdick, Boston; A. M. Acts 17: 11; P. M. Matt. 10: 13, 14.
15th.—Rev. Thos. Savage, Bedford, N. H.; A. M. Matt. 6: 6; Rev. F. B. Bronson, Woburn; P. M. John 21: 21.
22nd.—Rev. Mr. Kittredge, Charlestown; A. M. John 14: 15; P. M. Mat. 9: 35.
29th.—Rev. R. T. Robinson, Winchester; A. M. 1st Cor. 13: 19; P. M. John 16: 8, 11.
Aug. 6th.—Rev. H. J. Patrick, Bedford; A. M. 1st Cor. 3: 21, 22; P. M. Gen. 32: 24.
13th.—Rev. Mr. Wallace, Manchester, N.H.; A. M. Gal. 6: 14; P. M. Heb. 4: 16.
19th.—Rev. H. B. Hooker, Boston; A. M. Rev. 2: 17; P. M. Ps. 33: 12.
26th.—Rev. H. Brickett, Hingham, N. H.; A. M. Ps. 4: 6; P. M. Isa. 20: 21.
Sept. 2d.—Rev. Jon. Edwards, Rochester, N. Y.; A. M. Gal. 2: 20; P. M. Heb. 12: 1.
9th.—Same; A. M. Luke 5: 34; P. M. Judges 7: 2.
16th.—Rev. Mr. Angier, Newport; A. M. 4: 6; P. M. Isa. 30: 21.
23d.—Rev. S. P. Fay, Boston; A. M. Ps. 119: 68; P. M. 1st Tim. 4: 8.
30th.—Rev. Mr. Braman, Danvers; A. M. Matt. 8: 20; P. M. —.
Oct. 7th.—Rev. A. J. Bates, Lincoln, Me.; A. M. Ps. 84; P. M. Matt. 16: 3.
14th.—Rev. Mr. Pratt, Dorset, Vt.; A. M. Luke 1: 21; P. M. Isa. 64: 6.

We think that in a few instances the texts are not correctly recorded, though in only two or three.

WOBURN CONFERENCE OF CHURCHES.

The next semi-annual meeting of the Woburn Conference of Churches will be held at Reading, in the Bethesda church, on Tuesday, October 30th. The following is to be the order of exercises:

A. M.—9 o'clock—Organization, 94—Devotional Exercises, 11—Discussion: Sunday School Instruction—1. Qualifications for the Teacher's Work: 2. Prayers necessary. 3. Faith in the efficacy of Sabbath School labor. 4. Earnestness. 5. Laboring not simply for success, but for Christ. 6. Prayerfulness. 7. Best modes of Teaching: 8. Illustrations, need of, sources, modes of securing. 9. Previous study of the lesson. 10. Exercising the scholar's mind with difficulties. Question books advisable: If so, how to be used? 11. Infant class, how interested? 12. Direct and constant aim at spiritual good of the scholars. 13. Auxiliary meetings. 14. Teachers' Meetings and Sabbath School Conventions, how best conducted? 15. Library. Gathering in new Scholars. Retaining adults. 16. Claims of the Sabbath School upon Pastors and Church members. 17. How may a Pastor best aid in the work? 18. Duty of every Church member to co-operate. In what modes? P. M.—1 o'clock—Prayer Meeting, 2—Sermon by Rev. E. Nason. 24—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. These meetings are very interesting and profitable, and we advise all to attend who can find it convenient to do so.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon last, a son of Mr. Geo. W. Kimball was severely injured by the falling of a joist, which was being raised as a derrick from the top of the building now in course of erection next to Mr. Woodberry's store. The child's head received a cut six inches in length, which had to be sewed up, the little fellow bearing the operation manfully. Michael Murphy, who was at work upon the building, also, received a cut on the head at the same time, and from same cause; but fortunately this injury was not very severe.

INCENDIARISM.—This morning about 12 o'clock a fire broke out in the barn of William Flagg, which was totally consumed with all its contents. The barn contained 3 horses, 1 cow, 15 tons of hay, 50 bush of rye, 20 of oats, 40 of corn, and about 2 tons of squashes. The barn was valued at \$700, and was insured at Andover for \$400. The contents were insured but to what amount we did not learn. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. Engines Nos. 1 & 2 were promptly present, but the fire had reached too great a headway to be arrested. This is the second time that Mr. Flagg has had his barn burnt within two years.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHURCH.—We are authorized to say that the dedication of the new church will take place on Wednesday, October 31st, in the forenoon, and that the sale of the Pews will be in the afternoon of the same day. More full particulars will be given next week.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS.—The Republic.

can Torchlight procession in Boston, on Tuesday evening last, was a brilliant affair. Over 10,000 people were in the procession. The scene on the Common while the formation was going on, was magnificent; and persons who witnessed the New York procession say that the sight in Boston, on Tuesday, was far superior. Every State in New England was represented by large delegations. The line was one hour and a quarter in passing a given point.

On Wednesday evening, the Union Party held their procession in Boston. Six thousand persons were in the ranks. The demonstration was truly a success and gave the members of that party the best of satisfaction.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.—This Association met last Tuesday evening at the house of Dr. Rickard. A portion of the evening was spent in examining specimens of plants, and a portion in examining a collection of entomological specimens exhibited by Mr. Shute. The matter of securing a room and beginning a collection was discussed. This idea will undoubtedly be carried out. It was thought that the Association might have a few lectures upon scientific subjects during the ensuing winter.

The next meeting will be at the house of Mr. Cummings, on Tuesday evening next, Oct. 23d.

CHILDREN'S FAIR.—We inadvertently omitted to notice the Fair of the children of Mr. March's congregation, held in the Vestry on Tuesday evening of last week. It was eminently successful, realizing between ninety and one hundred dollars. This sum has been expended in fitting up the pastor's study in the new church, and in helping furnish the pulpit.

CONVENTION.—At the Republican Senatorial Convention held in this town on Thursday last, O. R. Clark, Esq., of Winchester was nominated for Senator from this District.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON RELIGION.—At

a late meeting, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher uttered the following sentiments:—
"We are in the bondage of old superstition, and the worship of nine hundred and ninety-nine churches in a thousand is yet tinged with the somberness illustrative of the heathen element of fear. The lightness, the gaiety, the cheer of true worship, is but little known among men. What the hilarity of religion is, breaking away from masters and schools, and romping home to overpower the household with joy, such is to be the worship of God's children. The name of Father ought not to make any man tremble that is a child."

THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.—Among the improvements of the present day, James Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus ranks as one of the most important. No article has ever before come into general use with such rapidity, and none is more deserving of public approval. The high state of purity attained in preparing it, will save thousands from premature death. Every housekeeper should send to the grocers for Pyle's Dietetic—and see that a spurious article, done up in red papers is not imposed upon her. Depot, 345 Washington St., New York.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—The quantity of fruit required, is one gallon of ripe elderberries for every two gallons of wine. For ten gallons wine take five gallons berries, boil them in five or six gallons of water, then strain the liquor, and whatever the liquor proves short of ten gallons, make up as follows:—Add water to the pulp, stir it about and strain to the rest. Add thirty pounds sugar and two or three ounces hops. Then take three-quarters of a pound of ginger-root bruised, five ounces cloves, one of cinnamon, and put them together in a bag and tie loosely. Put the bag with its contents into the previous mixture, and boil two hours; when quite cool, ferment with yeast as you do beer. In two or three days draw the liquor off into a cask, suspend the bag of spices by a string, not long enough to reach the bottom; paste over stiff brown paper. It will be fit for use in two months.—*Boston Cultivator.*

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—The Duke of Newcastle—who attends the Prince of Wales—in his early manhood, when bearing the title of the Earl of Lincoln, married Lady Susan Harriet, sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. But that lovely incident one took it into her head one day to clothe with a handsome officer of the guards, whistling children, husband, and the prospective rank of a duchess, down the wind. Lord Lincoln obtained a divorce, and plunged more actively than ever into political life, has since remained single, dividing his affections between his country and his children.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

A brutal stabbing affair took place in this town on Thursday morning at about one o'clock. There was an Irish dance at the Town Hall last evening, and sometime during the evening an altercation arose between Timothy Cunniff of this place, and John Bagley of Boston, and several others. Cunniff received two stabs from the knife of Bagley, one of which severed one of the main branches of the left carotid artery, the other passed into the right groin, doing fearful havoc among the intestines. The wounded man was taken to the office of Dr. Heath, whose skill in surgery is well known and appreciated in this community. At the time of dressing the wound, a portion of the intestines with fecal matter discharged through the wound. It is the opinion of Dr. H. that the case will prove fatal.

Officer Hazen Whitcher has Bagley in charge, and legal proceedings are to be had for the proper investigation of the case.

On Saturday evening, the Stoneham Wide Awakes to the number of about 50, visited Melrose, where they passed a good time with the Wide Awakes of that place.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Health and Beauty—how to secure them.—Irregularities.—Beauty is as indispensable to the happiness of woman as is health to her existence, the loss of charms being regarded as a greater affliction than death itself. Holloway's Pills and Ointment have done more towards preserving it and relieving the various disorders incidental to the sex than all other advertised medicines united. Thousands of lovely females have had their constitutions ruined and beauty blighted by drastic aperients, pernicious stimulants and poisonous lotions. The mild, soothing, and restorative influence of Holloway's great internal and external remedies in all complaints of woman are now generally admitted, whether in the Spring time of womanhood or in the Autumn or even of life.

WE would call attention to the advertisement of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c. by E. K. Robinson & Co., 24 Charlestown street, Boston, where one of the largest and best stocks in the city may be found, at reasonable prices.

A PICTURE OF VENICE.—A city of marble

I say I say—may rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly every pinnacle and turret glanced and glowed, overlaid with gold, laced with jasper. Beneath, the unswollen sea drew, in deep breathing, and to its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as the pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low-bronzed gleaming of sea-resistant armor about angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her Senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around her isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross grave at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful peace of world, it lay along the face of the waters no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away, but for its power it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, no tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but tipped with eddies of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow the gleaming fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Tiberian shore; blue islands of paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and the morning clear in the limitless light or arched heaven, and circling sea.—*Buckin's Modern Painters.*

GARIBOLDI'S VISIT TO ROME.—Garibaldi visited Rome years ago. In a manuscript prepared by himself, and recently translated from the Italian, he says:—
"My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect! The Rome which I had painted in my imagination no longer existed. The future Rome rising to regenerate the nation, has now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. Thoughts springing from the past, in short, have had a prevailing influence on me during my life.—Rome, which I had before admired and thought of frequently, I ever since have loved. It has been dear to me above all things. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me. Even in exile, these feelings were constantly cherished in my heart, and often, very often, have I prayed to the Almighty to permit to see that city once more. I regarded Rome as the centre of Italy, for the union of which I ardently longed."

NEW STORES IN BOSTON.—Among the many new and attractive stores recently opened in Boston, may be particularly mentioned that of Messrs. Hubbard & Co. at No. 365 Washington St., next door to the Academy of Music. The store is very neat and spacious, and contains an excellent assortment of Dry Goods, for Fall and Winter use, Silks, Shawls, Cloaks, &c., of the newest and richest styles, direct from the European and American Manufacturers. This house will doubtless maintain the reputation acquired at their former establishment. With courteous sales men, fair dealing, and no misrepresentation of goods, and selling upon the *one price* and *small profit* system, they will no doubt achieve prosperity and success in their new location.

For the Middlesex Journal.

On Thursday last, before Justice Converse, of Woburn, Rucl Butters, of Wilmington, was fined \$13.00 for striking a son of Sylvester Beard. He will doubtless learn wisdom by experience.

The remains of Frank Crocker the young lad who was fatally injured at the Union demonstration at E. Boston, (an account of which has been published in the Boston papers) were brought to this place for interment on Saturday. He lived from Wednesday evening until Friday morning, and his injuries were of such a character as to render him entirely insensible during the brief period that he survived. The results of these celebrations are felt even in the quiet town of Wilmington, and one more is now added to the list of dead.

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WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Josiah Hovey and wife were returning from Andover last Sunday afternoon, where they had been spending the day, and shortly after they had started, the horse attached to the chaise in which they were riding, stumbled in going down a hill and fell, striking the points of the shafts into the ground. Mr. Hovey was thrown out over the horse and just grazed the head of the animal as he fell, and sustained no injury. Mrs. H. was thrown out between the dasher and the horse's feet, and was slightly bruised and cut in the face. Had the horse kicked any after he fell the consequences in the case of Mrs. H. might have been serious, as she was placed in a position of great danger. No damage was done to the vehicle, but it was a narrow escape for the parties.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Robinson, the Pastor of the Cong. Society, has commenced the delivery of a series of discourses upon the miracles of our Saviour. On the last Sabbath morning he preached upon the first miracle, recorded in the 2d chap. of the Gospel of John, which was performed at the wedding festival in Cana of Galilee, when water was changed into wine. He briefly narrated the incidents of the occasion, and the proofs that it was indeed a miracle which was wrought. It was done as an act of kindness to his friends, as well as a proof of his divine authority. Our Saviour by his presence on this occasion hallowed and sanctified the marriage rite for all coming time. No argument can be drawn from this miracle for the modern use of wine at the marriage festival or upon any other occasion, for the wines generally drank among us are different from those produced in the vineyards of Judea, where the juice was pressed from the fresh grape and drank before fermentation. Nor could we suppose that our Lord would infuse a single drop of alcohol, that most fatal of all poisons to man, into the beverage which he made.

The preacher showed by quotations from the Scriptures the woes and condemnations pronounced upon those who drink wine or strong drink, and contended that the duty of every christian was that of total and entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Though many might drink wine and other liquors without danger, yet to thousands of others it was the first step to a drunkard's grave, and we had no right to place a stumbling block in our brother's way. If a man honestly believed there was a sad future for the drunkard, much deeper and more terrible would that be, which awaited the drunkard maker.

It was cheering to every friend of temperance in this congregation to hear the bold and manly words of the reverend gentleman from his pulpit for the truth and the right. Too much are the clergy silent upon this great topic instead of being the first and foremost in rebuking this and every other great sin. To every minister I would say,
"Be thou like the first apostles;
To thou like the heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly—speak it all—
Face thee enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod;
Speak, if thou hast truth to utter,
Speak, and leave the rest to God."

LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—The Association will hold their meetings on Saturday evenings in Union Hall. At the last meeting the exercise was a debate upon the following question: Are the receptions given to the Prince of Wales justifiable? It was discussed by several of the members in an earnest and spirited manner.

SCHOOLS.—The schools were granted a holiday on Thursday to enable the pupils to see the Prince of Wales. Some of the teachers were allowed a vacation on Friday, for the purpose of attending the meeting of

Prices Reduced!
A GOOD SEWING MACHINE
FOR \$10.
HACKETT & BUTLER are the authorized agents in this town, for the sale of CUSHING'S Celebrated \$10 Sewing Machine. After carefully testing the work done by this machine, we pronounce it equal to that done on any \$25 machine, and confidently recommend the same as the best in many respects to any other machine for family sewing. A specimen may be seen at our store.
Please call on HACKETT & BUTLER.
Woburn, Oct. 12, 1880.—1m.

NEW STYLES OF HAT GOODS just received by HACKETT & BUTLER.

FURS! FURS! FURS!!!
A good assortment for Ladies' and Children's wear at HACKETT & BUTLER, Woburn.

NOTICE!
I hereby give notice that the Subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of JAMES H. LITTLE, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs, and is now holding the same in the estate of said deceased in and to said estate, and all persons interested in said estate are called upon to make their claims known to the undersigned, who will receive the same.
HUGH KENNEY, Exr.
Woburn, Oct. 9th 1880.

Fall Styles!
OF
HATS & CAPS
AT
HACKETT & BUTLER,
Woburn, Oct. 20.

To Persons Out of Employment!
AGENTS WANTED
In Every County of the United States.

Our publications are of the most interesting character, adapted to the wants of the Farmer, Mechanic and Merchant; they are published in the best style and bound in the most substantial manner, and are worthy a place in the Library of every Household in the land.
To men of enterprise and industrious habits, this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment without capital or risk.
Persons desiring to act as agents will receive promptly by mail, full particulars, terms, &c., by addressing LEAF, GITT & Co., Publishers, No. 294 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at Augustus, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened a

CHARLESTOWN STREET, No. 24.
(corner of Stillman street,) where they will keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Blinds, Sashes, &c., &c., by which they can supply the wants of the public in all parts of the State, and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at as low a price as any other establishment, and offer strong inducements to all who are desirous of the above articles, either at Wholesale or Retail.
E. K. ROBINSON & Co.

OUTSIDE WINDOWS!
A FULL assortment of all ordinary sizes at low prices. Special sizes made to order at short notice, by the BUILDERS' MANUFACTURING CO., No. 14 Washington St., Boston. Also, constantly on hand, the largest stock of Doors, Sashes, Blinds, &c., &c., to be found anywhere in New England.
Particular attention given to manufacturing to order, any sizes required from
WALNUT, OAK, CHESTNUT, BUTTERNUT or Pine. All orders personally or by express, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN W. BAKER,
Agent for Builders' Manufacturing Co., 2m
714 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. 714

GRAND OPENING!
—OF—
NEW DRY GOODS,
—IN—
THE NEW AND SPACIOUS STORE
365 Washington Street,
(Next door to Boston Theatre.)
Thursday, October 18,
—BY—
C. E. HEBBARD & CO.
EVERY VARIETY OF
DRY GOODS
Manufactured in Europe & America.

All our Departments are constantly supplied with the NEWEST and RICHEST STYLES from the New York market, and from our Agents in Europe.

ONE PRICE! SMALL PROFITS!
—AND—
GENTLEMANLY TREATMENT
May be relied upon as the CARDINAL PRINCIPLES of our Store.

NO GOODS URGED, and every piece warranted what it is represented to be.
Boston, Oct. 11, 1880.

A Novelty in the Art World!
PHOTOGRAPHY UPON PORCELAIN.
Secured by letters patent in the United States, England, France, and Belgium.

THE AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORCELAIN COMPANY.
No. 781 Broadway, New York,
having secured their novel and ingenious invention by American and European patents, are fully prepared to execute orders for
Miniature Likenesses of Persons on China,

presenting all the advantages and features of ordinary photographs, the brilliancy and finish of a water-color drawing, and a hitherto unattained quality of durability by being impervious as imperishable as the natural properties of the articles upon which they are transferred.

As the patented process of the Company enables the reproduction of Photographs, not only on plain surfaces, but upon articles of any description and of any degree of irregularity—portraits can be reproduced with faultless accuracy, and delicacy of delineation, upon Porcelain ware of any description and of any dimensions used as articles of luxury or of household utility, such as

Urns, Vases, Breakfast Cups, &c., &c., and presenting the only persons authorized to use the process, they have determined in order to facilitate the gratification of the popular taste, and to meet the wants of those patrons of the Fine Arts desirous of having their portraits on Porcelain, the Company have imported from Europe a collection of superior porcelain goods, and are prepared to execute orders for their own order, which they sell at cost prices.

As the American Company are owners of the patent right, and consequently the only persons authorized to use the process, they have determined in order to facilitate the gratification of the popular taste, and to meet the wants of those patrons of the Fine Arts desirous of having their portraits on Porcelain, the Company have imported from Europe a collection of superior porcelain goods, and are prepared to execute orders for their own order, which they sell at cost prices.

Large Sales and Small Profits!
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN.

NEW STYLE! NEW STYLE!
CLOAKS!
All Qualities.
MADE TO ORDER.
In the most thorough manner, of the best materials at the lowest prices warranted to suit.
Oct. 1880. MORSE'S, LYCEUM BUILDING.

GARDNER & WOODWARD,
Manufacturers of every style of
AWLS AND SAIL NEEDLES,
CHATEAUX, WOBURN, MASS.

Particular attention paid to repairing Sewing Machines.
Agents for every description printed at the
(JOURNAL OFFICE).

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AWLS AND SAIL NEEDLES,
CHATEAUX, WOBURN, MASS.

GET THE BEST!
LAOD, WEBSTER & CO.
Tight-Stitch Sewing Machines
THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
May now be purchased at
FIFTY DOLLARS.
Every family in the United States should secure one of these instruments.

JOSEPH A. WEBSTER & CO.,
17 Summer St., opposite Trinity Church, Boston.

NATURAL HISTORY STORE,
16 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
Charles G. Brewster,
Dealer in Preserved Birds, Animals and Skins. Live Birds, Singing Canaries, Cages, Marine Shells, Minerals, Insects, brilliant Feathers, Moss and Fossil Work, Artificial Eggs and Leaves. Also, Aquaria Tanks, Goldfish, Glass Shades, and Seed of all kinds, Nests, Sand, Eggs, &c., &c. Birds and animals preserved to order. When sent from other places they will be safely packed.

OVERCOATS!
We are prepared to exhibit
MEN AND BOYS' OVERCOATS,
to the closest buyers
FOR CASH
at J. W. HAMMOND'S
Oct. 5. 2m Lyceum Building, Woburn.

Tenements to be Let.
Two tenements, one containing ten rooms and near the Depot, the other six, situated on Highland Street. Apply to
JOSUA E. LITTLEFIELD,
Woburn, Oct. 6.—3w.

BRING IN YOUR OLD HATS.
HAVING made arrangement with a first class journeyman Hatter, I am prepared to renovate or make over Old Hats to look as well as new in the prevailing Style at the lowest cash prices.
J. W. HAMMOND Lyceum Building.
Woburn, Sept. 8.

NEW MILLINERY!
At No. 9 Main St., Woburn.
MRS. FIELD would respectfully invite the attention of the Ladies of Woburn and vicinity to her New and Selected Stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
CONSISTING OF
Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, and all other articles in connection with the MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
Orders solicited, and promptly executed. By constant attention to business, she hopes to merit a liberal share of patronage.
Please call and examine.
Sept. 29.—1f

WILDER'S
IMPROVED DOUBLE FLANGE
Fire-Proof Safes,
No. 25 Merchants' Row, Boston.
Corner of Chatham Street.
The only place where they can be had in Boston.

Trusses, Supporters and Braces.
The great number of radical cures of Hernia, within the last few years, by the use of Dr. J. W. PELLE'S Spinal Trusses, has given them preference over all others. His apparatus for the correction and cure of all kinds of deformities are used at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and are recommended by the first Surgeons in Europe and America.

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RED, WHITE, BLUE, and other Choice
and Fancy Colors, of Cloths, Velvets, Silks, Ribbons, Sashes, and all other goods. U.S. Flag, Equestrian and other Goods, can be found at any other Establishment in New England.

GOLD LEAF AND FOIL,
DENTISTS' PLATE, WIRE AND SOLDIER.
Manufactured by LOTHROP & TOLMAN, 16 Harvard Place, opp. Old South Church, Boston. Gold and Silver Assayed and Melted.

CENTRAL CASH STORE.
THE Subscribers, having taken the Store lately occupied by Mr. J. W. Hammon, in Woburn, Mass., Main Street, would respectfully give notice, that they have opened a new establishment, where they will keep constantly on hand, all kinds of
West India Goods, Groceries,
Provisions, Fruit, Grain, Crockery, Earthenware, Glass, Sugar and Wooden Ware,
which they offer for sale, for CASH, as low as can be bought at any store in the vicinity.

For the benefit of the public, they will call and examine our stock of goods, which are carefully selected and of the best quality, and just published. Goods delivered free of charge.
PITTINGILL & FOLLANSBEE,
Woburn, April 15, 1880.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER
OIL AND LIME.

FOR CONSUMPTION,
In Asthma, Gout, Rheumatism, Scatula, Diarrhea, Scrophula, Rickets, Neuralgia, Infantile Weakness, General Debility, Emaciation, Stomach Disorder, Spinal Disease, Hysteria, Palsy, Coughs, Worms, and all diseases, and all disorders, and all ailments, it is a reliable remedy, but its use must be persisted in for a considerable length of time—Nine tenths of the cases where it is employed, fail, simply arise from the remedy being abandoned before it has produced its beneficial effects. Be careful and get the genuine, manufactured only by ALEXANDER B. WILBOR, Chemist, 106 Court Street, Boston.

Carpets for the People!
Quality is the Test of Cheapness!
CROSSLEY'S Best Tapestries and Velvets—the best carpet in the world—now on hand by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover Street, opposite American House, Boston.

20,000 Yards Elegant Tapestry Brussels, for 50 cents per yard. These goods were bought subject to manufacturer's slight imperfections, at a great sacrifice. They are of the most elegant styles, rich and gorgeous colors, and modern patterns. The imperfections are slight, and imperceptible, and of such a nature as not to injure the durability or appearance of the goods. They are sold at 50 cents per yard, and no deduction in price on account of wholesale purchases. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover Street, opposite American House, Boston.

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As the name of our firm has been very closely imitated by others, purchasers are reminded that we occupy our old stand, the entrance to which is numbered 75 Hanover Street.

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BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.
From M. PITTENGILL & Co.

PREPARATION OF DANDELION. The preparations of Joseph Burnett & Co., the celebrated chemists of Boston, are maintaining immense popularity in the United States, and many of our Quebec friends have become quite enthusiastic in their favor. While other things grow in a day and die in a night, these appear to become greater favorites as they are longer known. The Dandelion is a remarkable preparation for heartburn and dressing the hair, and promoting its vigorous growth; and for the eradication of dandruff it is without an equal.—Quebec Chronicle.

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL TROCHES,
For Coughs, Bronchitis, &c.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS will find them invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice.

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.
NEW STYLES.

We are now prepared to exhibit our stock of MEN'S AND BOYS' READY MADE FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING, which, for elegance of style, variety and excellence of fabric, and faithfulness of manufacture has not been surpassed by any stock heretofore offered in this market. Dealers are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, with the assurance that they will find the right article, upon the best terms.

Also, an extensive assortment of Gentlemen's FURNISHING GOODS, &c., comprising every article necessary for a complete outfit.

GEO. W. SIMMONS, PIPER & CO.,
OAK HALL,
32 & 34 NORTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WILDER'S
IMPROVED DOUBLE FLANGE
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GAS FIXTURES!
Manufactured by Hooper & Co.,
Acknowledged to be the best made in this country.

FRENCH GAS FIXTURE,
Silver Ware,
JEWELRY,
WATCHES, CLOCKS & BRONZES.

H. B. STANWOOD,
253 WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Winter Street, Boston.

A. J. GRIFFIN
Will sell a good Silk Dress for \$4.00, a beautiful Cape for \$3.00, a pair of good wool Blankets for \$2.00, twelve pairs of fine ribbed Hose for \$1.35, good Kid Gloves for .35 and .50, shawls from fifty cents to the best in the market, with a full assortment of
New Goods for the

FALL TRADE.
One Word to Purchasers!
There are a great many goods in this store which are selling for less than

AUCTION PRICES.
Call and see, at
66 HANOVER STREET,
UNDER THE AMERICAN HOUSE, Boston.
A. J. GRIFFIN.

N. S. DEARBORN,
CARD ENGRAVER AND STATIONER,
21 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

Just received, a fine assortment of Plain and Fancy Cards and Papers, for Parties, Balls and Weddings, for sale very low. Call and see the assortment.

HEAD, JEWELL & CO.,
27 Haverhill St., Boston.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS
in every description of Light Carriages, including Brown's Patent Buggies; also, Carriages, Cabs, and all other kinds. At the sign of the Golden Eagle, No. 65 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE Subscriber has made such arrangements with the various Publishers and Book sellers of Boston and elsewhere, as will enable him to furnish BOOKS and other Publications at the publishers' prices. They can generally be furnished the same day the order is received.
LYCEUM BUILDING, Woburn, June 7.

COUGHS AND COLDS.
Sweetser's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.

Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, TICKLING in the THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c., &c.

If your children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and, with ordinary care, no other medicine will be needed.

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, R. W. CONANT, Proprietor, No. 100 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall Street, N. B. Burr & Co., Tremont Street, Carter, Colver & Preston, Hanover Street, Child, Carter, and Works & Porter, Washington Street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

Under Garments.
PORTRAITURE IN RIB, SUELAND
MERINO, and other varieties at extremely low prices at HAMMOND'S Clothing House, Lyceum Building, Woburn.
Sept. 30.—3m

Gas Fixtures!
Brass and Composition Castings.
J. O. FERRIS & CO., No. 12, HANOVER STREET, BOSTON, MANUFACTURERS OF GAS FIXTURES, BRASS AND COMPOSITION CASTINGS, BUILDINGS IN COUNTRY or TOWN furnished with Gas Fixtures, Gas and Water Pipes, and all other kinds of Castings. Gas Fixtures and Lamps of every description. Brought and Regilded in a superior manner. Orders for jobbing executed in the most prompt and satisfactory manner. Salesrooms on the lower floor.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS TO LET.
Rent from \$2 to \$4 a quarter, which will be deducted from the price of the instrument if purchased. For further particulars inquire of Cephas and Frank, 214 Court Street, Boston.

EASTMAN & LOWELL,
Practical Engravers
No. 22, WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
(Over Jones, Ball & Co.)
Wedding, Business and Address Cards, Door Plates, Seals, &c. Orders promptly attended to.

NEW PATTERNS OF PAPER
HANGINGS.
PAINTED CARPETS.
PAINTED RUGS.
WOOLEN CARPETS.
WOOL AND COTTON BOCKING, &c.
Just received and for sale by
W. WOODBERRY.

OCTOBER MAGAZINES & C.
ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
GODDESS LADY'S BOOK,
PETERSEN'S LADIES' NATIONAL,
HARPER'S,
LADIES' AMERICAN,
BALLOON'S,
BANK NOTE REPORTERS,
RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c.
have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoughton, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : No. 4.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.

Poetry.

The Eve of Election.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

From gold to grey, our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon;
But, tenderly, above the sea,
Hangs, white and calm, the Hunter's moon.

In its pale face the village spire
Shows like the rod's spectral lance;
The painted walls whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance!

O'er fallen leaves the west wind grieves,
Yet comes the seed time round again;
And morn shall see the State sown free
With balaft tears, or healthful grain.

Along the street the shadows meet
Of destiny, whose hands conceal
The molds of fate that shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see the powers that be,
I stand by Empires primed springs;
And princes meet in every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd the laugh runs loud,
Beneath the red, rebelling moon;
God save the land a careless hand
May shake or sever ere morrow's noon!

No jest is this; one east mist
May blast the hope of Freedom's year,
O! take me where are hearts of prayer,
And forehead bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall beyond recall,
The written scrolls a breath can float:
The crowning fact the kinglet act
Of Freedom, is the freeman's voice!

For pearls that gem a diadem,
The diver in the deep sea dives;
The regal rights we need to night
Are through costly sacrifice.

The blood of Vane, his prison pain,
Who traced the path the pilgrim trod;
And hers whose faith drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold we lightly hold
The right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord, the axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

Your shadows read, and o'er us bend,
O, martyrs! with your crowns and palms,
Breathe through these throats your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers and dungeon psalms!

Look from thy sky, like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam,
Thill in the sight of thy pure light
Our mean self-seeking hearts appear.

Shame from our hearts unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smile away the hands we lay
Profusely on the sacred Ark.

To party claims, and private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
To which are given the age of Heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key of time to do,
When God and man shall speak as one!

Select Literature.

MOGG'S TREASURE.

Or, Buckley's Visit to Heathdell.

By CLARA AUGUSTA.

I suppose there is no doubt but that I am an old bachelor.

Well, there is no disgrace in that condition, that I know of; and I comfort myself in the fact that some of the most eminent men who have made the world the better by living in it—were single individuals—miscalled "crusty old bachelors."

I have never been able to ascertain satisfactorily, at exactly what age a woman ceases to be marriageable; and neither can I determine the precise period when a man enters the disenchanted realm of celibacy, never to turn upon his steps. Anywhere between the ages of eighteen and eighty-five, I should say, for a random guess.

My acquaintances, who pass their time in investigating such matters, assure me daily, that I shall soon be too old to harbor the idea of marriage, and I suppose they are right; yet, if so, it is strange why young ladies take such particular pains to enact their most fascinating roles in my presence. Perhaps, though, the dear creatures are a little weak by nature, and delight in making me understand the virtues and graces of what I have lost by delay.

But after all, I am not so old as I might be. The old family Bible record declares that I was born on the 25th day of November, 1825; and when we consider the longevity of Methuselah, Abraham, Adam, and others of like ilk, I am quite a boy. I have not a single grey hair in my head, and I never used a drop of restorative in my life. My moustache is smart and glossy, my teeth never felt the file of the dentist, my form is good without padding; and altogether, I am quite a passable man, yet, but this is my private opinion, and I wouldn't care to have you mention it abroad, for fear my friends will think me vain and conceited.

Since the death of my mother, which occurred five years since, Buckley Hall—our family residence—has been closed, with the exception of a wing still inhabited by an old serving-man and his family. The place was gloomy to me when I had no kin nor kin to enliven the solemn old rooms, and so I left it to darkness and desolation, and coming to Portland, established myself in business here.

My meals are taken at my landlady's—an excellent woman Mrs. Burger is—her mince pies are delicious! And her daughter, Annie is very kind about replacing lost buttons, broken dicky strings, and seeing to the ornifices which my pedal phalanges are continually punching in my stockings. Nice folks, the Burgers are!

One day, last summer, I was sitting in my room, reading Tennyson's *Maud* for the fourth time, when a letter was brought me. This was no unusual occurrence, for my correspondence was quite extensive; but some-how I felt a strange thrill run through me as I took that letter. Perhaps the princess of some enchanted island had fallen in love with me, and embraced this opportunity of taking

her pen in hand to inform me that she was well, and hoped these few lines would find me the same. No such thing, however, as I instantly perceived, on glancing at the superscription, which was in the bold handwriting of my quondam friend and college chum—Martin Moggs.

I had not heard from Moggs for a long time, and therefore I tore open the letter with considerable interest, and read aloud—

"Dear Old Buckley!—
"Congratulations, my boy, on my happiness; though it is rather late to accept anything of that kind, seeing I have been a Benedict for the period of eighteen glorious months, and that I have—well, no matter! I didn't know where a letter would find you, at the time of my marriage, and consequently you were not bidden to the wedding, as you surely would have been had I been cognizant of your whereabouts. Only yesterday, I accidentally learned that you were in business on C—Street. Clients without number, I suppose? The usual fate of a promising young lawyer, I believe.

"My wife is the best little woman in the whole world, of course; but as you are still a fussy old bachelor you know nothing about the blessing of such an one. We pity you from the bottom of our hearts—Marietta and I—Marietta joins me in extending to you a cordial invitation to come up to Heathdell, and spend the month of August with us. As an inducement, I will just whisper in your ear that we have the most charming little darling here that you ever saw! We feel assured that you will love her; her sweet, innocent ways will find the way into that obdurate heart of yours, and you will become inseparable. Everybody pronounces her a perfect prodigy of grace and beauty. You will surely come, will you not? We shall expect you forthwith; so I reserve a thousand things which I have to say until your arrival at Heathdell.

"Yours, Fraternally, Moggs."
"Humph! And so Moggs was married! And he was five years younger than I. Married, and to a woman named Marietta. Her family name he failed to mention. Well, that didn't matter, but Moggs was inexcusably careless in omitting to tell me the cognomen of this prodigy of grace and beauty that was to win my heart at once—*nolens volens*.

This letter of my friend's looked like a challenge. Moggs had thrown down the gauntlet to me in behalf of this beautiful unknown—should I permit it to remain in the dust, or not? I arose and looked in the glass. That useful piece of furniture assured me that I was, to say the least, a respectable looking man, with quite an "air" about me. Law business was dull during the summer season; it was too hot for people to quarrel; the spirit of contention would not be likely to get rampant before the first of September. Heathdell was situated some forty miles up the river—a pleasant rural place; and I had long pined for the singing of birds and the bleating of flocks. It took but a short time for me to decide on going. And I sat down and wrote to my friend accordingly.

The ensuing week found me en route. I went by steamer, and during the journey I amused myself with lounging on deck, with my feet hanging over the rails, and cogitating on the delightful circumstance of having a third person in the house of my friend Moggs. A third person to entertain a fourth. No danger of my being *Monsieur de Trop*, as one invariably is when he invades the domicile of a newly wedded pair of lovers. Moggs and his wife were, no doubt, completely infatuated with each other, and would have very little time to bestow on me. So much the better! The divinity would only take particular care not to interrupt the conjugal happiness of our mutual entertainers. Truly, the prospect was charming.

I wondered greatly about the *personelle* of this third person in the house of Moggs. She was either a brilliant brunette, all fire and spirit; or a gentle blonde, all meekness and love. Either type was delightful—for a pretty woman is a pretty woman, the world over; and if she loves you, and you love her, you will not stop to inquire into the exact shade of her eyes, or the droop of her eyebrows. After all, it is the mirror of our own affection which invests the object of our love with half the charms which we fancy it possesses. And when we truly love, the creature of our love is beautiful to us, however plain and unpretending others may deem it.

It was late in the evening before I reached Heathdell. My friend's cottage was but a short remove from the landing, and in a few moments I stood in its pleasant parlor, receiving the warm greetings of my exhilarated Moggs. Marietta, a pretty, lady-like little thing, gave me her white fingers to kiss, and expressed herself much happy by my condescension in favoring Heathdell with my presence.

After a little conversation touching the weather, I ventured to inquire for the remainder of the household. A gratified look was exchanged between Moggs and his wife. Moggs replied—

"She has retired. The heat of the day made her uncommonly languid, and she has been in bed a couple of hours."

"Dear child!" cried Mrs. Moggs—"she is so frail, and so sensitive to the influence of the elements! I am almost afraid to love her as well as I can, lest she should be overtaken by us."

"You have not told me her name?" I remarked, suggestively.

"Grace Darling!" cried both these enthusiastic Moggses in chorus.

"You will see her in the morning," said Mrs. Moggs; "she is a very early riser, and then if you do not lose your heart at once, I must set you down as a very naughty, obstinate man!"

Just then the pearl-mounted clock on the mantel chimed eleven, and I was shown up to my chamber, where I dreamed until morning of the sweet little myth who was to gather my affections into her hand, and wear them as she would her bouquet.

I don't believe the sun had thought of taking off his night-cap, when I arose and commenced my toilet. I will confess that I never spent more time on my personal adornment than I did on this particular morning. It was about sunrise when I finished; and I adged about from one thing to another, for more than an hour, waiting to hear some sound of life in the regions below stairs. At last, the rattling of fire irons convinced me

that some one was thinking of breakfast beside myself, and cheered by this idea, I descended to the sitting-room.

My heart beat a trifle faster than usual, and I noticed as I passed the hall mirror, that my color was higher and more decided than common. It was truly a momentous occasion, and I trust that I approached the door of the sitting-room with due reverence. I turned the handle, and entered.

Mrs. Moggs sat with her back towards me, engaged in some business, of the nature of which I was profoundly ignorant; Moggs leaned admiringly over her chair, and gave utterance to some pent up feeling, in the words—

"Darling! Rosebud! Inanimate Loveliness!"

My quiet "good-morning" grated harshly on the air of this earthly dwelling of the cherubim, I suppose, for Mrs. Moggs started up, and rushed toward me with a terrified air, holding a small bundle done up in white flannel, in her arms.

"Don't speak above a whisper, good sir! She knows a stranger's voice! For the love of Heaven, forbear! She is asleep!"

Mrs. Moggs would have done high tragedy to a charm.

"What? who? where?" stammered I, feeling very much as if I had committed the unpardonable sin, and thereby deserved annihilation.

"Grace Darling! The blessed angel! step carefully—don't let even your breath touch her cheek! I wouldn't disturb her slumbers for any one in the world save you, but you are Moggs' dear friend, and I know you are dying for a look at her seraphic face! There! and with one dexterous motion, she flung aside the flannel covering, and revealed to my astonished gaze the eighth wonder of the world! A red-faced, puffy-cheeked baby! sucking its interesting thumb, and rolling and winking its leaden eyes very much as that classical "toad under a harrow" might be supposed to do.

I started back aghast, for if there is any one thing beneath the canopy of celestial blue that I despise more than another, it is a baby! There, I've said it, and I am fully aware of the peril which I have incurred. This talk about babies trenches on exceedingly ticklish ground, but I am ready to meet the consequences! I'll maintain my opinion on that point, if I die for it! I'll tell the truth, and shame old Nicholas, even the bard of immortal renown has commanded.

"Isn't she a perfect angel!" cried Mrs. Moggs.

"So fair and rosy!" said Moggs.

"Such fine, silky hair, and such beautiful eyes!" said Mrs. Moggs.

"And such sweet, engaging manners! Only see her, now, lift her chubby hand as if to brush off an invisible fly, and then drop it so intelligently again, when she finds there is no fly there! The darling!" Moggs glowed with admiration.

"But you ought to hear her talk! She is only six months old, and yet she prattles quite plainly! You must hear her say 'ba ba'—that means papa; and she will mimic the cat so naturally—'me-you! me-you!' Oh, it is perfectly charming!"

"Yes, and she mocks the dog, too; mocks the dog too; mocks him so accurately that the very chickens put up the feathers on their backs at the sound of her 'wow wow!' The little treasure! Bless her life!"

"Isn't she sweet! only see her cunning little feet and her tiny toes—every separate coral nail in them is a jewel! Aren't they beautiful, Mr. Buckley?" and Mrs. Moggs bestowed a rapturous kiss on the small red apologies for toes, while Moggs looked on in transport.

"Am I not a fortunate man?" said Moggs, "in possession of such a treasure?"

"Yes," returned I, delighted with getting, at last, a chance to use my tongue, "yes, I think you must be in the seventh heaven of Mohammed's paradise!" My spleen would vent itself somehow, but my friends failed to notice the irony of my tones. Mrs. Moggs was delighted with my sympathy. She came forward and held out her unoccupied hand.

"Oh, you charming man!" she cried, with pleased enthusiasm, "I knew, from the first, that you would appreciate our darling! I told Moggs so last night! I saw that your organ of philo—philo—well, your organ of affection for children, was largely developed! I cannot sufficiently thank you for your love toward this precious babe! I shall ever bear you in respectful remembrance! My little Grace! I know that she will be happy in your presence! She will learn to know your voice, and to watch for your very footsteps. And in time, she will, no doubt, say 'wow wow' for you! Perhaps she will even call you 'ba ba!'"

"The saints forbid!" ejaculated I, forgetting everything but the horror which inspired me at the thought of being the paternal progenitor of such a piece of perfection as lay before me.

Oh, Mr. Buckley! how modest you are! cried Mrs. Moggs, respecting my virtuous scruples; "but breakfast is waiting," and she led the way to the dining-room; and there, before pouring the coffee, she tucked up Grace Darling on the sofa to finish her nap. At table, all conversation was forbidden, lest the noise should awaken the illustrious scion of the Moggs family; and we handled our forks as though one fatal clasp against the glasses, would snap the thread in twain by which the sword of fate was suspended over our heads.

At last the babe awoke with a howl; long, loud, and powerful, which filled every nook and corner of the room like the echoes of a bassoon. Mrs. Moggs sprang up, frantically, knocking off the salt-cellar, and a preserve plate, (which Moggs picked up in fragments,) and flew to the sofa.

"Mother's coming! Mother's beauty shouldn't cry! It will break mother's heart! There, there, there, Rocky bye baby—hush mamma's lady; thy papa's gone a-hunting in the woods! Mr. Buckley's here, and loves de little Grace all to deff! looky up, darling sugar lump and see her uncle Willie Buckley!"

Thus adjured, Grace Darling's head was turned about, but so far from favoring me with a glance, she made a grab at the coffee-cup by her mother's plate, and upset the entire contents on the table-cloth. Moggs looked at me with but half repressed triumph.

"Do you see that? She's the most precocious little thing I ever saw! I expect she'll be having a beau before long; eh? cherub?"

But "cherub" only set up a defiant yell, and Mrs. Moggs retired to parts unknown for a season, taking the eloquent olive plant with her.

In the interval of quiet which ensued, I attempted to enter into conversation with Moggs, touching the days of "Auld Lang Syne," but his sole theme was the baby. Baby was ever present to his mind—a constant phantom. Moggs was the best specimen of a one idea man that I ever met with.

Mrs. Moggs did not make her appearance again until towards eleven; and then she gave us the gratifying intelligence that Grace was asleep—as sweetly as an angel;—and she hastened to inform us that we had better remove our boots carefully, and carry them into the entry, until we were ready to go out; the creaking of the leather might awake the baby, and she was apt to be fretful when disturbed before her repose was finished. And, accordingly, our boots came off, and for the remainder of the morning we lounged in our slippers, and conversed in subdued voices, as people do in a dwelling which death has recently invaded. Unfortunately, I had taken a severe cold in my head, and I was continually pestered with an inclination to sneeze, which inclination I buried in my pocket handkerchief, while I held my nostrils firmly together to prevent the threatened explosion.

And this was the beginning of the delightful visit which I had anticipated at Heathdell—the charming visit to a house which contained only a newly wedded couple, absorbed in themselves; and a beautiful girl, who was to win, forthwith, my virgin affections! A month of days like this, which was yet not half over! How was I to endure it! The idea was absolutely horrifying! I cast it away from me. I would not think of the future; even the Present should be buried in the Lethian wave, and I would spend the time in the woods and fields with my books and Nature.

Spend my time with a fiddlestick! One afternoon's trial of the sylvan shadows was enough. I tore the legs of my trousers half off, lost my watch-seal in getting through a clump of thorn bushes, scratched the skin off my hands with the brambles, till these respectable members bore strong analogy to goose-sized mosaics; and to crown my misfortunes, I stumbled, and fell into a hornet's nest, which was cunningly hid under a bush on purpose to deceive folks. If you ever heard the buzz of a million spinning-jennies, you can form some notion of the grand hal-lalujah of those irate hornets! How they did pitch into me! And I availed myself of my only resource I could think of, and ran for the cottage as fast as my ambulatory powers would carry me.

I preferred the baby to the fields, after all. I gave Mrs. Moggs to understand; and she smiled delightedly, and said she had known from the first that I was a person of sound sense. She had never failed in judging of character, she said, by a certain protuberance on the back of the head, and I possessed that bump to perfection.

Humph! Fowler, himself, would have been baffled by the protuberance which he would have discovered on my head at that time, if he had taken to the examination of my cranium. The horns were fine fellows for increasing the prominence of the organ where they happened to alight.

Mrs. Moggs mended my clothes for me, and in return I was required to kiss the baby, which penance I am afraid I performed with a very bad grace.

I retired early to rest, and turning into the really luxurious bed, I was soon asleep. I was aroused from a dream of a green-headed monster, with four yellow tails, and a pipe in his mouth, by an energetic thumping on my chamber door.

"What is it?" I cried out, but partially awakened.

"Get up, quickly, Buckley!" cried Moggs.

"For Heaven's sake, don't delay, as you value life!"

Thoroughly alarmed, and fully expecting that the house was on fire, or Mrs. Moggs in a fit, I sprang up, and got into my red flannel drawers with expedition. Then I opened the door. Moggs was standing on the threshold, in a very short night-gown, which added so much to the length of his legs by its scantiness, that I could think of nothing but a marsh crane, with a short night-gown on.

"Come down, quick!" he exclaimed. "A moment's delay, and it may be too late!"

"But my clothes—let me get them on; I—"

"Confound the clothes! How can you speak of clothes?—follow me!" and with an authoritative wave of the hand toward the foot of the stairs, he strode on. I followed him, for I was imbued with the consciousness that this was a great emergency. And I bravely put the thought of self aside, and kept on my way. I was ushered directly into the bridal bed-room of the Moggses!

Mrs. Moggs was up, and partly dressed; the "cherub" was screaming in her arms, and the terrified lady was alternately petting the child, and crying at the top of her lungs for mercy.

"See there! Buckley, can you realize it! Oh, my friend, it will be our utter ruin! Marietta's reason will be dethroned, and I shall be a manne!!" ejaculated Moggs, in a voice which went to the very marrow of my bones.

"What is it? What has happened?" inquired I, cautiously, for I was completely awe-stricken by the appearance of things.

"Look there!" screamed Moggs, turning round the baby so that the lamplight fell on its face—"the fatal mark!"

"'Tis the scarletina!" exclaimed Mrs. Moggs; "I knew that something was going to happen, for I dreamed of black cats, last week; and only yesterday we were so happy!"

"Go for the doctor, Buckley—our hope of salvation lies with the speed you make!" cried Moggs; and fully impressed with the importance of doing something daring, I forgot my unbecoming *des habille*, and flew out of the cottage like a chronic patient; and well satisfied of the urgency of the case by my sparse toilet, he clapped on his hat, seized his saddle-bags, and together we set out on a dog trot for the cottage. Pretty well blown, we were, when we arrived there, and that is a fact.

The doctor went right into the bedroom, examined the child, and, from force of habit, shook his head. Moggs was a pitiful object to behold. Mrs. Moggs was white as her nightcap.

"For the love of mercy, doctor, speak! oh speak!" implored Moggs.

"Only tell us the worst, doctor! Suspense is worse than certainty!" said Mrs. Moggs.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly and impressively, "if I was to give my opinion, I should say the child has been bitten by three bed-bugs, on the forehead!"

Moggs and his wife evidently knew not whether to feel relieved or not, by the physician's decision, and I took the opportunity which their confusion offered, of escaping to my room, where I was undisturbed until morning.

No allusion was made to the affair of the previous night, at the breakfast table next morning. Grace Darling was as well as usual, and quite as noisy. She could not be prevailed upon to say "ba ba," and the nearest approach which she made to the "me-you" of the cat, was by the screams she set up for the china sugar-bowl, which was finally yielded to her.

Sometime in the forenoon, Mrs. Moggs discovered that she must have more silk for a robe, which she was embroidering for Grace. I offered to go down to the village and execute her commission, but she said no; she was afraid I should not be able to match the shade perfectly. Men knew so little about colors. But if I would only look after the baby while she could go, it would be so kind and obliging of me! Grace was asleep, and would undoubtedly continue thus until her return; but she would like me to jog the cradle occasionally.

I was filled with horror at the bare suggestion, but what could I do? I muttered a dozen incoherent excuses, and pleas of inability, but Mrs. Moggs only laughed at me, and said it was full time for me to learn the ways of babies if I ever expected to have any of my own.

She hurried on her bonnet and shawl; kissed the baby, bade me coquetish good-morning, and sailed off, smiling and triumphant. As for me, I scarcely dared breathe, for fear the baby should wake up. I stopped the clock, and hung the canary up in the china-closet—the noise the two made would be sure to disturb the cherub. I sat down carefully, but the treacherous chair, that I was about to honor, creaked; and instantly the screams of the child burst forth!

If a powder mine had been sprung at my very feet, I should not have been more horrified. I peeped into the cradle, and smirked in my most fascinating manner at the detestable little mammy within. My pains were rewarded by an added shilliness in the tone of the family organ.

I commenced rocking vigorously, but not understanding the machinery of a cradle, I overdid the thing, I suppose, for the cradle tilted, upset, and spilled out its contents, bumpity, bumpity, thump, on the floor! I caught the unfortunate babe up, and commenced a zealous snatching up and down the room, singing a snatch of the only nursery rhyme that I could call to mind, viz: "Goosey, goosey, gander." Then I repeated the Episcopal litany; then I pronounced the benediction, after the manner of Parson Brownlow; then I sang the doxology to the tune of Old Hundred; then I cried, "Charge, Chester, charge!" and that precious cherub obeyed me, by bugging up both my eyes with her chubby fists.

I put her down on the floor; got the shovel and poker, and played fiddler with them. She only winked, and kicked off both shoes in the vain effort to smash my brains out. I got down on the carpet, and went on all fours, barking like a dog, and baying like a jack. No use. I took out my watch, and consigned it to her tender mercy; she gave it a thump against the table leg, and smashed the crystal to fragments, yelling like an Indian because the job wasn't a longer one. I brought forward the looking-glass—flashed a thimble and pair of scissors from her mother's work-basket; I cowered, cackled, mewled, and squealed—but that incorrigible child only screamed the louder. There was but one thing more to be tried, and I made that experiment without delay.

I spanked her!

It was the first time I had ever done anything of the kind, but it was not performed scientifically, it was effectually. Grace Darling grew white as a stewed oyster. She stared at me with her great eyes—sucked her thumb meditatively for full three minutes; and then such a cry as she gave utterance to, I have never heard before or since. It was enough to rend the solid earth assunder. The house trembled to its very foundations with the vibration.

Despair seized upon me. Flight was better than lingering defeat. I flew to my chamber, gathered my property into my valise—threw on my hat, and made tracks for the steamer's wharf. I was desperate, and ready to do anything to escape from fate in the shape of that red bunch of original sin—yept a baby!

Luckily, the boat was about starting; I jumped on board, and in half an hour was far on my way from the scene of my misfortune and disgrace.

I have never set my foot in Heathdell since. Neither have I seen the Moggses. But I have heard that, in spite of her precociousness, Grace Darling is still alive; and is still the cherub of the Moggs family.

And may a gracious Providence save me from ever having a child say "ba ba" to me,—that is, if said child has a legitimate right to use such language.

Gross Familiarity.

We presume every one will understand the meaning which these two words convey, and will thank us if we say anything that will tend to remove the evil with which so many people are obliged to contend. What can be more provoking, disagreeable or disgusting than the manners of some people who take those whom they claim as friends or acquaintances by the button hole and subject them to the odious misery of their company?

There are not a few ignorant persons who seem to know no better than to force themselves into company where their presence is not welcome and where they are only allowed to remain, because the good breeding of the hosts will not make them the subject of a "scene." They possess such a huge stock of brazen impudence that they really believe that they have not only the right to go any where and everywhere they please, but that they really honor any company by their presence. They do not hesitate to saute in the most familiar style those who are modestly pursuing the path which they have marked out for themselves, and who do not desire to be bored with the gross familiarity of empty-headed and windy snobs, and at the same time that they display their own lack of dignity and good sense, they compromise those whom they really insult. They converse only upon the most superficial topics, very often upon the business and private affairs of the person whom they address,—propound the most impertinent questions, pass unsolicited opinions, and make most flippant remarks about the propriety of this or that course, which does not concern them in any way, shape or manner.

They hail a man in the street, or in the parlor with "How are you, Brown?" or "Where are you bound, old fellow?" without the slightest thought or care that their method of salutation will cause the individual thus addressed to feel considerably in the estimation of some person whose good opinion he may desire to gain and maintain. They go into a man's office, settle themselves comfortably in a chair, presume upon a short acquaintance to become exceedingly intimate with him, and consume the time which he could vastly better employ than in listening to their useless and oftentimes senseless remarks. Upon any and every occasion where opportunity is afforded for public speaking, they fail to make long speeches, generally disputing the assertions and calling in question the motives of those whose avowed thought is worth a dozen of theirs, and whose actions speak the true dignity of the real gentlemen.

In an almost endless variety of ways these people display gross familiarity, and if they were to be told how their conduct is viewed by those who quietly observe, and when the proper time comes express their opinions in an emphatic manner, they would then have such a good opinion of themselves that the remark would fail of producing any good effect. But really these people instead of winning the place they think themselves fitted to adorn, and being welcomed in company with which they profess to be intimate, find themselves most decidedly snubbed, and their places supplied by men, who never descend to the low, vulgar familiarity, which is always indicative of narrow, uncultivated minds.

If ever there was a true maxim it is that which says "familiarity breeds contempt," and we know of no surer way in which a man of perhaps fine talents and many agreeable traits of character can forfeit the good opinion of his friends, and of those who might aid him to win an honorable position among men, than by forgetting the common courtesy which is due from one gentleman to another, at all times and upon all occasions. He who is scrupulously polite; particularly in public, who is never found in company where it may be even suspected that he has not been invited, who always addresses his friends and acquaintances in a style which will command their respect rather than excite their indignation, which will be felt, if it is not expressed, is the man who invariably stands well in the estimation of all who know him, and his company is not only sought but welcomed wherever and whenever he may find it convenient to be present. If we have been able to present this evil of gross familiarity in such a manner as will cause the very many in every community, who are justly deserving of censure in this respect, to consider whether or not their conduct can be amended, we shall feel that we have been instrumental in making better men of some of those whom we very often in public meetings, in private gatherings, and in the daily avocations of business, who are regarded as nuisances, who constantly push themselves forward for stations and positions which they are not qualified to occupy, and like the monkey, the higher they climb the more hideous do they appear in the estimation of all intelligent people.—*Boston Herald.*

The Value of a Trade.

If parents would consider the welfare and happiness of their children, they would choose the virtuous mechanic, farmer, or honest trader, as companions and helpmates, instead of the rich, who aside from their income, have no means of subsistence.

How often does this question arise, and from religious parents too, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters, "Is he rich?" If the daughter answers, "Yes, he is rich, he is a gentleman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of Plesian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?"

"You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland,"

"And my fortune and reputation, are they not—"

"Your estate is magnificent and your conduct irreproachable."

"Then having your daughter's consent, how should I expect a refusal?"

"This, sir," the father replied, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious; what fortune gives, at her caprice she takes away. I see no security of independence and comfortable living for a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of a trade!"

The nobleman bowed and retired silently. A year or two afterwards the father was sitting at the door, and saw approaching the house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade, a person in the dress of a basket-maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter; the nobleman had turned basket-maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hand for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no farther obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The Revolution came; fortunes were plundered, and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars, some

The Middlesex Journal.

S. M. R. PIPPI, PROPRIETOR.

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The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1860

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page—Poetry, The Eve of Election; Mogg's Treasure, or Buckley's Visit to Heathell; Gross Familiarity; The Value of a Trade; Suspended Animation, &c.
Last Page—Poetry, The Treasures of Memory; The First Deception; How a Lady Preserved Webster's Reply to Hayne, &c.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

This event which for a long time was looked forward to by the people of the United States, with the most pleasing anticipations, has taken place and become a matter of sober history. It was fitting that a person sustaining the relation that he does to the British throne, should be received with the warmest welcome the most cordial greetings and marked honor. It was not to him as a private individual that honors were paid, but rather to him as prospective heir to the place now filled so nobly and so honorably by his august mother. Some have been disposed to speak of the young Prince disparagingly—as being somewhat dull—as manifesting no particular abilities. We think it speaks very much in his favor that he made no attempt to be anything more than he is—a youth in a transition state—passing from the period of schools and wholesome discipline to a brightly opening manhood. He most certainly manifests nothing of the character of Young America, but is under masters and tutors—willingly, we doubt not, to be fitted for ruling wisely, one of the most intelligent nations on the earth. Who of all our countrymen would now feel any respect for him, had he embraced every opportunity afforded to show himself by smacking windy, bombastic speeches? Like a well bred youth he has been modest in the presence of his able counsellors. It is not to the boy—Albert Edward—the son of a Queen—but rather to the English nation through him, that our countrymen have sought to do honor.

No one can doubt that this visit of the Prince of Wales, attended as it has been with so much that has been mutually pleasant to all concerned, will prove of incalculable benefit to both countries in years to come, especially should he live to ascend the throne of England. It will tend to make them feel more than ever how close is the relationship existing between them, and how the interests and highest prosperity of each is identified with the other. Should diplomatic misunderstandings arise, there will be a greater certainty than ever before, that every thing will be ultimately be adjusted without a resort to that relic of barbarism—war.

The expense of this tour to the people of this country—to say nothing of that of the Prince and his suite to England—has been no small item. The general aggregate of the whole, has been estimated at \$3,595,000. A round sum, truly it is. But will any one say that all this has been foolishly and extravagantly wasted? Most clearly such is not the fact. A large part of this money came from the hoards of the wealthy and has been put into circulation, paid to common business men, artisans and laborers, giving them employment, and the means of supporting their families. Hence this great sum is doing a far greater amount of good than it locked up in bank vaults, or invested in stocks. On precisely the same principle any community is benefited when its wealthy men build for themselves large and costly houses and decorate their grounds. They give their money to mechanics, and laborers and accept elegant residences in return. This is the true idea of business, the giving of employment by men of capital, to those who have not capital. No doubt, many a person has been foolish in his or her expenditures connected with the visit of the Prince. But their money has none the less gone into circulation, thereby doing a greater good than if retained to lie idle. Would people generally take this view of the matter, they would cease to envy their wealthy neighbors for the elegancies and luxuries that they gather around them, but would rejoice, rather, that they have the heart to do as they do.

DEDICATION.—The new church, erected by the First Congregational Society in this town, will be dedicated to the worship of God, on Wednesday next, Oct. 31st, by appropriate services, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock, a. m. as follows:

1st—Voluntary. 2d—Invocation, by Rev. E. P. Marvin, of Medford. 3d—An Original Anthem. 4th—Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. R. T. Robinson of Winchester. 5th—Singing of Psalm 122, c. m., by the choir and congregation. 6th—Sermon by the Pastor, Rev. Daniel March. 7th—An Original Hymn. 8th—Dedictory Prayer, by Rev. William Barrows, of Reading. 9th—An Original Anthem. 10th—Benediction.

At 2 1/2 o'clock in the afternoon there will be a sale of the Pews.

SCHOOLS.—We are authorized by the School Committee, to say that any of the School Teachers who desire to attend the Dedication next Wednesday morning, are allowed to omit the morning session for that purpose.

BELL.—The bell of the old Congregational Church was taken down on Thursday last, and will reach its place to-day in the new church.

ORGAN CONCERT.—We invite particular attention to the notice of the Organ Concert, to be found in another column, to be given in the new Orthodox Church, on the evening of Dedication day. The Organist—H. M. Dow—and choir of Rev. Mr. Hepworth's Church, Boston, besides several other eminent players, will be present. The lovers of organ music will have an opportunity of hearing what those eminent builders, Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook, pronounce the best toned instrument ever built by them. This beautiful new Church will be lighted with gas for the first time on that occasion. We can promise all who attend such a musical entertainment as is seldom enjoyed anywhere.

ATLANTIC.—This reliable monthly for November, has been received. The publishers announce that with the commencement of the new volume in January, many new features of remarkable interest and attractiveness, will be added to those which have placed their periodical in its present high position. Mrs. Stowe and Charles Reade, are each to write a new novel, and many other authors of note and talent will lend their aid to make the Atlantic of that interesting character which will cause it to be sought by all classes of readers.

MALICIOUS.—We understand that some mercantile or mercantile, on two different nights during the present week, threw some stones into the windows of the residence of Rev. R. F. Bronson, on Pleasant street. Both a chamber and parlor window were damaged. The person who would commit such acts as the above, must be almost totally depraved.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—We have just received the annual catalogue of this Institution. The number of Students is as follows: Medical, 51; Seniors, 57; Juniors, 65; Sophomores, 72; Freshmen, 81; members of the Chandler School, 42; Total, 363. The increasing number of students shows the college to be in a flourishing condition.

THE LAKE FIRE.—The total loss at the burning of Mr. Flagg's barn on Friday night last, was \$1900, on which there was an insurance of \$650. In addition to the things destroyed as stated in our last, there were 20 tons of hay instead of 15, a buggy, lot of farming tools, \$30 worth of lumber, and about \$40 of pickles.

SENTENCED.—Mrs. Bridget Thornton was sentenced yesterday, at the Superior Court at Lowell, to six months in the House of Correction, and to pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs, for being a common seller of liquor.

CATHARINE GLENN pleads guilty to keeping a nuisance in shape of a liquor shop, and was sentenced to three months in Woburn Work-house.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—This periodical for November has been received from John J. Dyer & Co., of Boston. The leading article on "Capt. John Smith," is quite interesting, also the article on "A Summer in New England." These, with many other entertaining pieces, make up a choice number.

ERROR.—Our correspondent "H. A." was in error when he said that "Ruel Butters of Wilmington, was fined \$13.00 for striking a son of Sylvester Beard." Ruel Butters, resides in Billerica, and the name of the father of the boy assaulted, is Benjamin F. Beard.

ROBBERY IN WEST CAMBRIDGE.—The store of Solon Hardy, in West Cambridge, was broken into on Wednesday night last. The robbers first visited the safe, blew that open and took therefrom \$15; they then gathered together some articles of Dry Goods, but were frightened from their operations by a person who slept over head, and they fled precipitately, dropping the goods a short distance from the store.

FIRE.—The house and stable on Main street, West Cambridge, owned by Mrs. Whitney, was set on fire on Sunday morning about two o'clock, and totally consumed. The building adjoining, occupied by Moses Porter, as a Dry Goods & Grocery store, and also wholly consumed. Mrs. Whitney's house was unoccupied, also as was the stable. Mr. Porter's loss did not exceed \$100. Mr. Ingalls lost all his papers, many of which were quite valuable. A reward of \$500 is offered for the detection of the incendiary.

FAIR.—The ladies of the Universalist Society of West Cambridge will hold a fair at the Town Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon and evening Oct. 30 and 31, for the purpose of furnishing their place of worship, those who have attended their former fairs, know well that whatever the ladies of West Cambridge undertake to do, they do well.

THE EVERETT CLUBS OF ABINGTON, East Bridgewater and Bridgewater had a splendid tour out at the latter place on Thursday evening last.

SENATOR.—Stephen Dow, Esq., of this town, has been nominated by the Democratic and Union Parties for Senator in this District.

Extra copies of the Journal, containing a full report of the Dedication and Concert, can be obtained at the Woburn Bookstore next week.

Hon. D. W. Gooch addressed the citizens of Lexington last evening. The Woburn Wide Awakes were present, numbering 85.

Col. Curtin, Governor elect of Pennsylvania, speaks in Faneuil Hall, this evening.

The 29th day of November will be observed in this Commonwealth as a day of "Thanksgiving and Praise."

"W. C. W." and "J. E." will appear next week.

THE ENGLISH RACE.—The old English blood has not stagnated in our veins. The population of the country is rapidly increasing, despite the enormous drain of emigration—nor has the race degenerated in any respect. Most of the suits of armor in the Tower would be found too small for the stout limbs of the young Cumberland recruits who join the ranks of our household troops. The duration of life has increased. It is a mistake to suppose that the increase of luxury has sapped the vigor of the English people. We have still a practical monopoly of the coal and iron of the world, and increased skill in using them. Better still, we have absolute freedom of action and thought.

—Once a Week.

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Stebbins.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Stebbins we are permitted to make the following extracts from a sermon preached by him before his congregation last Sabbath:

During the past week the earth has trembled under the tread, and the air has been rent by the shoutings of assembled multitudes. The streets have glowed with torches by night, and been flooded with rapid currents of excited hosts by day. From the hills and the sea shore they came, the laboring engine panting with its enormous burden. Old men on whom a century of suns had set, infants whose eyes blinked in the unaccustomed light, were there. The fires were out or burned low in the clanging workshops. Commerce furled her sails and closed her warehouses. The most obscure and the most famous men seemed equally to share the enthusiasm and join in the jubilation. Two causes have produced this marvelous manifestation of uncontrollable excitement. The one the processions of the great political parties of the State, the other the arrival of a young man not yet attained to his majority.

From tripping school girl to tottering matron, a thrill ran through all hearts when it was announced that the modest, unpretending, unassuming youth was to visit the capital, and half a million eyes were strained from tree top, roof, balcony and blocked streets and sidewalks to catch a glimpse of him as he passed. Learning came forth from her halls, magistracy came out from the capital to welcome him. A sea of human life swelled around him, wherever he passed, the welkin rang with cheers, wherever he appeared, enthusiastic children clapped their hands. Personally there was nothing to attract attention in this young man. There were thousands in the crowd far his superiors in beauty, strength, ability. Why then this innumerable assemblage, this irrepressible enthusiasm? It was because he is the heir of a kingdom on which the sun never sets. Especially it was because he was the son of the noblest woman that ever honored a throne, or made a crown lustrous. This ovation which has followed him is as creditable to the heart of the people who have so enthusiastically offered it as to the heart of him who has so modestly received it. It is difficult to tell which is the more admirable, the enthusiasm of the host or the modesty of the guest.

It is certainly creditable to the country that such cordial good will is manifested to the heir of a throne whose lion twice lost among us we have twice muzzled. It is certainly creditable to him that he should make a pilgrimage to the tomb, and stand with unquivering head before it, where rests the man who severed these colonies from his dominion. That was a sublime spectacle. The Prince of England standing uncovered before the tomb of the Prince of rebels! Virtue is immortal! And the peerless character of our Washington won from the son of Victoria that tribute of admiration, which her unsullied goodness has already won from us. The heir of the British empire reverent before the coffin of Washington! It was worth a transatlantic voyage to do so noble an act which will make the name of Albert Edward dear to every American heart while our rivers run to the sea.

These ovations are well. As they express so they cherish and enlarge good feelings toward the mother country. The young prince will carry home with him pleasant recollections of our young and growing people. Yet we must not trust too much to these as securing peace. Principle not pleasure is the basis of security. Justice must follow jubilation or the sweetness of our rivalries more sharp and abundant. The Emperor Nicholas visited in state the Queen of England and was honored with ovations, but when the friendship of the emperor cooled, and the terrible scenes of Sebastopol opened, his portrait which had been hung in the palace at Windsor as a memorial of his visit, was turned to the wall. I do not object to good feeling. But it is not the best thing. Righteous acting is better, as it is the only preservative of good feeling. I hail with gratitude this opportunity given to the American people to show their good feeling for the British nation and royal family.

There is reason for this aside from the general obligation of nations to be in good fellowship. We of New England are mostly descendants of English ancestors. England is our mother country. Then the institutions of England most nearly resemble our own. Freedom had her cradle there, and is daily growing there. The press is as free there as here. Speech is as free there as here. The Queen of England has no more power, if as much, as the President of these states. It is true that the chief magistrate of the empire is born not elected to the office, but those who administer the government are controlled by the will of the people's representatives. Many of the customs and titles of the feudal ages linger there, but they are daily losing their significance as they long since lost their power. There are many portions of our own country where there is less personal and civil freedom than in England. The press is not so free, speech is not so free, education even is not so general. We have places in our land crushed by tyranny more severe than the despotisms of Europe, as darkened by ignorance and fetters as India. It is no cause of despair, however, but of watchfulness. It calls not for revolution but for renovation. While we look upon the governments of the world with compassion for their imperfections, we must remember that we have not attained, neither are we already perfect. We can learn much from their past history to encourage and admonish us. They can learn much from our present condition and prosperity to guide and instruct them. We do not always show our best institutions to princely foreign guests, those on which the security and prosperity of the nation rests. It is a poor sight to a prince who often reviews an army of twenty-five or fifty thousand men, to be called to witness a parade of ten or fifteen hundred volunteer militia, some of whom ran away during review. It is like holding a farthing candle to the admiration of one who has seen the Drummond light—or the sun. Our free schools are the peculiar glory as they are the security of our institutions. If the twenty thousand children of the Boston schools had been arrayed on the common for the young Lord of the Isles to review, he would have seen what could be seen in no other country on which the sun shines or the rain falls, and would have carried back to his royal home some just conception of the glory of a people. As it was, the festival in the Music Hall was something not a little. And though it was crushed between the attempted pageant of a military display on the one side, and the real pageant of a brilliant ball on the other, I think our guest will carry away with him no pleasant impression than that derived from that most charming and electrifying reception by the representatives of the children in the public schools. It is to be hoped that we shall by and by understand in what our true strength and glory consist, and not attempt to entertain our foreign guests by the exhibition of a few companies of militia—all well enough in their way for a civil police—but to the heir of a throne the morning drum beat of whose marshalled hosts precedes the sun in his journey round the world. As well might the silversmiths of Diana at Rome have shown their little images of the majestic temple of the goddess to the mayor of Ephesus, who had dwelt life long under its enormous shadow. But we shall learn wisdom. I am grateful that the Prince saw one sight which cannot be exceeded, cannot be rivalled on the globe, and which it is to be hoped will induce him, should he ever reach the throne, to make education as free in Old England as it is in New England.

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Fearful Accident to the Fall River Steamboat Train.

A serious accident occurred to the Fall River Steamboat train yesterday morning, while on the way to this city from Fall River, about 4 o'clock, of which we have the following particulars:

The train consisted of a baggage car, second class car and three long cars nearly filled with passengers. Two miles the other side of "Myrick's," at a place called Crane's crossing, at a level part of the track, where the usual speed is between thirty and forty miles an hour, at about four A. M., a sudden jerk was experienced by the Conductor, Mr. Clafin, who was engaged in counting his tickets. He immediately sprang to his feet, and pulled the rope overhead, to put the brakes on, which are of the Cremer patent. He is confident that they took effect on the two rear cars, at least, at the first pull.

The passengers in the rear car numbered about thirty, a less number than in any other car. There was a fire in this car, but in none of the others.

The passengers in the two rear cars were thrown into great confusion at the first shock, and those in the last one, after having been jolted severely for a few moments, admonishing them that the cars were off the track, felt another shock as the cars turned over. In this way it was dragged for near a quarter of a mile, before the force of the brakes was sufficient to overcome the momentum reached by the high rate of speed, together with the dampness of the rails.

When the train stopped, it was very dark, and it was fifteen minutes before a light could be procured.

Fortunately no person was killed, and the number of severely injured was smaller than the most hopeful anticipated.

About twelve persons in all were injured. The most serious injury was to a Mrs. Drinkwater, of Portland. She was on her way to that city from Eastern New York. She was sitting next a window in the rear car, and as the window was smashed, one of her arms was thrown out, and drawn under the car, and torn off just above the elbow. The disjunct arm was found some fifteen rods in the rear of where the train stopped.

The cause of the accident was the breaking of a rail over or near a small culvert. The piece which came out was over two feet long, and seemed entirely strong where it was broken. No cause can be assigned for the sudden disaster.

The two cars were pretty badly smashed up, and both had to be left.

Mr. Clafin, the conductor, deserves great credit for his coolness and energy at the time of the accident, and for his unwearied attention to the injured passengers afterwards. The name of the engineer on this train was Lufkin. He shut off the steam the moment he got notice of the accident. No fault is attached to him or any other employees of the road on the train. The brakeman of the rear car had gone inside to turn down a light which was smoking. The moment he felt the shock, he also sprang for the rope, which, as soon as the car began to tip, was broken in several places. Had it not been pulled instantly, it would probably have been too late to stop the train in that way.

VICISSITUDES OF THE PAPACY.—The Papacy is not so near its end as many hope and expect. It has survived many a tug as hard as the present. In 1527 the combined German and Spanish armies of Charles V. stormed and sacked Rome, enacting in its streets the most diabolical cruelties, burning, torturing, robbing, ravishing, and destroying for 10 days. Some 6,000 of the inhabitants perished, 10,000,000 crowns of plunder were collected, and Pope Clement VII. paid 400,000 ducats for his own ransom. Luther thought the end of Rome had come. But it has survived and recovered. Sixty years ago it was in the hand of Napoleon, who seemed to hesitate whether to crush it or not. In 1829, 1831, and 1848, it was a prey to revolution. Garibaldi himself, at the last date, expelling the Pope, who escaped in the disguise of a footman on a coach box, but another year saw him back again, and now he looks for support from the despotisms which would themselves tremble at his fall. His temporal dominion may be even now at an end; but that dominion is really his weakness and not his strength, and when he is well rid of it, he will reign as head of the Roman Catholics with more substantial influence than for a long time past.

THE PRINCE'S SURNAME.—A correspondent curious in family names writes to us giving the result of his inquiries concerning the family name of the Prince consort, the father of the Prince of Wales. He says it is "Busch," and that consequently the real name of the young gentleman now travelling in the United States as Baron Renfrew, is "Albert Edward Busch." He adds that if he should survive his mother, he will be the first British sovereign of the Busch dynasty, the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the Guelfs, or D'Estes being all gone. We see no reason to question the accuracy of our correspondent's statement. But it is quite enough to excite curiosity as to the history of the name, which is evidently of Italian origin. In family history there is no mention of any person of distinction named Busch.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

WEIGHT OF INDIVIDUALS.—We stated the other day that the average weight of men in Boston was near 147 pounds, and at Portland about 153. It will be found still greater in the Eastern part of Maine. The mean weight of the Dutch at Brussels is 140. In Paris it is 136; and at Cambridge, in England, taking persons between 18 and 28 years old, it was found to be 159. Later in life that would be increased, indicating that Englishmen excel in gross weight.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

POLITICAL.—The Republicans had a grand rally in Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening last. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a goodly number of the Club assembled, and under the marshaling of Capt. Wallace Whitney, accompanied by the Stoneham Brass Band, proceeded to the line of the town, where they met the Woburn Wide Awakes, Capt. Winn, 90 men, and escorted them to the hall. On the Main street, through which the procession passed, the residences of Stephen Cutter, O. R. Clark, H. K. Stanton, William Matten, S. A. Holt, S. H. Catter, L. Nutter and others, were finely illuminated. At the hall, the meeting was organized by the choice of the following officers: President—Alfred Norton; Vice Presidents—Stephen Cutter, Benjamin F. Thompson, James A. Woodbury, Zabadi Abbott, Wallace Whitney, Joseph G. Baxter, Samuel W. Twombly, Cephas Church, John Clark, Charles Goddard, Stephen H. Lynde, Stephen A. Holt; Secretaries—E. A. Wadleigh, Salem Wilder and Edward P. Boon.

In opening the meeting, the President offered some appropriate remarks upon the principles and objects of the party, and then introduced J. Q. A. Griffin, Esq., of Malden, who enlivened the assembly for an hour with one of his convincing speeches, frequently interrupted by bursts of applause or shouts of laughter, at some well timed hit at his political opponents. He took for his text two advertisements from one of the daily papers—one representing modern civilization, the other typifying the dark ages. The former was an advertisement of "Mechanics Wanted" for whom fair wages were offered; the latter was one of "Mechanics for Sale," in which their good qualities were described—upon these he enlarged, and showed that the one was the result of free institutions, the other, that of slavery—one proposes to pay for labor, the other to sell it. He referred to what had been done by our government since its formation, toward advancing freedom or slavery, and showed conclusively that nearly all had been done for the advancement of slavery.

Beginning with the Declaration of Independence which he claimed was for freedom then came the admission of four Slave States, the Fugitive Slave Law, the purchase of Louisiana, the admission of Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri as slave states, the establishment of slavery in Florida, the annexation of Texas with slavery, out of which 43 states can be made as large as our own State, the Mexican War, the second Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, as for slavery—while during that period, the only thing done for freedom was the prohibition of the slave trade, which the South are now trying to re-open. The course of Senator Douglas only served to hasten on the "irrepressible conflict" which otherwise might have been delayed. He instituted a comparison between James the 1st of England, whose acts precipitated a revolution, and James the last of our own country whose administration had done likewise.

In addressing the Bell-Everett men, he quoted from a speech of Everett in Congress in 1823, wherein he said that "Domestic Slavery ought not be considered an immoral or irreligious institution," and further, "that servitude is inseparable from our nature." Upon these the speaker commented and humorously described the platform of the party by an apt comparison. The attempts at fusion were briefly noticed and he congratulated those present on the certain triumph which awaited the Republican party, and the permanent establishment of its principles in the government of our country, Augustus O. Allen, Esq., of Boston, made a few remarks mainly on the position of the Bell-Everett party and the record of their candidates. At 10 o'clock the meeting broke up with enthusiastic cheers. Every seat in the hall was filled and many were unable to get in. This was the first public meeting of the party this season, and evinced that they are wide awake to the duties devolving upon them. Our Woburn friends deserve great credit for coming out in such large numbers, when the walking was so very bad, giving the inspiration of their presence and enthusiasm to carry onward the cause.

The nomination of our fellow townsman, Oliver R. Clark, by the Republicans of the 5th Middlesex District is an excellent one, and a deserved honor to one who has been true in his allegiance to the party, and active in promoting its success. Mr. Clark took an active part in securing the incorporation of our town, and has served with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of our citizens as a member of the Board of Selectmen, School Committee, and in various other town offices. He was our Representative two years since, and performed his duties with fidelity and ability. He is an active member of the Cong. Society, and was for a long time the Superintendent of its large and flourishing Sunday School, and now occupies the honorable post of Deacon of that body. He has always been a true and consistent temperance man, and was one of the first members of the Division of the Sons of Temperance here, and is a truly worthy Patriarch. Such much I feel constrained to say, without solicitation, in behalf of the candidate, that the voters in the other towns composing the District, to whom he may be comparatively unknown, may judge aright of his qualifications, and give him their united and hearty support.

THE REPUBLICAN CAUCUS for the nomination of a candidate for Representative from the 6th Middlesex District, will be held on Monday evening next, in the Lower Hall, Lyceum Building.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Robinson, the pastor of the Congregational Church, preached last Sabbath morning from Galatians, 6, ch. 14v. "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." He said there were various things in which men glory. We have recently had among us, one of royal birth, the heir apparent to a kingly throne, the future monarch over a vast territory, who glories in his position. Another, glories in walking on a rope across the falls of Niagara—others, in their personal accomplishments, or talents, or genius and promise of undying fame. Contemning men as religious beings, some glory in their morality, others in their philanthropy, and all in the various reforms, which are at least worthy objects, but not to be carried forward in a boastful, defiant spirit. Some glory in their righteousness. It was this latter class to whom the Apostle Paul more particularly referred in the text. He glories in the cross of Christ, and puts it above all other sources of glorification. The sentiment of the text, should be that of every disciple of Christ. What is it to glory in the cross of

Christ? It is not to pride ourselves on what we have done, or to have simply a mere intellectual belief in christianity. The true idea of the cross is expressed in the assertion that man is a sinner, and through its medium redemption is obtained. Christ and him crucified, should be the beginning, middle and end of all our efforts.

Why should we glory in the cross of Christ? First, because of the pure and holy life of Him, who died thereon. For in such a life we do well to glory. Secondly, because of his incomparable wisdom and matchless power. Not without reason, that we exult in the power and wisdom of Christ as displayed in his teachings, miracles and other manifestations. Thirdly, because of his self sacrificing love for us. The love of Christ for his erring earthly brethren shown in his pouring out his life blood to melt our hearts and reconcile us to our Father and his Father, should consecrate the cross, to all ages. Finally, because it is the instrument of our sanctification, the badge of our discipleship. The promise to every christian in the world's broad field of battle, as he takes the cross upon his shoulders, is, *In hoc signo vinces*. There was honor in being a christian, and in being the subject of the king of kings. The preacher closed his discourse with those beautiful lines of Bowring, commencing with,

"In the cross of Christ, I glory."

POSTSCRIPT.—The celebration at the Church which was to have taken place on Thursday of this week was postponed two weeks, on account of absence of Mr. Wilcox, the Organist.

EXCURSION.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The new bank building is nearly completed, and Ira Gray & Co. have moved into one of the front rooms on the lower floor. Curbing stones have been placed around the building, but are embedded so deep that it is supposed by some that the design was to place an effective barrier against rats ever gaining admittance to the building.

A singing school is to commence this week Friday evening, in Lyceum Hall, under the direction and instruction of B. P. Whitney of Boston. Terms for Gentlemen \$1.50, Ladies 75 cts. for 24 lessons.

Mrs. T. S. Wakefield, who has for five months past been residing at Point Bluff, Wis., arrived in town Wednesday afternoon, having left Point Bluff at 3 A. M. on Monday last. Mrs. W. reports that locality very healthy, not having heard of the death of any one while she has been residing there, or of any one being sick.

One of the town pumps refuses to perform its functions, and the attention of the Selectmen is respectfully called to the same, as it is very important that both pumps should at all times be in good working order. And by the way, would it not be a good idea to have a gas pipe attached to that lantern near the liberty pole, that is on the presumption that we shall sometime be favored with gas light?

Cattle are selling in the State of Maine very cheap. Yearlings are sold for \$2.50 a head and beef can be had at a very low price there, but dealers in meat in this town seek not to be aware of the fact, as they ask 16 cts. a pound for rump steak, and 14 for sirloin.

LENO.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—As the Lawrence train of cars, which leaves Reading at 7 o'clock A. M., was passing over the Boston & Maine Railroad on Saturday, and when within one and a half miles of the station at Reading, the engineer discovered the body of a person lying on the road between the tracks and gave word to the section hands that were at work near by. The men on repairing to the spot found a man, with his head bruised very much, his scalp cut some three or more inches, and his jaw badly broken. He was still alive, and continued to breathe until persons were sent from the depot, when he was taken to the station on a hand car, and shortly after expired. Coroner David Dana was called, who summoned a jury which after two hearings rendered a verdict that the person, whose name was ascertained to be William Brown of Wilmington, Mass., came to his death by means of a blow or blows received from a train of cars, between the hours of 8 o'clock, on the evening of the 19th, and 6 o'clock in the morning of the 20th of October current.

It is supposed that the said Brown was intoxicated at the time, as two bottles and a jug were found near him. One of his hands was in his pants pocket when found. It is said that there was some expression of feeling on the part of the jury, that the parties having control of the train should have stopped and taken the body, whether dead or alive, to the station, and that medical assistance should have been called immediately as life was not extinct, but especially, all persons found lying on the track by any train, should be taken on board the train and carried to the nearest station. It is reported that the engineer on the Express train, the night before the body was found, thought he saw a railroad tie between the tracks some where in the vicinity of where the body was found, and it is not certain beyond a doubt, that the Express train did not do the deed but it is very probable.

The Universalist Society in Reading will give a Festival on Wednesday evening next, Oct. 31, in Lyceum Hall. The Entertainment will consist of a Promenade Concert, Tableaux Vivants, a Supper, in connection with which will be a table of ye antique people taking ye supper in ye antique style, the whole to conclude with Dancing. Music furnished by Gates' Quadrille Band.

LENO, JR.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The unrivaled popularity of James Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus, founded on its real merits, has brought out many counterfeits and imitations with a view to take advantage of its great reputation, by using the same colored paper, and so nearly copying the trade-mark, picture, that none but a close observer can detect the deception. None is genuine unless the name of "JAMES PYLE, No. 345 Washington St., New York," is on the package. Be sure that your grocer has the right kind.


HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—It is popularly held to be the best of medicines, Holloway's Pills and Ointment are assuredly the greatest remedies of this or any other age, as they are uncombined to nations or people, as they are familiar to the dandies of the backwoods as to the citizens of New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, &c. Their universality is however the least of their merits. Their safe and speedy cures of Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, King's Evil, Scrofula and all skin diseases, are their chief recommendation. Persons afflicted with any of the above disorders should have immediate recourse to them.

Given under our hands, at Woburn, this 25th day of October, A. D. 1860.

HORACE CONN. J. B. KELLEY, E. N. BLAKE, S. R. DOLLIVER, Constable of Woburn.

AYER'S

PILLS.



Are you sick, feeble, and complaining? **Are you out of order,** with your system deranged, and your life uncomfortable? These symptoms are often the prelude to serious illness. Some fit of sickness is creeping upon you, and should be averted by a timely use of the right remedy. Take Ayer's Pills, and cleanse out the disorders that most — purify the blood, and let the fluids more on unobstructed in health again.

... will neglect to employ them when suffering from the obstructions which make necessary a natural function. In the body, the natural functions are the means by which the system restores itself to its normal state after it has been removed, or upon themselves and the surrounding organs, producing general aggravation, suffering, and disease. In this condition, appropriate treatment is demanded. At the Pitts, we deal directly to restore the normal action of the system, and with it the buoyant health again. What is true and so apparent in the treatment of the system, is also true in the treatment of deep-seated and dangerous distempers. The same creative effort expels them. Caused by similar obstructions and derangements of the natural functions of the system, the same remedy is required. The same means will cure. None who know the virtues of these pills, will neglect to employ them when suffering from

disorders they cure.
 accounts from leading physicians in some of the
 medical cities, and from other well known public per-
 sons.
 on a *Forwarding Merchant of St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1855.*
 SIR: YOUR PILLS are the paragon of all that is
 at it in medicines. They have cured my little daughter
 of a scrofulous sore on her hands and feet that had proved
 malarial for years. Her mother has been a bad sufferer
 afflicted with blotches and pimples on her skin and
 her hair. After our child was cured, she also tried
 your PILLS, and they have cured her.
 ASA MORGRIDGE,
 As a Family Physic.

From Dr. E. W. Cutler's report, New Orleans.

Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent cathartic effect has been proved by me many times, but very certain and effect all in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

Rheuma, Sick Headache, Full Stomach.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore.

CARL BOYD, ALEX: I cannot answer you what complaints we cure with your Pills, as they will cure almost every ailment with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on my official cathartic in my daily contest with us here, and believing as I do that your Pills assist us the more, I have used them highly.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 1, 1855.

J. C. ALLEN, Sir: I have been repeatedly cured of worst headache any body can have by a dose or two

Yours with great respect, ED. W. PREBLE,
Clerk of Steamer Clarion.

Chronic Disorders—Liver Complaints.
From Dr. Theodore B. Judd, of New York City.

Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon Liver and Bilious Disorders. They are the most approved remedy for the cure of *bilious complaints* than any other remedy I can mention. I sincerely trust that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 11, 1884.

SIR: I have used your Pills in my general and hospital practice ever since you made them, and cannot hesitate to

they are the best medicine we employ. Their regulating action on the bowels is quick and decided, consequently they are an admirable remedy for derangements of that organ. Indeed, I have seldom found a case of *verruca* so obstinate that it did not readily yield to their use. Fraternally yours,
J. H. KELLOGG,
Physician of the Marine Hospital,
Baltimore.

Resentory, Diarrhœa, Relax, Worms.
From Dr. J. G. Green, of Chicago.

Dear Will: have had a long trial in my practice, and I think in esteem as one of the best aperients I have ever found. Their alterative effect upon the liver makes them a valuable remedy in all cases of *verruca*, *stomachic dysentery* and *diarrhœa*. Their sugar-coating makes them very acceptable and convenient for the use of nurses and children.

Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood.

Dr. J. P. Vaughn, *Montreal, Canada.*
 How much cannot be said of your Pills for the cure of

creases. If others of our fraternity have found them efficacious as I have, they should join me in proclaiming it for the relief of the human race. I have no complaint, which, although bad enough in itself, is precursor of others that are worse. I believe *concretions* originate in the liver, but my Wife affect that she has the disease in the stomach.

From Mrs. E. Smart, Physician and Millaire, Boston.

I find one or two bad doses of your Pills, taken at the same time, are excellent for the cure of the catarrh of the stomach, when wholly or partially suppressed, and also very useful to *cleanse the stomach and expel worms*. They are also very useful in the cure of *biliousness*. I have no objection to my physic we have that I recommend to other to my patients.

In the Rev. Dr. Hawkes's of the Methodist Ep. Church, PELHAM HOUSE, SAVANNAH, GA., Jan. 6, 1865.

DEAR SIR: I should be ungrateful for the relief

kill has brought me if I did not report my case to the State.

A cold settled in my limbs and brought on excruciating pains in my back and limbs.

Notwithstanding I had the best of physicians, the case grew worse and worse, until by the advice of your agent in Baltimore, Dr. Mackenzie, I tried your Pills.

Three boxes of your Pills cured me, preserving the use of them. I am now entirely well.


SENATE CHAMBER, Baton Rouge, La., 5 Dec. 1855.

AYER: I have been entirely cured by your PILLS of *gonorrhoea*—a painful disease that had afflicted me some years.

VINCENT SULLIVAN.

Most of the Pills in market contain Mercury, and, though a valuable remedy in certain Mores, is pernicious in a public pill, and the dose is so large that frequently follow its ingestion are the pains of mercury or mineral substance whatever.

RUSSIA SALVE



THE
RUSSIA SALVE
VEGETABLE OINTMENT

Has been used and sold in Boston for the last Thirty
 Years, and its virtues have stood the test of time.

RUSSIA SALVE CURES BURNS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES CANCERS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE EYES.

RUSSIA SALVE CURES ITCH.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES PLEAS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCALED HEAD.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES NETTLE RASH.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES CUTS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES CORNS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCALDS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SALT RHEUM.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES FLEA BITES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES WHITFLOWS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES ULCERS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES WARTS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE NIPPLES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES STIES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES FISTERS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES RINGWORM.

RUSSIA SALVE CURES SCURFY.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES RUMORS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE THROATS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SPREADING NAILS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES INDEWING STINGS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SHINGLES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES ERUPTIONS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES MOSQUITO BITES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES CHILBLAINS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES FURSEY LINES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES WENS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES SORE EARS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES BOILS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES FLESH WOUNDS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES FILLS.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES CHAFES.
RUSSIA SALVE CURES BRUISED HANDS.

RUSSIA SALVE CURES SPRAINS.
 RUSSIA SALVE CURES SWELLEN NOSE.
 RUSSIA SALVE CURES RHEUMATISM.
 RUSSIA SALVE CURES LAME WRIST.
 Lines of Venousian Negatives are instantly cured by this
EXCELLENT OINTMENT.
EVERY MOTHER WITH CHILDREN
 and all Heads of Families,
 should keep a Box in the cupboard, or on the shelf,
 handy to use in
CASE OF ACCIDENT.
 Price, 25 Cents per Box.
 Put up in large size metal boxes, with an engraved
 wrapper, similar to the above, containing all the
 which none are genuine.
 Sold in the United States and Canada by all vendors of
 Venousian Negatives.

Redding & Co., Proprietors,
No. 8 State Street, Boston.
by all Druggists and grocery dealers.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

Vol. X : No. 5.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS.)

Poetry.

Treasures.
Miser, gleaning o'er thy gold,
Guard it sure and well,
Bar the windows, bolt the door,
That no lips can tell
Of the gain which thou hast won,
From stern fortune, for its light
Is all that's left thy day of toil
To make the evening bright.

Son of genius, soaring high
O'er thy care and need,
Treasure up each burning thought
In words the world may read;
Gather the golden harvest threads
And weave a fabric prime,
And fame shall spread the shining web
Far down the tide of time.

Matron, on whose placid lips
Falls the young child's kiss,
While over all a husband's smile
Sheds the lines of bliss,
Hidden in thy heart of hearts
Let smile and kiss and blessing be,
For time may come when thou shalt need
The wealth of memory.

Maiden, with thy heart as pure
As the mountain snow,
Yet deep and wild and passionate
As the stream that leaps below,
Treasure well the secret perfume
That in thy heart are stored;
Watch, lest on some unworthy shrine
Such sweetness should be poured.

Teller for thy daily bread,
Mid life's din and dust,
Oft times think thee of the pearl
Committed to thy trust—
Cleanse it from its earthly stain,
Guard it as a sacred thing,
A jewel for the peerless brow
Of an immortal king.

Select Literature.

THE CREAM CHEESE.

Two travelers occupied the first class car on the railroad from Corbell to Paris—a man about thirty years old, and a lady who might have passed for ten years younger, though the baptismal register proved her to be twenty-five. It was a bright morning in June, not a cloud veiled the deep blue of the heavens, and the sun shined obliquely through the window, illuminating with its rays the side of the lady's seat.

"The sun incommodes you, madame," said the gentleman; "I should be happy to exchange places, if it would be agreeable to you."

The lady showed by a smile and bow that she was pleased with his courtesy.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir; but I cannot ride backward. It is not for myself either, that I fear the sun, but for this basket."

She pointed to a charming little piece of wickerwork on the seat beside her, from beneath the cover of which the edges of some vine leaves peeped out.

"The sun does not injure fruit, madame; and this appears, besides, to be sufficiently protected."

"It is not fruit, sir; there is only a cream-cheese in the basket; but I should be distressed if it did not arrive in Paris perfectly fresh."

Then, as if to be certain that she had not compromised herself in talking to the stranger, she added: "To whom have I the honor to speak?" she asked; taking care, however, to conceal, by a smile, the distrust which suggested the question.

"To a future inhabitant of Corbell, madame. I have recently purchased a house there, and have just completed its furnishing. My name is Delannoy."

The lady inclined her head with a satisfied air. There was no great information, it is true, in the name of Delannoy; but it was evident to her that a man who had just purchased a house must be respectable.

Delannoy thought he had a right to ask a question in his turn.

"Does madame reside at Corbell?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall be happy if my property is in the neighborhood of madame. It is situated in the Rue de Quatorze."

"Indeed, sir? We should have been neighbors six months ago. I occupied at that time the first story of the Nogenlet mansion. Nogenlet is the name of my husband's family."

"Madame is married, then?"

"I am a widow, sir."

Delannoy looked more closely at Madame Nogenlet; he observed that she had glossy black hair; expressive black eyes, ruby lips, which disclosed two magnificent rows of pearls, a small white hand; in short, that she was a very pretty widow.

"The sun is shining full upon your basket," he remarked, after completing his observation; "allow me to place it upon my seat."

It would have been difficult to refuse; for the hand of Delannoy, more prompt than his word, had effected the change before he had completed the offer.

"So much trouble about a cheese! I am afraid that I seem very ridiculous to you; but I have an old aunt in Paris, Rue de Valenciennes, whom I love like a mother, and who is very fond of cheese, which are made in great perfection in the neighborhood of Corbell. I never visit her without carrying one with me, and I am naturally anxious that she should receive it perfectly fresh."

"It only justifies, madame, the opinion one would form on looking at you."

An examination of a few seconds had shown Madame Nogenlet that her complimentary neighbor had a pleasing face and a fine form.

"Is it as a permanent dwelling, or only as a summer residence, that monsieur has purchased a house in our village?"

"I do not know as yet, madame. It will depend upon the effect which a change of air may produce upon the health of my wife."

"Ah, monsieur is married!"

The conversation became more languid. Perhaps Madame Nogenlet found some cause for regret in the information she had just received; perhaps Delannoy had discovered there was danger in becoming too intimately acquainted with a widow as attractive as

Madame Nogenlet. But these details are foreign to our story.

The train stops. It is the station of Choise-le-Roy. Madame Nogenlet utters a cry of surprise. Among the persons who await the arrival of the train, she recognizes a boarding-school friend whom she has lost sight of for several years. She alights hurriedly. She can go on by the next train. A delay of an hour and a half will not do any great harm to her good old aunt.

Delannoy remains alone in his compartment of the car. While he is congratulating himself upon the having come out with honor from this perilous *rendezvous*, his eyes fell upon the basket of the pretty widow. In her eagerness to hasten after her friend, Madame Nogenlet had left upon the seat the precious cheese, the object of so much solicitude. Happily she has given her name to Delannoy. She has even indicated the dwelling of her aunt, for whom the cheese is destined. Delannoy can do no less than carry the basket to its address. It is an imperative duty of politeness, which it would be impossible for a well-bred man to neglect.

That he may not, in his turn, forget the basket, Delannoy placed it upon his knees, and, while thinking of matters and things in general, half mechanically, he raises the lid. Perhaps he had a little desire to see the physiognomy of this precious cheese. We must not suppose that curiosity is the exclusive privilege of the daughter of Eve.

The parted vine leaves allowed him to perceive a golden surface of a very tempting character; but his attention was soon diverted from this to the corner of a sheet of paper, in which the cheese appeared to have been at first wrapped. On this corner there is a signature, and it is that of Valentine, his wife.

This is a singular accident, he said to himself, and what is more singular, is that Valentine has never spoken to me of this Madame Nogenlet, with whom, however, she is corresponding.

A simple signature cannot satisfy him. "Let me see in what terms my wife writes to this lady."

He half turns the cheese, and succeeds in detaching the paper. It is only a fragment, containing on one side two lines of third page of a letter, preceding the signature, and on the other a portion of the address. Two lines only! Yet these two suffice to draw from him a cry of surprise and indignation:

"I shall never forget how kind you have been to me under all circumstances!"

My love is thine forever.

On the back is written, "To Monsieur ———." The rest of the address is wanting.

"No matter," he cried, trembling with rage; "the guilty wife must be punished first. I shall find means afterward to reach the accomplice."

The train stops at its destination, Delannoy, holding in one hand the basket of Madame Nogenlet, and pressing convulsively in the other the tell tale paper, jumps into a coach, and soon arrives at his dwelling, where his wife is awaiting him. He had sent on before him Mariette, the servant, to inform her that the house was ready, and that he should come himself for her in the course of the day.

The young wife remarks, with terror, the strange expression of her husband's countenance.

"What has happened, my love?" she exclaims.

"You will soon know, madame; but, in the first place, answer my question. Do you know any one at Corbell?"

The eyes of Delannoy darted such lightning glances, that Valentine remained a moment stupefied.

"Remember," he resumed, "that I must know the whole truth, and it will be useless to attempt to deceive me. When I decided to remove to Corbell, in preference to any other place, it was owing to your entreaties. There must have been a reason for those entreaties, and that reason I will know. Well, madame! how long must I wait for an answer?"

"If I have hesitated for a moment," replied Valentine, with the most perfect calmness, "it is because I was trying to understand the reason of your questions and your evident anger. I know no one in Corbell. I begged you to remove there because many persons recommended the climate as very healthful."

"You deny, then?"

"Deny what? Your questions are enigmatical."

"I will enlighten you, madame. Here is a piece of paper which came from Corbell." Delannoy unfolded the paper and placed it before Valentine.

"Do you recognize this handwriting?"

"It is mine."

"Yes, your writing, madame. I did not need your confession to be sure of it. And you pretend to know no one in a place where some one lives to whom you write—My love is thine forever."

"No one—I repeat it; and I cannot understand—"

"Enough, madame. I will bear no more. There is no possibility of justification. As I have a horror of scandal, I shall endeavor to control my indignation. I wish no violent scenes or disgraceful lawsuits. I will show great indulgence, but it is on two conditions—within twenty-four hours you will leave my house and return to your family, and you will tell me instantly the name of the scoundrel to whom this letter is addressed."

"Sir," replied Valentine with an air of dignity, "you are not in a condition to listen to me, and I confess, besides, I am not able at present to justify myself. I cannot deny my signature, and these lines were also written by my hand. There is a mystery about it which I cannot understand, and to which I am at present obliged to yield. Your first command shall be obeyed. To-morrow I seek an asylum with my mother; but my obedience can go no farther. Whatever right the law may give you over me, it does not authorize you to require an impossibility."

Delannoy was confounded. He had not suspected such audacity in a woman who had always hitherto appeared perfectly gentle, and even timid. He shut himself up in his cham-

ber, and gave full vent to his rage. Death! death alone, could revenge him upon the wretch who had ruined his happiness. How could he discover that name which Valentine refused to disclose. He would give half his fortune to know it. Should he apply to Madame Nogenlet? Perhaps she was ignorant of the existence of the letter; but then, how did it come into her possession. His excited imagination soon invented a false account for this. Madame Nogenlet was pretty, and a widow, with, no doubt, many admirers—her choice had fallen upon some Lovelace—a lost letter had revealed to her his infidelity—there had been a quarrel, then a reconciliation, on condition of the sacrifice of the correspondence. Other letters were, undoubtedly, in the hands of the widow.

So convinced was he at length became of the reality of his fancies, that he determines to go directly to Madame Nogenlet. The basket will furnish an excuse for a visit. He already knows the street of her residence.

His determination is immediately carried into effect. After a few enquiries the house is found, and he is soon ushered into a drawing-room, where Madame Nogenlet receives him with the warmest expressions of gratitude.

"How very kind of you, sir, to take so much trouble to repair the effects of my inexcusable carelessness! My poor aunt will be delighted. You cannot imagine the pleasure which the return of this basket gives me."

"I am very happy if it is so, as I trust it will lead you to some indulgence in my favor."

He then related simply that he had not been able to resist the temptation of a peep at the cheese, and the result had been the discovery of a piece of paper, on which were written the lines—"I shall never forget," etc., etc.

"Indeed! said Madame Nogenlet, laughing. 'Was this on the envelope of my cheese? A love letter! It is charming! What a pity that there is only the end of it.'"

"The commencement cannot be far off."

"Do you think so?"

"Madame, the imprudent person who wrote those lines—who should never have written them—belongs to a respectable family with whose friendship I am honored. You will easily understand that the entire letter must be of a still more compromising character, especially if the writer is a married woman."

"I can imagine that such a passage would not sound very pleasantly in the ears of a husband."

"How the letter came into your hands—with others, perhaps—I have certainly no right to ask; but permit me to represent to you the grief which this secret, if divulged, would excite in a respectable family. Let me supplicate you, madame, to make the generous sacrifice of this letter—or rather of letters—it is to be presumed that there are others."

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," she said, "to oblige you, if it were in my power; but the kindness I have received from you is assuredly worth a few scraps of paper; but, fortunately, the one you have shown me is the only one that has been in my possession; and that was without my knowledge."

"Then I was mistaken in my conjectures," cried Delannoy, in a tone of vexation.

"And does this trouble you much?"

"Assuredly. What can I do, now? To whom can I apply?"

"To the grocer who sold me the cheese, at Corbell, Rue St. Spirit."

"True. I did not think of that. I will go there immediately. A thousand thanks, madame, for having given you trouble."

The impatience of Delannoy had yet to suffer one trial. When he arrived at the railroad station the train for Corbell had just left, and he was obliged to wait two hours. While he was waiting, a train arrived from Corbell; and one of the first persons who first stepped out of the cars was Mariette.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"To Corbell."

"Who sent you?"

"Madame."

"What for?"

"To get some articles that had been sent on there which she wanted."

The answer was so simple and probable, that Delannoy did not inquire further.

"You can go," he said.

Mariette did not wait to be told twice, and the haste which she showed in departing, awoke some suspicions in the mind of her master, who remembered now, or fancied that she looked embarrassed, and that her face flushed when she saw him. But the train was about to start, and he had no time to follow her. He stepped into a car, and in an hour was at the grocer's, in the Rue St. Spirit.

"Madame," he said to the woman who stood behind the counter, "you have a stock of old papers in which you wrap up your goods. How much are they worth?"

The woman looked across her spectacles with surprise at the individual who asked this unusual question.

"You do not understand me?"

"Perfectly, sir; but it would be difficult to tell the value without weighing them."

"If I should offer you twenty francs would you be satisfied?"

"Sir?"

"Hold, here are forty; if you will give them all to me immediately, without excepting the smallest scrap."

The best days in the grocery never brought her in half this; and Delannoy soon found his arms full of papers, which she assured him, were all she possessed. He hastens to his house, turns over carefully bills, college themes, business letters, etc., etc., by the dozens; in one escapes him, and he arrives at the last, fatigued and exhausted, but without any result. He returned to the grocery.

"Madame, you have deceived me!"

"I, sir?"

"You have other papers besides these?"

"Look for yourself, sir—under the counter—in the drawers—I defy you to find one."

"It is very strange that among all the papers you have given me there is not one of those which I wish to find."

"Perhaps the person took them that was here before you."

"What person?"

"Some person came an hour or two ago, and paid me to let her look over them, and take what she wanted."

This revelation struck Delannoy with surprise.

"Can you tell me who this person was?" he asked.

"The servant of a family who have recently come to Corbell."

"Mariette?"

"I believe that was her name."

Mariette! It was very strange. How could Mariette have anticipated him in his search, when he had not uttered a word which could reveal his intention? "I will interrogate her," he exclaimed. "This mystery must be cleared up."

Having passed over, for the third time, the road between Corbell and Paris, he arrived at his house. Mariette opens the door.

"You have been to the grocer's in Corbell to get some papers. Do not attempt to deny it—you see I know all."

"Sir—"

"Did madame order you to do this?"

Mariette looks down—twists her apron in her fingers—and utters some unintelligible words. Delannoy hitherto restrained himself; but the increasing embarrassment of Mariette enraged him beyond all bounds.

"Will you speak?" he shouted, in a voice loud enough to shake every window in the house.

Mariette sobbed.

"Oh! sir—pardon—pardon—do not think me dishonest—do not turn me away—I thought it was my perquisites—I did not know that it was wrong."

Delannoy strides across the room with his fists clenched.

"The girl has lost her wits," he mutters. "I can get nothing out of her."

A door opens. Madame Delannoy appears.

"No, sir, Mariette has not lost her wits. She is right in blaming herself for a fault which might have had very serious consequences; but you will pardon her, I hope, at my request."

Delannoy felt the blood boil in his veins.

"Pardon her! and at the request of a wife who has so much need of pardon herself!"

"Go!" said Valentine to Mariette.

Before leaving she wished to make one last effort.

"I assure you, sir, that I never did such a thing before."

Delannoy uttered an exclamation of impatience, that made poor Mariette take flight instantly.

"I await, madame, the termination of this comedy."

Valentine presented a piece of paper to her husband. This paper is a fragment of a letter, and fits, with the most perfect exactness, the fragment which Delannoy has in his possession. On the last was, as we have said, the commencement of an address; the end was on the other. Delannoy utters a cry of joy, and falls on his knees before his wife. The whole address was this: "To Monsieur Delannoy, *poste restante*, Toulouse."

Delannoy had taken a journey to the south of France some years before.

"I am happy—a thousand times happy! but do not yet understand."

"The explanation is very simple. Mariette, in arranging the furniture of the house at Corbell, found a package of old papers, which she thought she might sell for her own benefit. Among them were the letters which I wrote you at Toulouse. The poor girl finding by the scene of the morning what trouble she had caused, came in tears to confess her fault. I sent her to Corbell. You know the rest."

After the explanation came reproaches. Valentine, ill used in the morning, had so good a chance to revenge herself in the evening! and vengeance is so sweet to a woman—even the most indulgent.

And then—when she had scolded him well—she did what the most severe will do—she pardoned.

Kind reader never be suspicious from mere conjecture.

ALLEGED ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.—A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archaeology by a discovery alleged to have been recently made some ninety miles north-east of Fort Stanton, a long excavation of which has just appeared in the *Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times*. We condense the plain upon which lie the vast relics of gorgeous temples and magnificent halls, slopes gradually towards the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gulch stream of purest water that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnishes with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness. The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular and arranged with skill to afford the highest protection against an exterior foe, many of the buildings on the outer line being pierced with loopholes, as though calculated for the use of weapons. Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of a dark granite rock which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet, and made of ponderous blocks of stone, and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the area of the middle (supposed) temple, so that the room must have been vast, and there are also carvings in bass relief and fresco work. Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes and Palmyra. The buildings are all loopholed on each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe, designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed, are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock.

"Business before pleasure" as the man said when he kissed his own wife before going out to kiss his neighbor's.

The Coquette Rebuked.

Lord N—, a nobleman, both by nature and birth, was noted for his virtue, his unassuming manners, and grace of person. He had married, when quite young, a lady with equal rank with himself, though she was by no means handsome; but he loved her with almost romantic fervor.

The Countess of L— was a most superbly beautiful woman, and once in company with a number of friends boasted that she could conquer Lord N. if she could only gain his attention long enough. But the boast was received with many doubts by the friends of the countess.

"He is evidently a good Christian man," said one.

"A fig for his Christianity," said the countess, contemptuously. "I tell you I can make him sue me for a smile. I wish I could gain him for one quarter of an hour."

Her wish was granted. That very evening, at a brilliant party, Lord N. and his lady appeared. Blazing with costly jewels, radiant as a peri, the unprincipled countess riveted every eye; she was, indeed, fairer than a poet's dream. With the most delicate manoeuvring she gained the attention of Lord N., and walked triumphantly through the blaze of beauty, casting significant glances on those she met who heard her idle boast.

But, though as polite as the most accomplished men of the world, she could see that Lord N. was totally unmoved by her elegant style, or her coquettish airs and glances. Finally, as he gave some little quotation which he considered delicately complimented by the approval of his wife, the countess ventured to sneer; and she was piqued because he had quoted his wife, that plain Lady N. before her, the imperious, the acknowledged belle of the whole empire. Lord N. turned his dark eye fully upon her.

"My dear madam," said he, in an emphatic manner, "one approving word from my wife is worth a thousand from any other woman, however brilliant and beautiful she may be."

The blood mounted to the cheeks and brow of the countess; she felt how sublime was the dignity of virtue, but she did not despair. Seeing Lady N. conversing with one of the blandest of sovereigns, she exclaimed:

"Look, my lord! do you see how entirely engrossed your lady seems with the handsome young prince? You should be jealous."

"I am not," he replied, still more sternly; "my wife and I have a motto, that true honor or will never suffer itself to be tempted; and as for myself with reference to Lady N., I can most truly say, in the divine language of the Scripture, 'the heart of the husband doth safely trust in her.'"

The coquette was silenced—her animation gone, and those who noted it knew the reason why. As for the countess, she was heard often afterwards to say that she could obtain a husband like Lord N., she should consider herself the happiest woman in the world.

Hood's Letters to Children.

[The following amusing extract from Hood's correspondence with a child, is taken from the "Memorials of Hood," lately published by Ticknor & Fields.]

"I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tale—which she can coil if she likes. You had better try this with your doll, whether it turns her into half a 'dolphin.'"

"I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up and sell it for ginger-pop."

"When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet all over it, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad."

"Some time ago exactly, there used to be about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls'—but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea captain, instead of a doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or a calf elephant, even so many parrots, or monkeys, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby whale by her sailor brother, and who blubbered because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal on the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet, and we can always keep sucking them!"

"If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkin's brooch and ear-rings, which she calls red chameleon." Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be; or else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunny Elliot. And wouldn't I pull off my two pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling into the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I could climb up the downs, and roll down the ups, on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woollens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the downs, and little May, so innocent; I dare say she often crawls about on all-fours, and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty; at least not very, if you take care, while you are browsing, not to clamp up the dandelions. They are large yellow star-flowers, and often grow about dairy farms, but give bad milk."

Thomas Hood died composing—and that, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to urn a lively Hood.

Happy Women.

A happy woman! is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life! A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkling of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their heart. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter the gilded chandeliers in the Aladdin palace. Do they eat brown bread and drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *pate de foie gras* and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them "to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face, falling across its turbid tide, would not wake an answering gleam. Why, then, joyous tempted people don't know half the good they do.

No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, Mr. Grumbler, no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set one of these cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long-drawn line about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish nobody knows when, and the first you know, you'll be laughing! Why? That is another thing; we can no more tell you why, than we can tell you why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first blue-bird of the season, among the maple blossoms, or to meet a knot of yellow-eyed dandelions in the crack of a city pave-stone. We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would smite men to the ground! how often their little hands guided the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! how we look forward, through the weary day, to their fireside smiles! how often with cheerful eyes see *coulour de rose* where we only behold thunder-charged clouds. No one knows, no one will ever know, until the day of judgment, how much we owe to those helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining women?

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

DEAR EDITOR:—Ere leaving Boston for New York, the other day, I assured you that, *Deo Volente*, you and your readers should soon hear from me through the columns of the *Journal*. But when taking up a pen for the sake of redeeming that pledge, so many thoughts crowd upon the mind for utterance, it is somewhat difficult to decide which of numerous recent experiences to dwell on principally.

We are under no necessity, at the present day, of leaving our own country, and crossing either of the oceans, in order to be a traveler and a missionary among degraded yet interesting classes of men, or in order to behold with admiration, wonderful specimens of Nature and of Art, and time-honored spots where deeds of valor have been performed and undying renown secured. This continent of ours is full of objects of surpassing interest; some which are venerable for antiquity, linking us mysteriously to the buried Past; and some which are fresher and more startling than the latest sensational novels.

Indeed there is no nation on the face of the globe, which embosoms within itself so many striking points of more than legendary fame to arrest the eye and the heart, and around which cluster such thrilling associations, at least to the sons and daughters of those Pilgrim Sires whose "immortal names were not born to die," but which are to remain on the imperishable records of History forever. To demonstrate this fact I need barely allude to Plymouth Rock, Niagara Falls, the White and Alleghany mountains, Bunker Hill Monument, Lexington Battle-field, the sacred soil of Concord, or *Muskeget*, as the Indians originally called it, baptized with revolutionary blood; Washington's Tomb-stone, at Mt. Vernon; Harper's Ferry, in Virginia; and those singular relics of the rude nature scattered here and there throughout this highly favored land.

Seldom, very seldom have the depths of my own nature been so fondly stirred as, during my present visit to one of the aboriginal tribes of the forest, the noble remnant of a once flourishing race, who were for centuries and generations undisputed lords of the soil whereon we are wont to tread so proudly and which we fondly call our own, even if we cannot show any valid title-deed from the hand of the Almighty. I refer to the Shunaseek Indians, inhabiting what is styled a Reservation of land, furnished by Government, near the eastern extremity of Long Island. This Island, by the way, is a beautiful one, and fittingly styled Long, being not less than 140 miles in length, with only an average of 10 miles in width, containing an immense population of the living, including the city of Brooklyn, one of the finest cities in the world, and an uncounted population of the dead, including Greenwood Cemetery, which is almost a Paradise Garden and the twin sister of Mount Auburn.

My long-talked-of journey hitherward, and advent on this justly celebrated yet to me hitherto unknown Isle, was appropriately prefaced by "tarrying at Jerusalem" or rather the city of Boston, a few days and nights during the holy Jubilee week of the American Board; and of some rich experiences then and there I will briefly speak ere taking my readers any further. It was the Half-Century Anniversary of the oldest, largest, and most efficient of all our Foreign Missionary organizations, and such crowded assemblages were never before seen at religious gatherings among us, about 6000, coming from abroad, above 50 of whom were returned missionaries, filling Tremont Temple and three or four spacious city churches, day after day and evening after evening, from Tuesday P. M. to Friday A. M.

My nights, in connection with that memorable meeting, were spent near the Back Bay Lands, in the suburbs of the city, and on the heights of Bellingham Hill, in Chelsea. And going from the former place, then infested by poisonous mosquitoes, to the latter place, with its healthful breezes and splendid prospects, was somewhat like emigrating from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the Land of Beulah, or a Catholic Purgatory to a Protestant's Heaven; or at least forming some of the most noticeable and striking contrasts of life.

Doubtless many, from far and near, who attended that Missionary Convention, felt endeavored within them burning and irrepressible desires to perform, not merely by proxy, but personally and speedily, some missionary or corporeal labor, in order to understand, by experimental knowledge, what are the toils and hardships, the sacrifices and sufferings of those veterans of the cross, and pioneers of civilization, who are the principal benefactors of our race, cheerfully enduring martyrdoms, if need be, for their masters and the world's sake, and in order to participate also in those sweet and precious joys of disinterested benevolence, and a broad Christian philanthropy, which makes them, not only the most laborious and useful, but the most loved and happy of men.

It was with feelings kindred to these, that ere the close of those Jubilee celebrations, so near my own beloved home, I took the express-train of cars, via Springfield, for N. Y. city, reaching there just after it had been illuminated by a blaze of light from 20,000 Wide-Awake torches; proceeding thence, by land and water, about 125 miles further for the sake of reaching before Sunday a long neglected tribe of red men, whose former missionary, Noah Emerson, brother of Dr. Emerson, of Salem, died and was buried among them months ago.

I came hither with no credentials, except a frank countenance, which the Indians have interpreted as honest; a friendly, open hand, which they have warmly and eagerly clasped and a sympathizing heart, the love of which they apparently and ardently reciprocate. Hence I have felt quite "at home" from the moment I first set foot on their territory. While vastly more enjoyment is being secured in bestowing sympathy upon them, instructing their intelligent and appreciative minds, and pointing the upward shining way to heaven, than in examining the various curiosities abounding among them, studying the Geography of their romantic country, or receiving their kind and manifold favors.

W. C. W.
Southampton, Long Island, Oct. 1860.
TO BE CONTINUED.

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

MR. EDITOR,

Not long since a lady of my acquaintance had the following dream, on which she made the following reflections—of these I gladly avail myself to insert in your interesting *Journal*. While our interests remain human the subject of a mother's love can never become insipid or obsolete. It strikes the tenderest chords of our nature and meets a thrilling response in every heart which has possessed this priceless treasure.

South Reading, Oct. 1860. J. E.

My Mother,—A Dream.

I slept—a vision came before my eyes;—my Mother,—dearly beloved mother, lay on a bed of pain and anguish. Her soul was tottering on its throne, when death relieved her of her suffering. No pining words, no farewell kisses—gone, gone forever from me! Oh, who can describe the agony of my soul when I saw death stamped on her pale brow, and knew that her lips were sealed forever. No burning tears came to my relief, but inward sorrow too deep for utterance, was mine—Where'er I turned my weary footsteps, a voice unknown assailed my ears—"your mother's dead—gone for ever!" Her little treasures as I gazed upon them, seemed to echo back the sound—"gone forever!"

With this distress upon my spirit, I awoke. It was a dream;—my mother lives. But the *real reality*, I feel, I must pass through. Oh, must I see my mother sick, suffering, dead? Must I see the darkened room, the stifled form, the sad procession, the yawning grave waiting to receive the last remains of her, my beloved mother? Then will no mother's hand soothe my burning brow; no mother's love direct my erring footsteps. When sickness and sorrow gathered around me, who watched by my side and felt every pain, wishing it might be hers to suffer, my spare her child? The sleepless nights, the anxious moments all come up before me as I think of the time when we last part. Oh, who can fill that mother's place or feel that mother's love? Oh, why this parting? Why must these tender ties be severed—why must the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken? Thou O God alone knowest; be gracious, I pray thee, and spare her who is thy servant and my mother for many years to come; and make me submissive unto thy will, that when the dread hour arrives, I may look to thee my Father and say "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his holy name."

And when the last sad hour is come, When God shall call my mother home, In that important hour of need, May Jesus prove a friend indeed.

MY A preacher whose text led him to speak of the prophet Jonah, among other things, said:

"I am of the opinion that Jonah was a cleanly old man, neither smoking nor chewing, from the fact that the fish retained him so long in his stomach. If the fish had swallowed the house wherein we are worshipping, he doubtless would have vomited himself to death."

AN old toper, in the last stages of the dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being "tapped." His son, a witty little shaver, objected to this operation, saying, "Daddy, daddy, don't submit to it, for you know there was never anything tapped in our house that lasted more than a week."

ed for the Baptist society in town, preferring to speak to his townsmen, rather than address passing strangers to his own congregation.

Miss Ellenor Hutchinson, teacher of the West Primary school, has for the last week or more, been very sick, but it is pleasing to be able to state that she is apparently recovering. Miss C. E. Sweetser has been substituted in her place for the time being.

The burglars have got as far east as South Lynnfield. On Monday night they broke into the hotel and several dwelling houses. They did not take much, but the citizens took them, or at least, some of them. Two or three were arrested and conducted to Salem. They halted from Boston.

Gas was let on last Tuesday evening, giving the citizens an opportunity to try the new light. Generally it was very satisfactory. A few had a little too much atmospheric air to consume before the gas arrived. But probably all little defects will soon be remedied, and the company be well patronized.

The monthly meeting of the Educational Association will be held on Monday evening.

WINCHESTER.

POLITICAL.—The Republican Caucus for the nomination of a candidate to represent the Middlesex District in the next General Court, was held last Monday evening in the Town Hall. Isaac Wilder was chosen Chairman, and Edwin P. Root, Secretary. On the second formal ballot Alfred Norton had 10, Wallace Whitney 9, S. W. Twombly 13, J. A. Woodbury 4. Mr. Norton was declared the nominee, and his nomination was made unanimous. Mr. Norton is the too well known in our town to need any commendation from me. No better selection could have been made as a reward for long and faithful services to the party. He deserved it without taking account his qualifications which are ample for the position.

Mr. Charles Heywood, of the firm of L. Heywood & Co., hat manufacturers, Boston, is the candidate of the Bell-Forrests, Douglasses, and Breckinridges, for Representative. A very worthy man, it is said, but he represents those principles which are antagonistic to the views of a majority of our voters, and he will probably be defeated.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.
GAS.—The gas has come at last, and there seems to be an illumination in the village this Tuesday evening. Most of our stores close at 8 o'clock in the evening.
The singing school commenced Friday evening of last week, by Mr. Whitney of Boston promises to be a success.
The Conference of Churches was very largely attended to-day at the Bethesda church. The number of carriages around the church was 72.

SUPERIOR PUMPS.—The best pump in use is doubtless West's Improved Double-Acting Pump, which was awarded a silver medal at the late Exhibition of the Mass. Char. Mechanic Association. It recommends itself to farmers and others for its cheapness, simplicity, power and easiness in working, and is manufactured and sold by C. R. HILL & Co., No. 26 Union and No. 1 Friend st., Boston.

CARPETINGS.—At the extensive Furniture Warehouses of W. P. Brooks, 141 Blackstone St., Boston, ladies will find a superior assortment of Carpetings at unusually low rates. Mr. Brooks has long extended to the trade of the ladies, and a large assortment and better variety of elegant furniture and carpetings cannot be found in the market.

SEE Winter Arrangements of trains in another column.
Let all Voters see that their names are correct upon the Voting List.

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.—See the advertisements of the New England Carpet Co., of Boston, in to-day's paper.

Special Notices.

CITIZENS—ATTENTION!

For Town Representative,
EDWARD D. HAYDEN.

Woburn, Nov. 2d, 1860—1w

"ALL UP!"
The "Constitutional Union Party" of Woburn, will hold a Caucus to meet at the Bank rooms on Monday Evening the 5th inst. at 8 o'clock for the purpose of nominating a Candidate for Representative of the 19th Middlesex District to the Massachusetts Legislature, and also transacting any other business that may come before the meeting.

RAILY! RAILY! ONE AND ALL!
For Order of Executive Committee,
S. HORTON, SECRETARY.

NOTICE.

The Trustees of the Stomach Five Cent Savings Bank, are requested to meet at the Bank rooms on Wednesday, Nov. 7th, at 7 1/2 P. M.

WILLIAM H. HEATH, Secretary.

To Conspectors.
The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with the disease of Stomach, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription, and will also send a copy of the book, "The Stomach and its Diseases," which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Hoarseness, &c. The only object of the Advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be valuable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and will prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Woburn, Mass.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
The unequalled success that has attended the application of this Medicine in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Affections, Diseases of the throat and Lungs, Indigestion, Consumption, has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, many of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry recommended by Physicians.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
S. W. FOWLE & Co.,—Sirs,—I most cheerfully and heartily recommend your Balsam of Wild Cherry to all who are afflicted with Coughs and Colds, and esteem it a most valuable remedy, and have recommended it in various columns of this nature, and have been happy to see it so.

This may certify that I once had a violent cough while traveling on the Ohio River. The clerk of the boat gave me a number of doses of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which gave me quick relief, and I am now perfectly cured. I regard it as one of the best kinds of Cough medicine, and I am glad to see it so highly recommended by the medical profession.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston.
For sale by W. P. Conant, Woburn; M. Nichols, Woburn; C. H. Goodrich, Woburn; G. S. Churchill, No. Reading; Jacob Smith, No. Reading; S. E. Nichols, Woburn; Silas Carter, Woburn; A. T. Perkins, Lexington; and by dealers everywhere.

Married.

MELTIS—BOSTON.—In Lowell, Oct. 29th, by Rev. J. L. Jenkins, Mr. J. J. Melvin to Miss Ephraim C. Buxton, both of this town.

Died.

BARNES.—In this town, Oct. 29th, Mrs. Sophronia Barnes, wife of Charles Barnes, aged 31 years.

PARKER.—In Reading, Oct. 27th, Mrs. Betsey Parker, aged 58 years, 5 months, 29 days.

TOWN WARRANT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in said County, GREETING:

In the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are hereby required to notify the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn, qualified to vote in elections, to meet at the Town Hall, on Tuesday next, after the first Monday in November, it being the sixth day of said month, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, at ten of the clock, A. M., to bring in their votes to the Selectmen for Thirteen Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, two of whom shall be for Electors at Large, and one resident in each of the Congressional Districts of this Commonwealth on one ballot. Also, to bring in their votes to the said Selectmen for a Governor, Lieut. Governor, Secretary, Treasurer and Receiver General, Auditor of Accounts, and County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, one Councilor for District Number Three, one Senator for the first Middlesex Senatorial District, and Representative to represent the Seventh Congressional District of this Commonwealth in the next Congress of the United States, all on one ballot.

Also, for one Representative to represent the Nineteenth Middlesex District in the next Legislature of Massachusetts.

The polls will be closed at 5 P. M. And you are required as aforesaid to notify and warn said inhabitants, qualified to vote in town affairs, to meet at the said place, on the said day, at one of the o'clock, P. M. to act on the following Articles, viz:

Art. 1. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2. To determine what action the town will take in relation to the List of Jurors as revised by the Selectmen.

Art. 3. To see if the town will instruct the Assessors to abate or refund the Taxes on Lyceum Hall for the year 1860, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 4. To see if the town will take any action or give directions to any of its officers, in regard to prosecutions for any violations of law that have occurred or may hereafter occur in relation to interments in said town.

Art. 5. To see if the town will pass any vote or adopt any By-Law in relation to force or violent driving in said town, and affix or provide any and what penalty for the violation thereof, and how the same may be recovered, and also to take suitable action in relation to presenting such By-Laws to the Superior Court for approval.

Art. 6. To determine what action the town will take in relation to paying the town of Stomach to use, for burial purposes, that part of the Stomach Cemetery lying in Woburn.

Art. 7. To see if the town will authorize the town of Stomach to use, for burial purposes, that part of the Stomach Cemetery lying in Woburn.

Art. 8. To see if the town will accept the Report of the Selectmen laying out a new street from Railroad street to land of Horace Ward, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 9. To see if the town will accept the Report of the Selectmen laying out a new street from Railroad street to Green Street, or do anything in relation thereto.

Art. 10. To see if the town will accept the Report of the Selectmen laying out a new street from Railroad street to Green Street, or do anything in relation thereto.

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Art. 27. To see if the town will accept the Report of the Selectmen laying out a new street from Railroad street to Green Street, or do anything in relation thereto.

TEAS & COFFEES!
ECONOMISE! ECONOMISE! ECONOMISE!
TO HOUSEKEEPERS EVERYWHERE!
Every one must have heard of the famous CHINA TEA HOUSE, 185 Washington Street, Boston. There is scarcely a family within twenty miles of Boston, that does not use our

TEAS AND COFFEES!
We sell every description of **GREEN AND BLACK TEAS.**
Our prices range from 30 cents per pound up to \$1.00 per pound. Family Tea (black) for 35 cents by the package of five pounds. Also, good Young Hyson (green), for 35 cents.

These Teas are warranted as good as are usually sold in country stores at 50 cents per pound. We buy more Teas and Coffees, and sell more cheaply than any other establishment in NEW ENGLAND.

Our Teas for **FAMILY USE** are neatly and carefully packed in 50 cents caddy.

Our Coffees are fresh every day.

THOMAS G. WHYTEL,
PROPRIETOR,
198 Washington Street.

Orders by Express promptly attended to.

GENUINE FAMILY LIQUORS.
WM. B. MOREHOUSE & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Brandy, Wines, Gins and Segars, beg leave to call attention of the citizens of the United States to their Pure Wines and Liquors, put up under their own supervision, for Family and Medical use, in cases assorted to suit customers. Clubs, Military and Public Societies, who require to purchase in large or small quantities, in cases or bottles, will be liberally dealt with. Price List sent on application.

OLD MOREHOUSE BITTERS.
Recommended by the first physicians as the best remedy known for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and all Nervous Disorders. It is a pure, wholesome, and delicious to the taste. Sold by all Druggists.

W. B. MOREHOUSE & CO., Prop'rs,
3 and 5 Exchange Place, New York City, N. Y.

P. S.—The subscribers wish to engage a few active men, as Local and Traveling Agents for their house, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. For particulars, address as above.

THE AMERICAN MEDICAL AND TOILET RECIPE BOOK.
THIS book contains Recipes and Directions for making all the most valuable Medical Preparations in use, and all the most popular and useful Cosmetics, Perfumes, Unguents, Hair Restoratives, and all Toilet Articles. If you are suffering with any chronic disease—if you wish a beautiful complexion, a fine head of hair, a smooth skin, a clear skin, a healthy and robust constitution, or if you wish to know anything and everything about the Medical and Toilet Art, you should by all means, peruse a copy of this book. For full particulars, and a sample of the work for perusal, (free) address the publisher,

T. F. CHAPMAN,
No. 31 Broadway, New York.

A Novelty in the Art World!
PHOTOGRAPHY UPON PORCELAIN.
Secured by letters patent in the United States, England, France, and Belgium.

THE AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC PORCELAIN COMPANY,
No. 781 Broadway, New York.

having secured their novel and ingenious invention by American and European patents, are fully prepared to execute all orders, which

Miniature Likenesses of Persons on China.
presenting all the attractive and advantageous features of ordinary photography, the brilliancy and finish of a water-color drawing, and a hitherto unattained quality of durability, by rendering as imperishable as the natural properties of the articles upon which they are transferred.

As the patented process of the Company enables the reproduction of Photographs, not only on plain surfaces, but upon such as are round or of any degree of irregularity—portraits can be reproduced with faithful accuracy, and delivery of definition, upon Porcelain ware, of any description, and in dimensions used as articles of luxury or of household utility, such as

Urns, Vases, Breakfast Cups,
toilet articles, &c., thereby securing faithful portraits and furnishing a unique and exquisite style of ornamentation of articles in domestic use.

In order to furnish facilities for the gratification of the popular taste, and to meet the wants of the patrons of the Fine Arts desirous of having Portraits on Porcelain, the Company have imported from Europe a collection of superior porcelain goods, manufactured under their own supervision, which they sell at cheap prices.

As the American Company are owners of the patent right, and consequently the only persons authorized to use the process, they have determined in order to afford people the opportunity of obtaining the Union an opportunity to possess portraits on China, to make the following proposition to residents in the country to visit personally the Atelier and Galleries in New York—Persons sending photographs, ambrotypes, or daguerotypes to the office of the Company in New York, accompanied by FIVE DOLLARS, will receive in return by express, free of charge, a richly ornamented Breakfast Cup and Saucer, with the portrait transferred thereon. By transmitting a daguerotype and ten dollars, they will secure in like manner.

A handsome French Vase or Toilet Article, with the portrait reproduced by the patented process. By sending a photograph of five and fifteen dollars, they will receive in return

A Pair of rich Sevres Vases, with the portraits executed equal to miniature paintings; and, in like manner, portraits can be purchased on porcelain ware, of every quality of finish, ranging in price from twenty to one hundred dollars.

N. B.—Be particular in writing the address, town, county and state distinctly.

All letters to be addressed to—**Manager, American Photographic Porcelain Co.,**
781 BROADWAY, New York.

Fall and Winter 1860!
RICH FURNISHING GOODS!
H. HAMMOND'S
TO HIS OWNERS
120 BLACKSTONE STREET

ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS.
All kinds of Furniture, All kinds of Clocks.

W. P. B. BROOKS,
Oct. 27. 2w-4.

CARPETS OF ALL KINDS,
SOLD CHEAP.

W. P. B. BROOKS,
9 MARSHALL AND 120 BLACKSTONE STREETS.

Chairs sold Cheaper than ANYWHERE ELSE.
BROOKS,
Marshall Street, 120 Blackstone Street.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Manufacturers at
Augusta, Me., would respectfully inform their former customers and the public generally, that they have opened on

CHARLESTOWN STREET, NO. 24
(corner of Stillman street), where they keep constantly on hand a large and complete assortment of Doors, Sashes, &c., as they manufacture their own articles, (mostly from St. John's wood), and in large quantities, they are satisfied that they can sell at such prices as to defy competition, and offer strong inducements to all in want of such articles. Orders will be promptly attended to. Particular attention paid to orders by mail or express.

GRAND OPENING!
NEW DRY GOODS,
—OR—
THE NEW AND SPACIOUS STORE
365 Washington Street,
(Next door to Boston Theatre.)

Thursday, October 18,

C. E. HEBBARD & CO.
EVERY VARIETY OF **DRY GOODS**
Manufactured in Europe & America.

All our Departments are constantly supplied with the **NEWEST AND RICHEST STYLES** from the New York market, and from our Agents in Europe.

ONE PRICE! SMALL PROFITS!
—AND—
GENTLEMANLY TREATMENT
May be relied upon as the CARDINAL PRINCIPLES of our Store.

NO GOODS URGED, and every piece warranted what it is represented to be.

Rich Furnishing Goods.
A FINE assortment of the latest importations, lately received by J. W. HAMMOND. Woburn, Sept. 28th, 1860.

BLANKS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS FOR sale at the Woburn Book Store.

CENTRAL CASH STORE.
The Subscribers, having taken the Store lately occupied by Mr. J. W. Hammond, Keenly and Thayer, Main street, would respectfully give notice to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity, that they will keep constantly on hand all kinds of

West India Goods, Groceries,
Provisions, Flour, Grain, Crockery, Earthenware, Glass, Stone and Wooden Ware, which they offer for sale, for CASH, as low as can be bought at any store in the vicinity.

We would invite the public to call and examine our stock of goods, which are carefully selected, and as good as can be obtained in the market. Goods delivered free of expense.

PETTINGELL & FOLLANSBEE,
Woburn, April 15, 1860.

OUTSIDE WINDOWS!
A FULL assortment of all ordinary sizes at low prices. Special sizes made to order at short notice. By the BUILDERS' MANUFACTURING CO., No. 714 Washington St., Boston.

Particular attention given to manufacturing of Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Balusters, Glass, &c., to be found anywhere in New England.

Walnut, Oak, Chestnut, Butternut or Pine. All orders personally or by express, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN W. BAILEY,
Agent for Builders' Manufacturing Co., 2m
714 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON. 714

NOTICE!
Ladies' & Gentlemen's
BOOTS & SHOES,
OF WOBURN MANUFACTURE

Also, J. Fletcher & Son's famous goods constantly on hand and for sale by

AUGUSTUS ROUNDY,
NEW STYLE! NEW STYLE!
CLOAKS!

All Qualities.
WATER PROOFS,
MADE TO ORDER

In the most thorough manner, of the best materials at short notice and warranted to suit.

GARDNER & WOODWARD,
Manufacturers of every style of

AWLS AND SAIL NEEDLES,
CHESTNUT ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Particular attention paid to repairing Sewing Machines.

IMITATION OF ALL WOODS.
CHAMBER SETS
AT
BROOKS'S

MA SHALL AND 120 BLACKSTONE STREETS.
Oct. 27. 2w-4.

120 BLACKSTONE STREET
AND
9 Marshall Street.

Fall Styles!
OF
HATS & CAPS
AT
HAMMOND'S,
Lyceum Building,
Woburn, Oct. 30.

Prices Reduced!
A GOOD SEWING MACHINE
FOR \$10.

HACKETT & BUTLER are the authorized agents in this town, for the sale of CUSHING'S Celebrated No. 9 Sewing Machine. After carefully testing the work done on said Machine, we pronounce it equal to that done on any \$30 machine, and confidently recommend it as a preferable in many respects to any other machine for family sewing. A specimen may be seen at our store. Please call and examine.

HACKETT & BUTLER,
Woburn, Oct. 19, 1860.—1w.

Under Garments.
PORTSMOUTH RIB, SHELTON
MELROSE, and other varieties at extremely low prices at H. HAMMOND'S Clothing House, Lyceum Building, Woburn.

OVERCOATINGS of all kinds and qualities. **HACKETT & BUTLER.**

COUGHS AND COLDS.
Sweetest Compound Iceland Moss Candy.
Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ITCHING IN THE THROAT, ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS, AFFECTIONS.

IF YOUR children have the WHOOPING COUGH, let them use the ICELAND MOSS CANDY, freely, and with ordinary care, no other medicine will be needed.

Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE, N. W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TINKLE'S, and by Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.

The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Goodwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Tremont street, Carter, Colwell & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carney, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.

T. A. SWEETSER,
No. 24 South Danvers, Mass.
January 25th, 1860.—1w

A CHANGE TO MAKE MONEY
Every man can make money by buying

CLOTHING!
We have now on hand a complete stock of

PIECE GOODS FOR COTTON TRADE,
Comprising all of the

Newest and Best Styles
IN THE MARKET,

which will be made up at short notice, at a small advance from cost, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

HACKETT & BUTLER.
Woburn, Sept. 15th, 1860.

T. RICKARD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence on BENNETT STREET, third house from Pleasant Street, on the right.

CASSIMERE'S, Cashmere's, Erminette's and Cotton Pant Goods, in great variety, for sale, WOODBERRY'S.

Umbrellas! Umbrellas!
MAKE your selection from a choice lot of 100 Umbrellas just received by

J. W. HAMMOND.
Sept. 29.—2m

New Fall Goods,
New Dress Goods,
New Housekeeping Gds.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
—OF—
NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES

Of all the above Goods,
JUST RECEIVED BY

CHARLES A. SMITH,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Sept. 8, 1860.

Ladies' Custom Boot and Shoe Store
The Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the Store formerly occupied by Miss HASLAM.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 6.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Rock me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth my few silver threads out of my hair,
O'er my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Till without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-sweat away—
Of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Blessed and faded—our faces between—
You with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again!
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

O'er my heart in the days that are flown
No love like mother-love ever has shown—
No other worship abides and endures—
For usefulness and patient like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and weary brain!
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on my shoulder again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shedding my eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happily will I live the visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright locks sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since last I listened to your lullaby song,
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's tears have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Select Literature.

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young life, when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait painter, who was about becoming a resident in our village during a few weeks of the summer. Never before had an event so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never before had my childish imagination been furnished with so wide a field of action, or my little heart throbbled and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our own roof, within the walls of my own home!—what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! What an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I meet out to them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous employment!

I had heard of portrait painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of stories in my little story books, or listened to my father as he talked of kings and courtiers in the great world afar off. Upon our parlor walls, from my earliest remembrance, had hung portraits of my grandfathers and grandmothers, but I had no idea how their faces came stamped upon the dark canvas, or when or by whom their shadows had been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilacs that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had to me always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the face of one whose existence had like a myth, a fable! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, giant-like form! How entirely unlike every person that I had ever seen or known, would be this portrait painter.

While these speculations were at their height in my busy brain, the hero made his appearance, scattering them mercilessly to the four winds. There was nothing gaunt-like in the little, graceful figure that sprang from the village coach, or dark in the pleasant, boyish face, slanted by soft masses of brown hair, and lit up by a merry pair of blue eyes, running over with mirth and mischief. His name, too, quite like the generosity of names, had nothing wonderful or striking by which to characterize it. He was simply Frank Haynes, nothing more or less, and when, with a pleasant, easy grace, he sought to win my childish favor, I should have been quite at home, had not the stunning knowledge of his art overpowered me.

It was a strange freak for a child of ten summers, but somehow it crept into my baby brain that I must not like him, although all the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, ways and looks, grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me when any one was observing him, I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, but when we were alone, I chatted and chattered like a young robin. I think he must have noticed this, and from it taken into his head the boyish idea of teasing me. To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, now that he knew how much I cared for him.—For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes—little Mrs. Haynes—and should be sorry if every body in the house did not follow his example. I must not ever have any little beaux among the schoolboys, now that my name was changed; but I must be prim and proper like any married woman who was faithful to her husband.

"Would I agree to this?" he asked. I glanced up from the hem of my white apron, which I had been twining about my fingers, to meet my mother's eye fixed laughingly upon my face. In a moment my lips were closed resolutely, while he, seeing at once the cause of my silence, reached out of the window and plucked a rose from a running vine, that crept nearly to the mossy eaves.

"Little Mrs. Haynes must wear the rose," he said. "It will never do for her to toss her head and throw his gifts carelessly by.—All married women wear flowers which their husbands gave them. Would I wear the rose?"

I glanced about the room again. My mother was nowhere to be seen, and so I said that I would wear them if he wanted me to. "And would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?"

"Yes, I would consent!" "Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, and I should never look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that suit me?"

"Oh, yes, that suited me! I liked that." "Well, then he would have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that some one owned me." "No, I did not want a ring."

"Tut, tut, tut! That would never do.—People who were engaged to be married always gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it, so that it would be all right. If he was willing, would I wear the ring?"

"No, I didn't like rings!" "Wouldn't I like a ring that he would buy?" "No—I wouldn't like a ring at any rate."

During his stay, which was protracted to months instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my determination about the engagement ring, as he termed it. I was inexplorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be a thousand miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, the prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have no rings.

At last he went away from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how cold, dull and cheerless it seemed to me. How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was no every day grief that bore down upon my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs. Haynes.

"Would I write to him and sign that name?" "Yes, I would." "I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good by!" "Good by!"

"Good by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the words. In my short life they were the hardest I had found to speak. During the next two years no lady-love could have been more faithful to her absent knight than I was to Frank Haynes. The brightest moments of my life circled about the reception of his letters, the greatest joy in life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juveniles to wait upon me to sleigh rides and parties, that the children in the neighborhood delighted in. If I could not go and come home alone, I would remain at home, whatever might be the inducements offered to tempt me from my unwavering course. I was little Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes I was bent upon remaining.

But while I was in the very midst of my heroic devotion, a terrible rumor reached my ears—a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self-appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young and beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precious hopes and plans, though for a long while I battled against crediting the report. Hadn't Frank told me that he would never look about for a wife? That I was the only little lady that should bear his name! Didn't he write me regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters "Dear little Mrs. Haynes," and telling me to be faithful to him? And—would he do this if he was engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some one had maliciously lied about it, had manufactured the story from their own wicked imagination. I would not believe it, though the wide world stood up before me and testified to its truth.

As if to reward me for my faith, and set my prejudiced mind to rights, the next coach set Frank down at our door. He thought he must come and see his little wife once more, he said, as I went timidly forward to meet him, though he thought it very bad taste in me to grow at such a rapid rate. He was afraid I'd grow out of my engagement; he should have to put a loaf of hot bread upon my head to keep me within bounds. We had been engaged two years; I was twelve years old, and a head taller than I was at ten. He was going to Europe to stay three or four years; what would I be when he returned? He did not dare to think. He believed I would be as tall as he was by that time. Wouldn't I!

"I hope so," I answered tartly, thinking the while of the story of his engagement.

"Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little Phebe," he answered, laughing heartily. "You wouldn't give me one of your brown curls to-day, if my heart should break for it; would you?"

"No, I have none to spare." "Not one?" "No." "Why?" "Cause—"

"Cause what?" "Because she has heard strange reports of you, Frank," broke in my mother, mischievously. "She hasn't any idea of letting you rob her of her curls while she doubts your sincere allegiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, you see."

"On my faith, she is!" he exclaimed, fixing his blue eyes upon my face. "And I trow I'm in love with her for it. Never mind reports, my little lady." I answered only by a curl of my lips, while he reached out his hand to draw me to a seat upon his knee.

"No, I wouldn't sit there!" I cried, pushing away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way into my

eyes, gave a sudden dash down my burning cheeks. "I'll never sit there again, never!" "My dear little Phebe!"

There was a real pathos in his rich, manly voice, a quick, penetrating, surprised look in his clear blue eyes as he uttered these words, followed by a rapid, wondering expression of tenderness, as he repeated them.

"My dear little Phebe! May God bless you!" I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent benediction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees, and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I lay in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little romance that had so alluringly and strangely grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet, conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house, Frank had taken his leave, but in my work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phebe, Phebe! mother says come down stairs. There is a gentleman in the parlor who wants to see you."

The words broke harshly into my pleasant dreams, which I had been weaving all the long golden July afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with the needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaping luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which, as yet, boasted but two or three stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little six-year-old brother. Who is it, Charlie?"

"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."

"Who can it be?" An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavy bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still, as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick springing step, there seemed something strangely familiar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapidly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a name that was singularly dear to me trembled on lips—"Frank Haynes!"

But I could not go down to meet him, though I was summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him; why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the foolish little girl of twelve summers he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full grown woman, instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would he think? Would he still remember, tenderly, the little Mrs. Haynes of five years ago?

Little! I repeated the word as I stood before the long mirror which gave back to me an accurate picture of myself. A slender, passable form; a dark, clear complexion; large gray eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed to have robbed my cheeks of their color; white teeth; a forehead broad, but not high; large, heavy braids of chestnut-brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned away with a sigh and glanced down to my hand. Upon the third finger of the left was a plain gold circlet. The hot blood rushed up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no longer. He should never know that I had worn it at all. Just then my brother came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

"Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down stairs."

"I have a terrible headache, Charlie.—Please tell mother so; and I sank down upon a chair close by the window, and leaned my head upon a chair handle.

"Dear, dear! if they would but forget me," I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away and I heard a sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the half-closed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance, then I crept stealthily down stairs and stepped softly into the silent parlor, where so lately he had been. I was half alone, and before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden music, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!"

And a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back laughingly. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he had bestowed upon me five years before.

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to see you."

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping back from me and releasing my hand, he said, with a curl of his finely cut lips, "Your pardon, Mrs. Lester! I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be a fine lady."

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him as I did so. But there was no pleasant attempt on his part, and when my mother entered the room a few moments after, and referred, laughingly, to our old engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreeable one to him.

Affairs had taken an unlucky turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to have recalled my unlucky words, yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cold dignity, though I was as miserable and wretched as I

could well be, and knew that Mr. Haynes shared my wretchedness.

All the time that I could spend in my chamber, without being absolutely rude, was passed there, till my strange, unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood commented freely upon before our guest.

"You appear so strangely, Phebe," said my mother one morning. "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he was the veriest monster, instead of a dear friend. What is the matter?"

"Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it. Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now," I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands. "Phebe!"

My mother's voice was stern and reproachful, but I did not heed it.

"He does hate me, mother! hates me with—"

"Your pardon, little Phebe—Miss Lester—but he does not!" broke in the clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world—"

He paused, and in a moment more I heard my mother step lightly from the room.

"I am not cold, haughty, and proud," I said excitedly, looking up into his face, "and I do like you just as well as—"

"What, little Phebe," he asked eagerly, a quick expression of joy lighting up his blue eyes.

"As well as ever I did!" I faltered.

"And how well is that? So that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of your womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, ay, loved you—till every pulse in your heart beats for me? As well as this, Phebe?"

I covered my face that he might not see the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and he shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

"Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest Phebe?" he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his knee.

"Yes." "And will at last wear the ring?" I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife! at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with kisses.

That night there were sky looks and glances cast towards me at every turn, and at the supper table my father quite forgot himself and called me "Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunny years, and, as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes!"

EDUCATIONAL SELF-DEVELOPMENT.—A writer in the *North British Review* furnishes us with the following thoughts on this subject:

"It cannot be too earnestly insisted upon that in education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the greatest possible extent. Children should be led to make their own inferences. They should be told as little as possible, and induced to discover as much as possible. They should be put in the way of solving their own questions. To tell a child this, and to show it that, is not to show it how to observe, but to make it a mere recipient of another's observations; a proceeding which tends to weaken rather than to strengthen its powers of self-instruction; which deprives it of the pleasures resulting from successful activity; which presents this all attractive knowledge under the aspect of formal tuition; which thus generates that indifference and even disgust with which its lessons are not unfrequently regarded. On the other hand, to pursue the natural course, is simply to guide the intellect to its appropriate food; to join with the intellectual appetite their natural adjuncts; to induce by the union of all these, an intensity of attention which insures perceptions alike vivid and complete; and to habituate the mind from the very beginning to that practice of self-help that must ultimately follow."

BALL-ROOM ETIQUETTE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—At the dancing-room in St. George's Square, so rigid was the etiquette that "No couple could dance, unless each party was provided with a ticket prescribing the precise place in the precise dance." If there was no ticket, the gentleman or lady was dealt with as an intruder and turned out of the dance. If the ticket had marked upon it—say for a country dance—the figures 3, 5, this meant that the holder was to place himself in the third dance, fifth from the top; and if he were anywhere else, he was set right or excluded; and the partner's ticket must correspond. Woe to the poor girl who, with ticket marked 2, 7, was found opposite to a license, and looked very ill, and would probably be reported by the ticket director of the dance to the mother. Of course, parties or parents who wished to secure dancing for themselves or those they had charge of, provided themselves with correct and corresponding vouchers before the ball day arrived. This could only be accomplished through a director. When parties chose to take their chance, they might do so; but still, though only obtained in the room, the written permission was necessary; and such a thing as a compact dance by a couple, without official authority, would have been an outrage that could scarcely be contemplated. Tea was slipped in side rooms, and he was a careless beau who did not present his partner with an orange at the end of each dance; and the orange and the tea, like every thing else, were under exact and positive regulations.

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy; and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!"

Ministering Angels.

BY EMILY G. CHURCH.

(The perusal of the following beautiful poem cannot fail to quicken in every bosom, sad remembrances of some departed one; and how consoling to the stricken heart would the reflection be, that their freed spirits still hover about us for our good, while here, and "to guide us to the sky" when we bid adieu to the scenes of earth.)

Mother, has the dove that nestled lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there;
Hear'st thou angels' gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air?

It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Thy soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower;
And when night's dark shadows fall,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there.

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
On whose many form thine eye
Loved to fall off in pride to linger,
On whose heart thou couldst rely,
Though all other hearts deceive thee,
All prove hollow, earthy grow drear;
Whose protection, ever o'er thee,
Hid thee from the cold world's sneer.

Has he left thee here to struggle,
All unaided on thy way?
Nay, he still can guide the guard thee,
Still thy faltering steps can stay;
Still when danger hovers o'er thee,
He, than danger, is more near;
When in grief thou'st mark to pity,
He, the sainted, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished,
Of the gem that in thy heart
Hidden deeply, to thy being
All its sunshine could impart?
Look above! "tis burning brighter,
Than the very stars in heaven;
And to light thy dangerous pathway,
All its new found glory's given.

With the sons of earth commingling,
Thou the loved one may'st forget;
Bright eyes flashing, tresses waving,
He, than danger, is more near;
But e'en then that guardian spirit
Oft will whisper in thine ear,
And in silence, and at midnight,
Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
Of the mourners thronging earth,
Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine,
Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
Yet although that gentle bosom,
Which has pilloved off thy head,
Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
Cannot rest among the dead.

Still her watchful eye is o'er thee,
Through the day, and still at night;
Her's the eye that guards thy slumber,
Making thy young dreams so bright.
O! the friends, the friends we cherish'd,
How we weep to see them die—
All unthinking they're the angels,
That will guide us to the sky.

Morgan's Organ Playing.

The *Home Journal* contains a letter from Willis descriptive of the organ playing of George W. Morgan, and of its effect upon him, who was almost a solitary listener. Here is the narrative:

"First let me tell you of my falling once more in the hands of my old friend Indispensable Brown, (Headle of Grace Church, and Grand Chamberlain of Up-town,) and of my narrow escape from insanity, in the listening to some music by his courteous introduction.

With the forty years in the wilderness which baggage has to undergo before its deliverance, when put into the hands of 'Sturdy's Express,' I was detained over Sunday in New York, on my return from Boston; and, hoping to be forgiven for attending divine service in my yesterday's shirt and stockings, I went to Grace Church in the afternoon. An excellent sermon from Dr. Taylor, and the music they have always at that beautiful place—ah, me!—such music as flies low over your fount of tears, like a swallow's wing over the breathless bosom of lake, shedding the lifted drops, afterward, with eddying that reach the shore of your heart. You know what those tremulous cadences are, in the voice of Mrs. Bedestien, chief chorister at this church, and how inexpressibly emotional is her sweet singing, always.

But Brown came to me as I found my way out, after service. The best organist in our country was in the choir, (Mr. Morgan,) and if I would stay until the congregation were gone, I should hear a little of his skill upon the instrument.

From the various pieces he offered to play for me I chose the simplest—that great thunder anthem of melody and majesty, 'God save the Queen'—and not without remembrance of the boy whose mother is thus gloriously prayed for! Answered as the world round reiteration of this sublime prayer seems to be—with a mother reigning as if taken in to God's holy keeping—may his reign prove to be the inherited goodness of such a life, as beautifully promised in the commandment!

The church was empty in a few minutes, all except two or three expectant listeners who lingered in the aisle; and the slow measure of the hymn was first murmured low, like the scarce articulate utterance of a prayer in solitude. With the dimness of the light upon the splendid architecture around, and with the absolute stillness of the atmosphere, this beginning was most impressively reverential. And then came the few notes of the air, played with massive solemnity and strength—like the chant of a whole army on their knees—impossible to hear without an awe that hushed the breath. And the variations commenced, progressing upward with the exquisite complexities of inspired composition—the original, simple air, dominant throughout—and brain and heart, thus far, keeping pace with the anthem's stately tread.

But how describe the gathering together of all these wonders of sound, these miracles of surprises in harmony, and thundering and forth in one burst of hallelujah, with the whole power of the player and his instrument! The hush of the deserted building, and the reverberating echoes from the arches of the vaulted roof, probably added to the effect—but I began to feel that strange sense of uncertain foothold upon earth which comes with the overtask of reason and sympathy. Borne to the limit—where mortal comprehension ceases and angels take up the hymn—and still the instrument went on! I was

losing the knowledge of where I was, reeling in an ecstasy of wonder, when the sublime hosanna was suddenly still—ceasing. I scarce knew how. I had a vague sense of an apology to make, for I had jumped up and seized hold of the player's arm in my bewilderment—but, with a moment or two of looking down upon the stillness of the deserted aisles, I felt the calm of the place, and so, with large drops of sweat standing on my forehead, I recovered the knowledge of my whereabouts. I had really been almost wrought up to a frenzy with the skill and power of that wonderful music."

For the *Middlesex Journal*.

Wanderings among the Indians.

The present is not the first time, by any means, that I have "fallen in love" with the red men of the forest. While yet a mere boy, or at least a strapping youth, connected with the school of a country village in the "Old Granite State," I was inclined to read, write and speak on the wrongs and grievances of the poor Indian; and whenever the question came up for discussion, as it would occasionally in the evening Lyceum, "Which deserves most our sympathy the Negro or the Indian?" I was sure to be found endorsing and advocating, earnestly and enthusiastically, if not learnedly and convincingly, the paramount claims of the latter. And although for years, like multitudes of other prosperous white men, love and zeal have grown lukewarm, subsiding at times into indifference and forgetfulness, there have been nevertheless, some unextinguished and inextinguishable sparks smouldering deep down in the breast, needing only a sight of the swarthy faces, in complexion midway between the European and the African, now fast disappearing from their fatherland, to relight the same into a brighter flame than ever.

Frankly and fearfully have I been telling our brethren here, of the Shunacoek tribe, that for one I wish to atone, so far forth as possible, for the sins of my own beloved ancestors, committed against them and against the Great Spirit who is the loving Father of us all and who "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," taking special pleasure when expatiating in their hearing, publicly and privately, on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, a Biblical and incontrovertible doctrine embodied in the Declaration of Independence which they are enlightened enough to recognize and embrace.

In politics I find these "Native Americans" to be all Republicans, every man, woman and child among them, as are most of their race who know anything of the divisions of parties in our Government. If this be a trial to the Democrat, he can be consoled by the thought that they are very seldom to be found among the voters at the ballot box on election days, and also by the consideration that although the oldest inhabitants of the country, the Indians, are against him politically, the newest inhabitants of the country, to wit, the sons of Erin, freshly imported from the Emerald Isle, are generally for them, with their warm hearts and "rich Irish brogue," and after obtaining naturalization papers will cast their suffrages according to the dictation of the priest. But I haven't time or space to dwell upon the characteristics of the natives of Ireland, nor any others of foreign birth.

The civilized red men, I repeat, account for it as we may, are staunch Republicans, and some of them are quite zealous ones too, peculiarly anxious for the elevation of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidential chair. Little if any genuine respect can they reasonably be expected to entertain for past National Administrations, which have so often broken treaties, violated compacts, and unmercifully driven them further and further and further off to the very borders and outskirts and frontiers of our territorial possessions, crowding some of the waters of the Pacific, which, with those of the Atlantic join to wash forth their melancholy requiem; until we and our children have come to regard their ill-fated tribes as doomed to utter extinction before the superior might and swarming population of the pale faces.

There is, however, now and then a bright oasis in the otherwise dreary deserts and wildernesses of their sufferings, of which the Long Island Reservation forms an honorable exception. Here is a valuable and easily cultivated tract of land about 1000 acres, devoted to the permanent benefit of the Shunacoek Indians and their posterity. Here are some 30 houses, including a chapel and school-house, the latter furnished by the State, each building shingled all over in semi-civilized style, and occupied by some 40 families, with nearly 100 souls, some of the families numbering half a score and others a dozen or more of children, large families being usually regarded great blessings and special favors from Heaven, as they were by their Hebrew ancestors in Old Testament times. And this brings us to the controverted point, whether the Indian tribes are descendants of some one or more of the twelve tribes of the house of Israel; of which I shall speak, *Deo volente*, in another article.

Southampton, L. I., Oct., 1860.

THE RIGHT STUFF FOR A COMMODORE.—The examination of candidates for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis was closed on Saturday evening. The Baltimore *American* remarks:—

"The brightest boy in the whole class was a little fellow from Texas, about fifteen years of age who had been three years setting type in a newspaper office, and had studied mathematics and arithmetic with a dip-candle, in the garret of a log cabin, at night. He was poorly clad when he reached Annapolis, and on being asked how he obtained the means to reach Annapolis, replied that he worked for it, and that his money falling short on the route, he had got some small jobs at type setting in New Orleans and other points on the route. If he should not be admitted, he expected to work his way home again. We saw him on Saturday on board the Constitution in his naval uniform, with his gilt buttons and anchors, looking as bright and hopeful as if he anticipated being a commodore."

SINGULAR STRATAGEM.—When the celebrated Grotius was imprisoned in the Louvre, his wife, Marie de Reigberg, followed him thither to endeavor, by her presence and affectionate attentions, to alleviate the miseries of a long captivity. While she was with him, her tenderness suggested a singular stratagem for his escape. Grotius was at that time occupied in writing the works which acquired for him so great a celebrity, and having occasion for a great number of books, he requested and obtained permission to borrow all that he should require. He sent a large trunk for these books, in which he likewise put his own linen and that of his wife. When he had consulted these books, and had done with them, they were returned, and fresh ones brought in like manner.

About a year and a half had elapsed, during which Grotius had undergone a rigorous captivity. Marie, observing that the guards, weary of finding nothing in the trunk but books and linen, no longer took the pains to search it, persuaded Grotius to place himself in it instead of the books, having previously made some holes in the part where his head would lie, to admit the air. During two days before the execution of this project, she made him stay near the fire in an arm chair, and she pretended to be much afflicted at her husband's indisposition. On the day that the books were to be taken away, having put Grotius in the trunk, she drew the curtains of his bed very close, and requested the man who fetched away the box to do it as quietly as he could. With much difficulty he placed it on his shoulders and carried it out, complaining bitterly of the heaviness of the burden. In this manner was Grotius conveyed to Gorcum, to the house of one of his friends and from thence he went to Antwerp, disguised as a miller. Immediately after their departure, Marie had dressed in her husband's clothes, and taken a seat by the fire, lest the jailer should come in. But when she thought her husband in safety, she went herself to inform the guards of his escape, upbraiding them with the little care they took of their prisoners. Ashamed to construe the contrivance into a crime, they permitted her to rejoin her husband.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

Hold on, Hold in, Hold out.

BY BENJ. SCHMACKER, BORN 1873

Hold on, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only, wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand, though heaven and earth should fall.

Hold in thy murmurs, Heaven arraignment;
The patient see God's face;
Who bears thy burdens uncomplaining,
Tis they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God!

Hold out! There comes an end to sorrow;
Hope, from the dead, shall conquer rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morn;
The cross points on to paradise.
The Father edgewise, see all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

Select Literature.

GLITTER AND GOLD.

Strange to say, Robert Maxwell sat perfectly at ease. He had never felt more pleasantly or more entirely at home in his life, not even when seated in Mr. Morton's neat little parlor, where in Virginia, Agnes beside him with her sewing, and all the rest of the family away—he did not particularly care where.

Consider the circumstances. Let me suppose that you, Madame or Sir, are now—as he was that Sabbath morning—a minister not six months old. I mean, of course, that you have been a minister not yet six months. Suppose that, like him, you have preached during those months in a small country church, consisting chiefly of a pulpit at one end and choir at the other, with only a dozen or so benches of plain—very plain but excellent—congregation between. Even then—like Robert Maxwell—you preached with all the painful timidity of twenty-three, trembling at every sentence lest, somehow or other, it should be your last; and this bright December Sabbath you suddenly find yourself in the pulpit—almost as large as the country church—of a magnificent city sanctuary. As you ascended the pulpit steps the organ burst forth into music—enough of itself to set your unaccustomed soul on a tremor. And when, fairly seated on the pulpit sofa, you had arranged your sermon in the large Bible, and selected your hymns, dreading all the time lest the overture on the organ would be done before you were ready, you had glanced furtively over the congregation, surely it would have alarmed you. On the right and the left, and far down the perspective toward the front doors, pews after pews of the wealth and fashion and intelligence of a city, all sitting in attendance upon you! As your eye falls again upon the hymn-book in your trembling hand, a cough from overhead causes you to look up to see that, on the right hand and left, above, is a gallery full, too, of hearers. The very gallery at the end opposite you is full also, as far as the stately organ, towering aloft to the domed ceiling, will allow.

Permit me to say that, if you have never been just such a minister, in just such a pulpit, on just such an occasion, you are as yet unaware of one emotion, at least, in the experience of men.

Perhaps if Robert Maxwell had entered at the grand door, and walked down the hundred and thirty feet of legislated marble which paved the broad central aisle, the result would have been different. Instead of this, however, he had ascended the pulpit by the back door. There was no vestry room outside; but before leaving his own room he had been engaged in special prayer for divine assistance. All the way to the church he had kept himself in communion with God. Perhaps it was because he entered the pulpit in such companionship as this that he was entirely at his ease there; and when the organ ceased, and he rose, and at the extending of his hands, the whole great congregation rose also for prayer with a sound like a sudden gust through a forest, he was still entirely at his ease; solemn, reverent, but perfectly at home, because it was not with the people below but with a loving Father above with whom he had to do. The noble music and the congregation had their effect upon him, of course; but it was not to excite—only to calm. He was profoundly exhilarated; but this exhilaration consisted in a sense of strength, of depth, of power, of command such as he had never before imagined.

He was far more at ease than when before the little country congregation. He took his text with a serene interest and meaning in his tones, entirely natural; as conversational almost as if he were addressing one friend seated with him in quiet; and so through his whole sermon, only he grew in warmth as he proceeded, talking, however, all the time, no preaching, no swell and no subsidence of sentences; deep, connected, respectful, earnest talk to the congregation from text to close.

And he had, from first to last, the attention, fixed and breathless, of the whole mass before him; and he knew it, with a glad, calm sense of conscious power.

"An excellent discourse—most excellent!" said good Mr. Lundy—the most pious of the trustees, because he had been the most afflicted—to his wife as they walked home from church.

And pretty much the same remark was at the same instant being made by some one in each of the groups of the vast congregation scattered from the church door toward their various homes.

"Very sensible remarks, quite a worthy young man," said the worthy great Mr. Alexander, as he carried the ducks at the head of his dinner-table.

A rich man was Mr. Alexander—very rich. He also was a trustee—the trustee of the church. There was a great deal of an emperor in his white waistcoat and gold seals and partly form.

"A little too self-possessed it seemed to me," It was Miss Imogen Alexander who said it in reply to her father. "You know he is very young, has been preaching only a few months, and that to a set of croakers off in the country somewhere. Too cool, self-possessed for one like him, preaching in such a church as ours."

Miss Imogen was chief female singer in the choir. A noble voice she had—magnificent; and nothing prevented her from singing loud and clear to the accompaniment of the organ. But then she had been accustomed to the grand old church from the time she was baptized when a babe, at its marble font in front of the pulpit.

And it was a noble church too. Long before you reached the city you saw its steeple towering aloft above every other. Its bell tower of fire even at midnight, to the soundest sleeper on the farthest verge of the town. It took at least a week for strangers visiting the city to get so accustomed to its deep tones that they would not wake every time during the night that its clock announced the hours. The most transient traveller, passing in a hurry from the hotel to the depot, would stop as he came upon the church edifice, to gaze upon its magnificent size, its huge circular-headed windows, its walls of solid granite, its noble portico of clustered columns, its steeple soaring high above. It was indeed a magnificent sanctuary; scarce a nobler one on the continent—a temple to be proud of.

And its congregation were proud of it. It was the first object of interest to which visiting friends were carried during the week. It was with peculiar pleasure that any member of the congregation showed a visitor, on the Sabbath, down the broad aisle and into his pew. Not a trustee, however rich—and all the trustees were rich—but took more pride in the church than in his own stately residence. Of all the five hundred members, not one but considered it a pride to be known as a member of that church. The poor among them spoke with occasional bitterness of the rich trustees, who did not know them even by sight. But the church itself! that was to the poorest and obscurest a pride and glory.

"Singlar," said old Mrs. Bowen to her grandchildren that afternoon, "very strange, how I heard so this morning at church. Dear dear Dr. Jones! it's ten years since I heard one good sentence of his preaching, and I never missed a Sunday. This morning I heard every word. My ears must be getting well—ain't done nothing to them either."

"Yes! but, grandma," says Jenny, "you know Dr. Jones had lost his teeth, so he couldn't speak plain. The one that preached this morning spoke so distinct like—and then it wasn't loud, like Dr. Jones, but low—like talking in a room."

"Jenny, don't you ever let me hear you say one word that even looks like saying any thing disrespectful of Dr. Jones. We'll never, never get a pastor like him," says old Mrs. Bowen.

"Why, grandma," says Jenny, the tears in her eyes, "I never thought of such a thing. And with this testament he gave me too, only one month before he died!"

And tender-hearted Jenny opens her little testament, which is lying in her lap, sees the well-known hand-writing on the first leaf, and bursts into tears.

No wonder, Dr. Jones has been dead only some four months or so. He had been pastor of the church for thirty years; and heartily had he been loved by all. The richer and more aristocratic of the church had thought him "rather—rather plain—well, an excellent man, you know—a little dull perhaps!"—but they loved him too, sincerely. Was he not the pastor of the church? For thirty years his salary—a large one it was—had been paid in at the bank prompt to the quarter day.

Rarely a week passed that he did not receive some new token of love. A pair of slippers, for instance, worked with a painful adherence to the pattern, by little Susie Brown, six weeks' hard work at intervals from school, and tending her brother Rob—slipped into the hand of the servant that opened the Doctor's door, in blushing confusion, by Susie who immediately thereon ran down the front steps and away, although she had dressed herself so nicely, intending to see the Doctor himself; and had thought about what she would say to him, and how, perhaps, he would take her on his knee and kiss her—oh, for weeks before! Splendid book, from Colonel Tanner, who kept the book store at the corner, A huge rocking chair, with the filial regards of Mrs. Marshall; a silver basket of grapes from poor Mrs. Ontario—the basket was borrowed, but the grapes were from her heart and the vine over her cottage door—a vine tended for this express purpose—every cluster sent when ripe; it was all she had to give, but she sent them with fifty fold a keener enjoyment than if she had eaten them. When Colonel Beauregard returned from Europe he sent the Doctor a whole box of things; a bit of the pulpit of Knox, a fragment of stone from Luther's house, a book said to have been owned by Calvin, one of the earliest issued of Tyndale's Bibles—a host of things besides, which he had collected especially for his pastor, the collection of which formed a large part of the pleasure of his trip. Purves of gold, too, sent by little girls, that the Doctor might take a little summer trip when there was no yellow fever threatening the city that season. Not a week passed but the estimable old Doctor had some fresh proof—if proof were needed—that his people loved him with an affection of thirty years steady growth.

It was a Southern city; and if people love their pastors at the North with as warm an affection, happy are those pastors, and slanderous are the authors of the books that hint of penurious parishioners and starving, heart-broken ministers in the latitudes nearer the North Pole.

There is that instance of the affection of all to the beloved Doctor that ought by no means, perhaps, to be mentioned—that little affair of darling little Lilly Alexander. A great favorite Lilly was with the Doctor, which was no wonder; a miracle of girlish beauty and sweetness, she was the pet of every one. On one of her many childish visits to

dear Doctor Jones, the venerable pastor fell asleep in his arm-chair, for he was near seventy. A long-desired opportunity was in Lilly's reach—to curl the beautiful long white hair of her pastor. She had cherished the thought for months: "He would look like St. John—so beautiful!" The Doctor had been up during the night with a dying parishioner, and slept soundly. With touches swift and soft as a fairy's, Lilly had in a few minutes done up the entire head, propped so conveniently against the back of the chair, in papers. There was plenty of paper on the table; the thread with which he sewed his sermons was in the little drawer; a big Commentary to stand upon. "Only let them stay in till he wakes; the hair'll stay curled after that, I know," reasoned Lilly, trembling with joy, and fitting around the unconscious Doctor like a humming-bird round an almond-tree. But, her task completed, Lilly had to run out for a moment to see a favorite cat at the kitchen, when stately Mrs. Alexander called at the door in her carriage, with her staid sister from New York. Dr. Jones heard the bell, and walked gravely out of the front-door, down the steps, and so presented his extraordinary head to the astonished gaze of the ladies seated in their carriage. I do not think it actually hastened the death of Lilly, which took place so soon after. Children like her are not intended to live—at least not in this world; but I do think that, even in her bitterest agony of grief over her darling, as she lay in her coffin, a thought of that scene flashed over her mother, and she glanced at the little hands, waxen in death, and smiled and broke into a passion of tears in the same moment.

But Dr. Jones had been dead four months. The church had pensioned his widow munificently, and erected his cenotaph, and the edifice was still draped in heavy mourning the morning Robert Maxwell preached under its pained dome.

It happened in this way: Several months before Dr. Jones' death Robert Maxwell's mother had been ordered by her physicians to the city, to undergo a painful surgical operation, which only city surgeons could perform. She was a widow—Robert her only son. Accompanying his mother, he had settled her in comfortable lodgings, declined the invitation of Dr. Jones to preach for him in his grand church with sincere unwillingness, and hastened back as soon as possible to his obscure country charge. The surgery was not one, but a series of operations, threatening to extend through many weeks, even months. That the society of Agnes Morton, to whom he had been so long engaged, was on reason why duty pressed him so to return to his charge, in the bounds of which she lived, I do not say. To me the analysis and the dissection of even the noblest and purest human heart that ever beat would be a task from which I would shrink with greater horror than from the dissections upon the surgeon's table.

If there never lived a more devoted son, neither did Agnes Morton—black-eyed brunette that she was—ever imagine even a more devoted lover. And Agnes knew, it is to be hoped, she ought to. If that drawerful of letters from him, when in college and seminary, preparing for the ministry, had not taught her, it was not for lack of reading that of them over often enough. During his vacations, and since, he had settled near her. He had, in addition to all written statements, given her oral proofs—a great many of them, although he was a minister, very oral indeed—of his affection. Thoroughly intelligent—sincerely pious, because understandingly so—there was only one thing that disqualified Agnes from being a minister's wife: she was entirely too beautiful. However, there was this to counterbalance that—she was not at all rich; never had been; never expected to be. She and Robert were poor, would live poor, die poor: that was all a settled thing. Their road of life stretched straight and clear before them to the very end,—like the rails of a railway—a fixed fact—one with which they were entirely contented—at least, nearly so. She knew that her lover was a man of that order of talent which consists in a full, symmetrical, no 'le Common Sense—strong sterling, headful Common Sense. You read it in his brown hair, clear brow, open eye, sincere lip, erect and manly form, in the very tone of his voice, the calm, unexaggerated earnestness of his opinions, the evenness of his course. There was something of the clear shining daylight—plain, and real, and true about him; the steady flow of a stream deep and slow, giving promise of the broad and majestic river it is daily coming to be as it flows on.

Yes, he loved her, she loved him, because they were loved of God their Creator.

"What a Paradise earth seems just now!" she said to him, one quiet evening, as they strolled together through a landscape sleeping, in all its grassy slopes and clustering trees, in the low murmurs of a gentle breeze, and bathed in the lingering smiles of a descending sun.

"Yes, Agnes," he said, and stopping in their loving walk, he took her hand in his, and turning upon her, looked full in her dark eyes, with unutterable love; "It is Paradise to me, because of my Eve; and surely God never gave, even to Adam, such an Eve!"

At least he was strictly theological in his illustration.

"And to be as noble a Man as ever Adam could have been, even before his fall!" was her spontaneous belief—theologically incorrect. However, she did not actually utter her love, owing to a temporary impediment of well—of lips.

But for all that they could not marry just yet by a good deal. It had been only by the sternest economy that he had obtained his education. Now that he actually was in the ministry, the income promised by his country charge was very small indeed to the eye; and the part of that which was actually paid was entirely microscopic. Then the illness of his mother, the medical and other heavy expenses attendant upon her enforced residence in the city. For the present, marrying was quite out of the question. All the ciphering of their joint arithmetic yielded that unmistakable result, and that only.

Immediately after breakfast he bade his mother farewell, and was off in the cars—glad to get away just then. It was storming tremendously. "No church-meeting to-day!" he thought with half agony, half pleasure. And so he sped along. But the new born of kept up with him perfectly, on its just-fledged but suber pinions. "Then I could marry Agnes! And how could I preach in that pulpit! It is so manifest a Providence too—so unsought! Pahaw—what nonsense!—Agnes is in a travelling-dress, riding with me,

"It is a dark, a very dark providence indeed just now, but God knows best," he would say, whenever he fancied a shadow upon her brow; say in a hopeful, common-sense way, as if it was the easy prompting of his heart, all the time holding down in himself the subterranean thunder of desperate murmuring.

"Not a syllable of that, Robert: not one little syllable!" in her turn she would say, whenever, with brow a little downcast, he would begin, "If it was only so, Agnes, that we could—"

"There isn't any *if* at all, Robert: and you know it. It's plain matter-of-fact. No! You needn't try to dress up *no* into *if*. The wolf's ears and teeth will show through the sheep-skin. It's *No, No, No*, all the time! I didn't mean that about a wolf," she continued, blushing. "I have faith in our Father. I'm positively sure it is all for the best."

Though she wasn't. The very brightness of her black eyes, as she said it with such granite confidence, was partly because they had been so in tears only just before.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to represent these two as possessed of a perfect faith in God all the time—if it was only true. They were both of them sincerely, devotedly pious. Their faith in God was the cause of all their peace and joy. But it was not a perfect faith yet. You may think less of them for it; but I cannot help that. I must tell only the exact truth.

Now the young minister had arranged, at much expense for him, to have a letter from the surgeon in regard to his mother once a week. One day he received a letter announcing that one of the operations is to be performed on a certain Tuesday. That Tuesday finds him beside his mother in the city. It is Saturday noon, however, before his anxiety for his mother is relieved. Meanwhile Mr. Lundy learns of his being in the city. With the consent of the other trustees he invites Mr. Maxwell to preach the next day. It has ever been part of the pride of the congregation that their church has never been closed on a single Sabbath—a noble pride. There is no one else at hand that Sabbath; and better even the obscure Mr. Maxwell than no one at all. They consider it a high favor to him—the invitation. As it did not strike him at all in that light he consented. And this was the way he came to fill the pulpit on that bright December Sabbath.

He had at first been invited only for the morning. Immediately after that service he was urged to preach also during the afternoon. He did so, with even more pleasure. Learn a secret just here, dear reader. If you can hear a minister only once, and wish to hear him at his best, don't go to his morning service on the Sabbath. He has not got his voice or his heart into tune fairly. Wait till his second service on that day; hear him then. In fact, if a minister could only rise at night, just after the singing of the last hymn that closes the service of the hour and the Sabbath, and preach then—somehow blot the sermon just preached from the beginning all over again—it would surprise by far everything ever before heard from the lips of a man. Body, mind, soul, spirit have only then got in full tune and mood.

The people were pleased, exceedingly pleased. The more that they expected nothing, were taken unaware. Unexpected gratification, you know, is always the sweetest. In a casual, a very casual way, indeed, Mr. Alexander inquired of the young minister, as he walked down the church steps after the afternoon service, whether he would remain over the next Sabbath. Mr. Maxwell "did not know certainly—hoped not, as he was anxious to get back to his charge. It depended on his mother's health."

It so happened, however, that he could not leave his mother, and so it came to pass that he filled the pulpit again the next Sabbath morning. Now there had been during the week a low, steady buzz in the great hive. People had compared notes—confidently, you see—Maxwell's antecedents had been thoroughly ascertained from some one in the city who had known him from boyhood. On the pulpit cushion, when he entered the pulpit Sabbath afternoon, the young minister found a note requesting him to give notice of a meeting of the church for the next day at 10 o'clock A. M. It did more to upset him than anything else. If you have the least sensitiveness of structure you can always tell whether the letter to you—still unsealed in your hand—contains good or bad news—is a challenge or a remittance—a dun or the announcement of a bequest. During all the flow of Maxwell had vague intuition, in the smiles and introductions and general manner of the people, of something—he scarce defined to himself what. The tide of lady callers which had set in upon his astonished mother too! Before he opened the notice his heart told him its contents. The human element began to enter; he became painfully aware of the presence of his congregation; and his prayers and preaching on the occasion were decidedly inferior to what they had been in the same pulpit before. With shame he acknowledged it all on his knees by his bedside that night; but with a heart strangely fluttering through all his prayer, he could not sleep. "Oh, if it only could be—only really is to be!" The thought was phrased away a hundred times that night from his pillow, only to evade him and come straight back again. Through all the watches of the night he lay wide awake. Whenever he began to hope that now he could go to sleep, the deep tones of the church clock were sure to sound the hour, bearing the grand edifice full of people to him in the sound. All night long the splendid *if* haunted him like a radiant ghost—only fading a little when he rose on the rainy morning.

Immediately after breakfast he bade his mother farewell, and was off in the cars—glad to get away just then. It was storming tremendously. "No church-meeting to-day!" he thought with half agony, half pleasure. And so he sped along. But the new born of kept up with him perfectly, on its just-fledged but suber pinions. "Then I could marry Agnes! And how could I preach in that pulpit! It is so manifest a Providence too—so unsought! Pahaw—what nonsense!—Agnes is in a travelling-dress, riding with me,

my own bride, toward the city! Oh, nonsense! There never lived a more thoroughly sensible man than Robert Maxwell, nor more sincerely pious; but he was human—not an angel yet—a mere man. Besides, he was so young too! Yet there was an alteration in that railway since he last travelled it toward the city. It was a scientific level then; now the track from the city to his country charge lay tremendously down-hill. The rails were laid down such a descending grade as no civil engineer has ever yet dared to imagine. The grand objection to all such travelling is that there is such imminent danger of a disastrous accident.

And so it was. Had there been Rev. Robert Maxwell—D. D. as soon as possible afterward—would have been elected pastor of the church. On the very Tuesday afterward arrived from the North Rev. Archibald Allison, already D. D. Dr. Allison brought strong letters from the North, where he had already been a pastor. Dr. Allison had himself written, and himself published a book—"The Romance of Religion." Dr. Allison filled the pulpit of the church next Sabbath morning and afternoon; and splendid sermons Dr. Allison preached—"splendid" is the adjective that ought to have been and was used. Dr. Allison was reputed wealthy—had the dress and bearing of a wealthy man. Dr. Allison had no reluctance to becoming speedily and universally known. Dr. Allison preached the Sabbath after, attended a good many dinings during the week, and preached again the Sabbath after that. If nine-tenths of the salary paid to a pastor is from the pockets of the rich members of a church, of course they must have the choice of the man they are to salary. They did have it. One Monday morning after his arrival at his country charge as the Rev. Robert Maxwell, he sat in his study—the splendid *if* still hovering over him, but in a very faded attenuated condition, only enough of it left to worry and bother him—the Rev. Dr. Allison was duly elected pastor of the church, and was ten times more ashamed of himself than disappointed.

January, February, March, and half of April have rolled away—not four full months yet—Maxwell has gained twice four years of knowledge, qualifying him for his noblest of all professions. His heart has been duly rent, but he has seen down into it, and is a wiser man. He has been repeatedly to the city in attendance upon his mother, still there in the hands of the surgeon. Detained there, on more than one occasion he has preached an afternoon sermon for Dr. Allison. His sermons are by no means as splendid as the Doctor's—in fact, they are not splendid at all. The people have a sense of being not at a banquet, when he has preached, so much as at a daily table of substantial, wholesome food. A half-ashamed feeling, too, is somewhere in the atmosphere even of the grand church. Maxwell is still unalarmed. The prospect of marrying is still undarkened or ever. Yet, strange to say, Maxwell and his betrothed only love each other the more fondly, and have a quiet and peaceful trust in God, in comparison to which all their previous experience was a shallow impatience. It is never by caressing, but by chastening, that our Father wins our deepest love and trust. "Whomsoever he loveth he chasteneth," is the logic of religion.

And now the middle of April finds Maxwell in the city, in the chamber of his mother, slowly dying. His engagement for one year with his country charge expires with April, and he snatches a moment from his mother to write, declining any arrangement for another term. It was his mother that bound him from the West—there must be his home when this dear tie is broken.

As to Agnes, that is all thoroughly arranged. As soon as he has secured a home in the West—he knows not where that will be—she is to be his wife. They have learned to wait, learned to be patient—heavenliest of all the Christian virtues, because the serene.

Dr. Allison has called upon him once or twice. While his mother sleeps in the care of a faithful attendant, he makes a visit to the parsonage. A noble building it is, too; placed some squares from the church, with exquisite taste, by those who remember that, while the minister belongs to the church, his family is a thing altogether separate from the church as is any other family—a thing sacred to the minister's own self. Without a particle of envy Maxwell enters the home that was so near being his; waits unalarmed in the magnificent parlor; is shown unalarmed into the ideal of such a room, but he greets Dr. Allison none the less cordially. A fine-looking man is the Doctor; nothing can be richer than his dressing-gown and slippers. He is very kind indeed to the country brother. "Does he know all I wonder?" is the thought of that brother from the outset. The Doctor dwells upon the church, and nothing else, only thereby keeping the question repeating itself persistently in Maxwell's mind. The Doctor speaks of the organ, of the singing, of the Sabbath-school, of the large attendance. He incidentally mentions the recent purchase of a pastor's library; he "really must show you" a present or two he has recently received. The question rings faster and louder in his visitor's mind as the Doctor incidentally, and in various ways, impresses upon that visitor the carnal fact that he is universally admired, esteemed, beloved—rather too much idolized, in fact, than otherwise, by the people. And the prosperous pastor of the wealthy and munificent church need not have given himself the trouble either. "Without a particle of envy or repining Maxwell appreciated the brilliant position even more than Dr. Allison himself.

All men living, the man who has just missed securing an object has the fullest and keenest sense of the value of that object. If your relations with any one of the defeated candidates for the Presidency are intimate enough, first ask him what he thinks of the White House; not, however, that he will say what he thinks—exactly the reverse.

A very neatly-dressed negro man is just at

this moment shown into the room. It is the sexton of the church. With a glad smile of recognition he offers Maxwell his hand, which is cordially shaken. He is more deferential to the Doctor, who waits with evident anxiety his message. It is soon delivered, and with such dignified gravity as only the negro sexton of a fine church can put on.

"Yes, sir, I is truly distressed to say, but 'tis only as I supposed fore I went, yellow fever—sorry to say, sir, yellow fever 'yond a doubt—was what the doctor said—heard him 'stinctly."

The change that came over Dr. Allison's portly form was wonderful to see. *Willis* is the word nearest the meaning. It was as if the whole church grandeur he had just delineated around himself as its centre had come down with a crash. Men—at least old bachelors—are often so constituted. Dr. Allison had splendid talents for the pulpit, the pulpit, the wedding scene, the grand dining; he had piety, too—was of spotless life; but he had a horror of death, of yellow fever, a horror beyond control. Some men have a horror for a cat; some for a certain smell, or taste, or sound—aversion it is called. The instant yellow fever was mentioned in the Doctor's hearing, a few weeks before, he had discovered his latent aversion with a vengeance. He could not conceal it from others. In every circle he had perpetually introduced it, hoping, fearing, pooh-poohing the very idea; asking a hundred eager questions. He had held every physician he met by the button, making inquiries as to the probability now, doctor, you know? Pahaw! the possibility, I mean."

He knew that the fever had raged in the city years ago; never thought of it definitely in securing the pastorate. Since he began his inquiries, well-meaning but exceedingly mistaken old Mr. Andrews had sent him full files of the city papers for the period during the last prevalence of the fever. With a kind of fascination the Doctor had read the details—dreadful enough they were in all conscience—over and over again. Mr. Andrews had even visited the Doctor once or twice; it was favorite reminiscence of garrulous Mr. Andrews, in fact; something like the times in Valley Forge to a Revolutionary veteran; and he had supplied any lack of information left by the papers. With almost gusto had the old gentleman detailed to his pastor the singular atmosphere which preceded the advent of the pestilence; the coming of the disgusting flies of a species never before seen; the remarkable sense of vigor, and enjoyment, and fullest health, on the part of an individual, which was felt before the attack; the sudden pains in all the bones, the deadly prostration, raving, agony, black vomit, death.

"I am glad I thought to tell you all about it," said the old gentleman, as he rose to leave, after a protracted visit of this kind. "Our pastor ought to be familiar with the fever before it comes. You'll have your hands full visiting. I tell you. It's not to preach, then we need a minister; it's to bury the dead, to visit the dying, to console the dying, to console the survivors. Dr. Jones was never so active, never so much needed, as when we had fever last. Oh, Sir," said the old gentleman, taking his seat again under the pressure of the memory, "you cannot imagine how dreadful it is in the fever! The streets deserted; grass actually growing between the flags; the only wheels along the streets those of the dead-carts; the tar-barrels blazing at the corners, and the cannon firing till they found it did no good; the desolation as if the world was coming to an end—it was awful! What makes it more dreadful," continued the old gentleman, proud to impart information to his pastor, and delighted with his absorbed attention, "is, that nobody knows either the cause or remedy of the disease. When a city is at its filthiest it may not appear at all, and when the whole is washed from end to end, and the very streets perfectly white with lime, it comes none the less. And then the remedy: calomel does good one season, aggravates the disease the next. Pounded ice—yes, it did work wonders one season: the next it actually killed, I do believe—swallowed in pills, you know."

And it was long after this that Mr. Andrews could tear himself away from Dr. Allison, only to renew the theme whenever he met him afterward.

There was Dr. Allison's own family physician, Dr. Lovell; whether he had been annoyed by Dr. Allison's perpetual nervousness on the subject, or whether he really thought so, or whether it was only the Dr. Abernethy lurking in him, he once closed a conversation with his pastor, with the words, "Yes, Dr. Allison, and I have observed in my practice that persons of a full habit—say of your build—are most certain to take the fever; and just such patients, too, are most certain to die."

You see, the dissecting-table and familiarity with disease had dulled Dr. Lovell's sensibilities, or he never would have said it. All this took place weeks before the visit of Maxwell to Dr. Allison's house. One thing had sustained the doctor; the yellow fever did not visit the city every season; it had not the last; it might not this summer—not for years to come. But the morning of Maxwell's visit he had heard that a case of fever had appeared in the city, and had dispatched Charles, the sexton, instantly to learn the truth. And now he had learned it! The swift news had sent a sudden sinking of heart into every bosom in the city before night; but it affected none as it did the portly, eloquent pastor.

Now four weeks after this the Rev. Robert Maxwell received a message from a gentleman, waiting in the parlor of his boarding-house, asking to see him a moment. With reluctance he laid aside the Bible, which he was reading in low tones to his mother, propped up, faint and emaciated, in bed, and entered the parlor to find Mr. Alexander waiting him there. A sense of quiet dignity, new to him, possessed the young minister now, especially when in the society of the leading members of the church in that city. It was with unwonted deference that Mr. Alexander announced the object of his visit.

"Our pastor, Dr. Allison, has obtained leave of absence for the summer, and we are desirous to secure your services while he is away." It was now the church seeking his services as a favor. The young minister now looked down upon the application from above, not up to it as from below. His reply was ready:

"You know the condition of my mother, Mr. Alexander; how long she may linger I do not know. While I am detained in this way in the city it will give me pleasure to supply your pulpit."

And with that reply the rich Mr. Alexander had to be content.

Yes, the Church had given the Doctor leave of absence. His terror had crept into his very blood, into the very marrow of his bones; it had paled his florid complexion, dimmed his bold eye, debilitated his stately bearing. He could talk, dream, speak, think of nothing else but the fever. His excessive nervousness had become universally known. Even on the most decorous lips there was a smile when the Doctor's name was mentioned.

But on one rosy lip it was a smile of infinite bitterness. There was not a syllable to be said when the Doctor applied to the trustees for leave of absence. It was immediately granted. But Miss Imogen Alexander was "too much indisposed to see Dr. Allison" when he called to take his leave.

The queenly heiress had given her whole heart to the handsome and eloquent pastor. Proud, exclusive, a belle by birth-right, full of all the ideal which such a Southern woman has of a lover, had Dr. Allison taken too much wine at a dining, had he been guilty of ruinous extravagance, had he even struck or killed an enemy for an insult, she would only have defined the world, and conferred upon him, all the more eagerly, her hand and her wealth and her heart.—But a coward!

It was a terrible blow—perhaps a wholesome one—to the pride of the whole church. They felt humiliated before the city, more than words can express. Yet even the poorest member of the church was too proud to say much of the subject.

Imogen Alexander said nothing.

And so Maxwell came to preach in the grand church Sabbath after Sabbath. He was a chastened man. It was beside his mother's bed, during the long watches of the night, with the breath flickering uncertainly on her pallid lips, that he prepared his sermons. The product of those solemn hours, in near companionship with the Angel of death, they were well adapted to a people bowing their heads as a people beneath the darkening shadow of the same awful wings. Splendid sermons there would have been as out of place as festive music in the chamber of the dying. It was practical religious instruction they needed and received. Instruction fresh from the Word of God—not gloomy but glad with the good news of the Gospel—not gloomy, but glorious with the hopes and hues of heaven! It was with a huger as for the bread of life that the congregation entered their sanctuary. It was with a sense of refreshment and new strength for the duties of life and the trials of the hour that they returned to their homes.

And those duties, those trials, now came fast and frequent, Maxwell's mother still lingered—frail as the last leaf of autumn, and held to life by as slight a tie, untouched in her chamber by the gust that was raging around her tearing from the boughs the young and the strong in the full summer of the leaf. The yellow fever was indeed upon the city—a disease the more terrible because—its cause unknown, its remedy only guessed at—it seemed direct from the hand of God. There was duty for Maxwell now more important even than preparing and preaching sermons. Few, comparatively, gathered in the church for worship. His work lay outside the splendid edifice. And day and night—there was little distinction now between them—was he at his work. Did he lie down for a moment's sleep utterly fatigued—he is aroused to visit some one just stricken, anxious for his body, doubly anxious about his soul. Did he sit down to a hasty meal—he is hurried from it to the chamber of another victim. His business there is not prayer or conversation. No; with coat off he bathes the hot head and holds down the delirious wretch, till hands and bosoms are spotted with the inkly vomit. He snatches an instant to soothe his suffering parent, but must lay aside the cup from his hand, the endearment from his lip, to hasten to bury the dead—time enough only permitted him to cast at least a fitting beam of Christ and heaven upon what would otherwise seem like the burial of a dog. Nor can he leave the weeping survivors "let him as least repeated to them, from memory, some passage of Scripture, and offered at least a brief but fervent prayer. The ordinary duties he had performed before as a minister were all very well; but he was now engaged in the practical working of religion.

The fever had not reached its height when he must cease from his duties to others, while he utters a last prayer beside his mother. And she smiles, as she dies, that she leaves him so occupied in his Master's work. But from her very grave he is hurried off to the carrying on of that work which is increasing upon him. And now a bar is in his way. His mother is dead—why should he remain on the field? Not that he desires to leave—delicacy prompts the question. In the rapidly succeeding calls upon him he has hardly time to debate the question. He comes as soon as possible upon Mr. Alexander. He finds him in the chamber of the dying—broadcloth, ruffles, stately bearing, aristocratic dignity, all gone together—hard at work. Before he can say a word Mr. Alexander has anticipated him. "We entreat you to remain!" is all he says; and Maxwell forgets Delicacy in present duty.

The fever reaches its climax, begins to decline, slowly creeps. Maxwell himself lies smitten down. His diseases reaches its crisis and every heart in the congregation—almost in the city—seems poised upon its turning. He is pronounced convalescent, and there is joy and fervent thanksgiving in families even whose names he had never heard.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

Poetry.

Work and Think.

Hammer, tongs and anvil ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thrifty labor's iron song.
From a thousand busy wheels bounding,
From a thousand humming looms,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty factory rooms.
Listen! workmen, to their playing—
Their advice to every clerk;
Still they're singing—still they're saying—
"Wait! your labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs ye are formed,
If, in aid of love and sin,
Hearts by emulation warmed,
Mighty though ye woo and cherish,
What shall hold your spirit down?
What shall make your high hopes perish?
Why shall ye mind's freedom frown?
Do ye wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Learning's fount to drink?
Crave ye honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germ have—work and think!

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse from day to day;
Think! but not alone of giving
Health for self, or soul for pay!
Think! Oh, be much more no longer—
Engine made of flesh and blood!
Think! it will make you freer, stronger;
Link you to the great and good!
Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self-respect and love for neighbor,
Mark the men who work—and think!

Think!—and let the thought new nerve you—
Think of men who've gone before;
Leaving "laurels" name to serve you;
Yours the path they've plodded o'er!
Freedom fights and wins her charter
With the sword of thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quarter
In the ranks of thinking men.
Think! for thought's a wand of power—
Power to make oppression shrink;
Grasp ye then, the precious dower!
Poise it—wield it—work and think!

Hold your heads up, tolling brothers;
"Mongers" be it ne'er forgot,
Labor, for ourselves and others,
Is for man a noble lot,
Noble far and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury can claim,
If but zeal and worth inspire
And true greatness be our aim.
Power to compass this is given—
Power that forms the strongest link
'Twixt an upright man and Heaven.
His noblest power—the power to think!

Select Literature.

DRIFTING AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"My good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a self-indulgent country gentleman some fifty miles away from the noisy city, amidst the din, and work, and cares of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like stainless crystal, he added. "We will ride, and sail—I have the fairest of pleasure boats—and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come—I will take no refusal. You are wearying yourself out too fast in that toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and failing ardor.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twelve months since I had seen him. He had gained liberally in flesh during that time; and his face, though rounder and larger, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years had not dealt so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife. I was grieved to see her face had grown thinner, though no less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old that caused my eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline and warm tinting were gone. But there was more thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How singularly in contrast was the broad, radiant smile that lit up his whole face with the glow of sunbeams, and the flickering light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby on her lap when I entered. Instead of laying it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursing in her arms; and her eyes passed every now and then, from mine to the cherub face that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the peach cheek with my finger.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered looking down upon it tenderly. "She seems perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. "You would think, to see her, that she'd never seen a baby in her life before. But come into the library; I've got a hundred things to talk with you about."

And he drew me away ere I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed us, and I fancied that a look of disappointment was in them.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking so well!" My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes she never looked better. She was always slight and delicate, you know, and rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault; but I have a vision of Bertha with round, ruddier cheeks than I see to-day."

blue forget-me-nots, and a plain lace cap. A slight warmth was visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, were full of smiling welcome. She looked pure and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few moments ere he gave himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pleased alacrity, the honors of the table, urging one dish after another upon her guest and her husband, she ate very little herself. The fact must have escaped the observation of my friend or he would certainly have remonstrated. I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating her dessert—

"Don't you eat anything, Bertha?" I had known her for many years—even before her marriage—and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling. "So don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get on without the substantial things that make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled in return, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner we drove out, leaving Bertha at home with her children and domestic duties. Not a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills and amidst scenery of the most charming character. I felt new life in all my pulses as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, both of us as keen for supper as though a hearty meal had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warmer glow that mantled Bertha's cheeks at dinner time had faded; and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her eyes, and a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much apparent interest to my description of many points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn, from a remark she made, that she had never looked upon it herself.

After supper my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merits of new books; or lingering over the current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us. Once I asked for her. I had a pleasant recollection of hours spent in her company.

"Oh, she's buried with the children or cloistered with her cook," answered my friend, smiling in his easy, good-natured way.

"Bertha has become a famous housewife," said I.

"She has too good a mind for burial after this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know it—I know it," replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think such an absorption of her life a good one—a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, as you are aware. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher, you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha likes her way best, why so be it; she's a good, loving, over-indulgent wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though our tastes to run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He loved his wife as tenderly as any man who loved his own case and pleasure as well as he could love any thing out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the paragon among women. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning, when I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked narrowly into her face, I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed the day before. The pearly skin lay in flat surfaces on her cheeks, forehead and shrunken nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulation. Her lips were very thin and white. Her eyes—large, dark and lustrous—shone out upon you from a farther distance in their shadowy orbits. She had no appetite, and only made a faint effort, as I could see, while her husband piled away the steak, mutton, and omelet, in a most liberal fashion, and kept him so busy at this pleasant work as to permit his wife's abstinence to escape his observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered—

"My head aches a little," and then added, "I hope my fretting baby didn't keep you awake. I don't know what ailed him. He did not sleep for an hour at a time all night. Husband had to go into another room. He can't bear the loss of rest."

"No," said he, "I must have my regular sleep. How these women manage to worry night after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me!"

Bertha coughed slightly; cleared her throat and coughed again several times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced toward my friend, to see how it affected him, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And it kills the mothers sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had disturbed him slightly, and then went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again, once or twice, during the meal.

about which he had written to me, was to be our forenoon's occupation.

After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a lunch-basket which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her fading face.

She shook her head, and half turned it toward the door, from which she had stepped into the portico to give her husband the basket, thus indicating that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's no use to invite" her said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes anywhere. Leave her with her babies and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could not have been mistaken in the sound that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself as we walked toward the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his mirror, and then look upon that pale, shadowy, fleeting countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly failing condition of Bertha. And yet my friend showed no anxiety, no dim consciousness, even, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I would ask myself over and over again, "and not take the warning that nature gives?" Was his enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not understand a condition like Bertha's? He loved her, nay, almost idolized her; and when I would hint occasionally, in a concerned way, my fears touching her health, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were troubling him with the shadow of some far-off evil. It never occurred to him that the evil was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast table. On asking for her, my friend answered that she had been up most of the night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious?" I remarked.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only looking a little paler, perhaps."

"Only a little paler. That must be a death-like pallor," I said to myself.

This morning we were to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast we went to the boat-house, and unmoored the fairy bark in which we had already spent so many happy hours together.

As she glided gently out, like a bird floating on the buoyant water, through some misty haze the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At last, catching up a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold; then, throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the slack was in. Now came the moment of suspense.

The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself and be drawn over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the expedient proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the pleasure-boat came floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of his pet with eager fondness. "How careless I was!" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced adjusting the sail.

"You could easily have recovered her again," said I, "even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a row-boat could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were moving away over the rippling water, under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then recurring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove where the wind no longer laid its soft cheek against the reed-like masts, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You are sober," he remarked. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts that concern you. Shall I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forward, and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing that is drifting from you—steadily, and getting more distant every day, and yet you heed it not."

"What can I do?" asked my friend, with alarm in his face. My few sentences had startled him from a pleasant life-dream. "She will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her, before the current that is now floating her away bears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently, "and I take the privilege of a friend to warn you in time. Not once since I have been here has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing hours on the river. She does not sit with us in the library, flowing in with our pleasant talks, and making thought more beautiful, as in other days; and when we meet her at meal-times, looking so pale and spirituelle, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are feeble from excessive weariness. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is too great."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend again, looking still more alarmed. "She is wedded to these household cares, and enslaved to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to win her away from them. There has been no remonstrance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations to join us in our rides and rambles—I speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her long, all this must be changed. You must, at any cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the plainest laws of health."

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat homeward. "Drifting away! Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterward. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding garments and hold her back."

At dinner time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's eyes wandered every little while to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned toward her and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist—

"I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax upon you. Have you been lying down this morning?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me," his voice failed a little,—"and I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will not bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

I saw light coming into her pale face, and she beamed upon me from her eyes upon her husband. His interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no."

I saw objection in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's—"Now don't say no!" coming as it did on his warmly expressed interest and concern, changed her purpose, and she said—

"It will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure," replied my friend, with all more lover-like warmth.

There was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dyeing her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked.

"At four o'clock. We will ride until six. That will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so bright and cheerful during that ride. At tea time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or, indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fern Dale. The ride had quickened her mind to a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things beautiful in nature, and this had given her a purer enjoyment, which could not soon die out. During the evening my friend, by a little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where he enjoyed her company for an hour. How solicitous my friend was to keep her mind interested, to give her thoughts a new direction, to call back old themes in art and literature that once gratified her taste or charmed her imagination! She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched deeply.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon was induced, after a little persuasion, to take a sail on the river. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as she came back from this excursion in one spirit; and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper time—an appropriation of food quite beyond anything I had seen, in her case since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have caught her garments ere we drifted quite away," said I to my friend, as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered, with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life! She shall not get free upon the waters again from any fault of my mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Many, very many, are just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were, and hundreds of overtasked wives—self-tormented, it may be, as in Bertha's case—are drifting away steadily from mortal shores upon the sea of sterility; and in a few weeks, or months, or years, they will be out of reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

Man Worship at Trinity.

A letter from New York, in the Chicago Press and Tribune, borrows the Trinity Church, New York, affair very effectively. "Euthanasia Araminta," a Fifth Avenue belle, is supposed to write it to "her dearest, adorable Sabrina Jane":

"I am so glad now that papa has kept his pew in Trinity. I wish you could have been here last Sunday. I think it was the most delicious day of my life. The Prince attended service at Trinity, and you remember our pew. It was so delightfully near to the royal party. It was so much better than sitting in a hall-room, and then there was just as much style, you know, and more—and so exclusive, everybody in full dress. I was all most crazy with fear, lest I should get disappointed by the milliner, and Madam Flanèche, but everything came home in time; the sweetest bonnet you ever saw, with a Prince's plume; and I enclose you a little piece of the dress, the new Renfrew robe—isn't it lovely? It made papa from a little when the bill came home, but he attended to all that. I had papa get me the finest prayer-book he could find; crimson velvet with a heavy gold clasp. How lucky that when we girls were at school at Madame Desaix's Young Ladies' Hypophosphon, we were regularly drilled in our responses in the church service, to give the proper sweet expressiveness to the features. It was so lucky; and then, too, on Sunday morning I practised before the glass, saying them and the Lord's Prayer aloud, and was getting along well, when that tease, Alfred, who was all the while behind the curtains, burst out laughing, and said 'Go it, sis, that high-pious style of thing will take him.' Just as if there was not a proper propriety even in saying the Lord's prayer. But Alfred is not religious, and does not appreciate these kind of things."

"I never saw anything more impressive in my life. He came in with his suite a little late. Everybody rose and received him. He took his place in the pew assigned him. Our dear rectors had prepared a delightful little surprise in two beautiful Prayer Books that lay upon the cushion. The most exquisite bindings you ever saw, presents to Albert Edward, one from Trinity church and the other from its clergy. That tease, Alfred, says if he had 'known the dodge' he would have had a box of his favorite El Renfrew cigars put into the pew, presented by the son of one of the wardens of Trinity, as papa is, you know. But Alfred should not joke on such sacred things. How sweet and how touching to give a young man away from home a pious gift like a prayer-book! The choir all came out in their new surplices, twenty-four in all. That tease, Alfred, whispered to me 'Considerable surplus piety in this church.' I was provoked, but I had to laugh. He is such a wit. I wonder the surplices are not everywhere in use, they give such a religious tone. I said so to papa, but he does not like surplices, and said gruffly, 'We should come to candles soon.'"

"The services were most imposing. They must have reminded the Prince of his home, and the tears came to my eyes as I thought of it. I saw him look at me just then, and my heart beat. There were a great many clergymen present, and several bishops, and they took turns, and all of them, never appeared better. Some of the intoning was lovely and so full of piety. Ma said religion never seemed so much like religion as on that day, and Alfred, the tease, said it reminded him a little of the Fourth of July, but Alfred isn't pious, you know. Papa says he never was prouder of Trinity, all but the surplices in the choir. But I cannot tell you all the lovely things that Sunday. The sermon was splendid. My letter is longer than I intended, but the memory of that Sunday is so delightful. I wish you could have been here. How fortunate for New York and this country that there is a Trinity where the dear Prince could be reminded of home."

"I forgot to say that I watched him carefully in all his responses. I am certain that he pronounced 'like us,' as for instance, 'Take not thy Holy Spirit from us,' 'And grant us Thy salvation.' I wish you could have heard him. It is better than dancing with the Prince, to attend church with him."

REV. J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.—A correspondent of the Christian Watchman and Recorder, writing from England, gives the following account of the appearance of the Rev. James Sheridan Knowles in a London pulpit:

He was an older person than I anticipated seeing. I should think him well nigh three-score and ten, and was very infirm in his tread; but his eye was as bright, and his voice as clear, and loud, and musical as ever. His sermon was good, but lost much of its power because he read every word of it; and English people do not like written sermons. The reading of the hymns, the Scriptures, and his prayers, I shall not soon forget. His Scripture—the chapter commencing with 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' was read as I never heard it read before. The congregation well-nigh arose from their seats. His utterance thrilled every heart—he seemed to make it a living word. It was, undoubtedly, a favorite chapter of his, since he had referred to the Bible during its rehearsal. After sermon he closed with prayer—the Lord's Prayer—and never before I heard so effectively offered; such an enunciation, such an accentuation, such paths are indescribable; and as his own heart soared heavenward, the hearts of his congregation accompanied it. The clergy of the church of England use the prayer referred to in their public worship more than all the rest of the clergy combined, and many of them are apt to hurry over it with all the speed possible, seemingly forgetting it is the prayer of our Saviour, and uttered as the model of all prayers, and prefaced with the command, 'After this manner pray ye.' No one, I am sure, can be in doubt as to what that manner was; and I would that the clergy of the church of England who are at fault in this point, could at this time have listened to Mr. Knowles, as with unaffected reverence, he prayed in our Saviour's own words.

The Right Sort of Religion.

A writer in the Congregationalist, who evidently believes, with the Apostle James, that faith without works is dead, thus describes the kind of religion which the times require:

"We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the wife from being late when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—protects the honey-moon like the eastern fig tree bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding baseness of lying and stealing—a religion that baptizes small measures from the coaltars, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, oil from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans and buttons from the contribution box."

The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genoese flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Gouvin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spoon of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton thread spool break to the yard-stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage, nor all wool delains and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together, be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand, into chimneys if constructed to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets, where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched."

The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

Sentimentalism.

What is sentimentalism? Did you ever see the shudder of a withered and antiquated prude when somebody happened inadvertently to say "Loy"? That was sentimentalism.

Did you ever see a seedy old dandy, fallen upon the evil times of dingy linen and on the vil tongues of darning laundresses, denouncing vulgarity and declaiming on refinement? That was sentimentalism.

Were you ever told of fine ladies who enlarged the compass of their crinolines, and hurried the making of their dresses, but who, while they sipped their lemonade, lamented the miseries of seamstresses? That was sentimentalism.

Have you ever known women who wept over the penitential sorrows of the fictitious Mrs. Haller on the stage, but who had only "foul scorn" (we thank you, great Queen Bess, for that magnificent phrase) for those of the actual Mrs. Haller in society? That weeping was sentimentalism.

Have you listened to men eloquent for liberty, but whose own temper was the temper of tyranny? That eloquence was sentimentalism.

Have you heard the rich hoarder, who never put a dollar in the poor-box, say, "God help the poor"? That was sentimentalism.

Have you heard the rich gourmand, sitting by his bright coal-fire of a winter's evening, while he moistened his clay with Burgundy, and whittled a pine-apple, murmur to him, self, "Alas for the houseless and cold! alas for the hungry and the thirsty" but whose interest went no further, and was, like the interjection, a mere gasp of wind? That was sentimentalism.

Have you heard the blooming and healthy maiden complain of her broken hopes and her despairing heart? That was sentimentalism.

Has an athletic youth, with the appetite of a lion and the digestion of a rhinoceros, sent you his virgin volume of poems, informing you in a confidential epistle that his verses have been written with tears and blood? That was sentimentalism.

When the sick sinner dravels about sanctity—that is sentimentalism. When the worn-out libertine eulogizes virtue—that is sentimentalism. When the dying spendthrift preaches on the worth of economy—that is sentimentalism. When the discarded courtesan mourns over the pomp, the luxury, the waste, the deificity of kings—that is sentimentalism. When kings themselves, uncrowned and disenthroned, banished or imprisoned, moralize on the vanity of glory—that is sentimentalism.

and the uncertainty of power—that is sentimentalism. When the companion of your youth, or the associate of your thought the sharer of your plans, with whom you have sworn eternal fealty at the altar of sacred friendship, refuses you the loan of half a dollar—that oath of his, surely, was nothing but sentimentalism!—Henry Giles.

THE LAW OF PUBLIC OPINION.—One of the British Magazines has an article humorously philosophical, entitled "Concerning Scylla and Charybdis; with some Thoughts upon the Swing of the Pendulum;" and the subject hidden in this enigmas is the tendency of the human mind to go into extremes, and the errors into which people fall by this law of oscillation. The following passage will serve to give an idea of the manner in which this instructive thesis is treated:

You know, of course, how the pendulum of public opinion swings backward and forward. The truth lies somewhere about the middle of the arc it describes in most cases. You know how the popularity of political men oscillates, from A, the point of greatest popularity, to B, the point of no popularity at all. Think of Lord Brougham. Once, the pendulum swung far to the right; he was the most popular man in Britain. Then, for many years, the pendulum swung far to the left, into the cold regions of unpopularity, loss of influence and opposition benches.

And now, in his last days, the pendulum has come over to the right again. So with lesser men. When the new clergyman comes to a country parish how high his estimation. Never was preacher so impressive, pastor so diligent, man so frank and agreeable. By and by his sermons are middling, his diligence middling; his manners rather stiff or rather too easy. In a year or two the pendulum rests at the proper point; and from that time onward the paragon gets, in most cases, very nearly the credit he deserves. The like oscillation of public opinion and feeling exists in the case of unfavorable as of favorable judgments.

A man commits a great crime. His guilt is thought awful. There is a general outcry for his condign punishment. He is sentenced to be hanged. In a few days the tide begins to turn. His crime was not so great. He had met great provocation. His education had been neglected. He deserves pity rather than reprobation. Petitions are got up that he should be let off; and largely signed by the selfsame folks who were loudest in the outcry against him. And instead of this fact, that those folks were the keenest against the criminal, be received (as it ought) as proof that their opinion is worth nothing at all

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South Woburn.—Messrs. E. T. BENTLEY, THOMAS RICHARDSON.

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place whose cup of happiness will run over as he remembers the God gave him, both the means and the disposition to cheer and gladden the hearts of the worthy poor? "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

Proceedings at the Adjourned Town Meeting.

The November meeting of the Town was concluded on Monday last, after a stormy session. Language, not the most choice to be found in the vocabulary, was freely made use of. Passes and counter passes were made with surprising rapidity; and citizens did not always call each other gentlemen.

The meeting was called to order by the Moderator, Mr. M. M. Tidd. The proceedings of last meeting were read by the clerk. The report of the committee on school-houses, was read, when a lively debate ensued, which was participated in by Mr. J. E. Littlefield, Mr. Libber Wood, and others. The report was not accepted on a vote of 15 to 55. But subsequently this vote was re-considered and the report adopted. The vote whereby the town decided to abate the taxes on Lyceum Hall was re-considered, as it appeared that the town had not the legal power to abate any tax. Mr. J. B. Winn thanked the town for their willingness to abate the tax had it been in their power.

The By-Law that was passed at the previous session was re-considered, and the following adopted in its stead:—

Sec. 1. No person shall drive or ride any horse or animal through any street or public way in Woburn so fast as to endanger the life or limb of any person.

Sec. 2. Every person who shall be guilty of violating either of the preceding provisions, shall for each offence forfeit and pay a fine of not less than five, nor more than twenty-five dollars and the cost of prosecution: one-half of which fine shall belong to the complainant and the other half thereof to said town.

Sec. 3. Said offences may be prosecuted and said fine and costs recovered before any magistrate of Middlesex County competent to try criminal causes, or before the Superior Court.

After the transaction of some minor business, the meeting dissolved.

Woburn Lyceum.

The opening lecture before the Woburn Lyceum was delivered by George Sumner, Esq., of Boston, on Tuesday evening. His theme was "Old Europe and Young America." He endeavored to show that this country is indebted more to the education of the masses than to anything else, for their characteristic success in whatever they undertake. He spoke of the first efforts made to educate the common people in England, and of the opposition manifested against it by men in high stations of influence. The enterprise was at length successful, while its opponents found themselves crushed beneath the overwhelming weight of public opinion. Much of the lecture was instructive and valuable, but we regret that the speaker should meddle at all with party questions in politics. This will, of course please some, but it will also displease others. The attendance was not large as usual, but we do not think the taking of the tickets at the door is the cause of this.

We will endeavor in future to give a fuller report of the lectures.

Fire.—On Monday night last, about 10 o'clock, the Blue Factory, situated in Cummingsville, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was soon sounded, which brought the firemen to the spot in quick time, but the devouring element had received too much headway to be checked, and the building with its contents was totally consumed. The safe containing books and papers, passed through the fire, but its contents were not damaged at all. The loss amounts to about \$9000. Engines Nos. 1, 2 & 4 were present. On their way home, Nos. 2 & 4 had a collision at I's house.

Wide-Awake Torches.—It has been suggested that the torches used by the Wide-Awakes would be "handy" for skaters. This is certainly an excellent idea. A company of skaters, bearing these torches upon the ice in a dark night would present a very fine appearance. We hope we shall see them upon Horn Pond the coming winter.

Stonham Branch Railroad.—The route of this road has been laid out, and the work already commenced, which will be prosecuted as expeditiously as the weather will admit. It is believed that cars will commence running by the first of the new year. This road, together with the Horse Railroad which has almost reached completion, will be of great benefit to the people of Stonham, especially the business men, and will do more to bring out the resources of this enterprising town than anything else. The want of Railroad facilities has long been felt, and we are glad to see that the matter of procuring railroads has at last assumed a decided form.

Keitt made a speech a short time since in South Carolina, in which he took occasion to praise the act of Preston Brooks in striking Mr. Sumner, and we are told that his hearers applauded his sentiments? If the people of South Carolina are like Mr. Keitt, and his hearers on this occasion, the quicker they leave the Union the better it will be for the reputation of the country. When brute force becomes the standard of valor with any people, it is an evident sign that they are fast sinking into a state of semi-barbarism.

Kansas.—New troubles have broken out in Kansas. Murders are about as ripe as the people of New England—of Massachusetts—be patient, refraining from taunts and words of unkindness, and ere long the sun of Union and prosperity will shine forth in full strength and splendor, and abiding peace and harmony be found throughout this whole great nation. Surely of us it may be said, God hath not dealt so with any nation. Let us beware how we excite the hot headed madness of others, for in so doing we may kindle a fire that will consume both them and us. Let us cast the oil of kindness upon the waves of sectional animosity rather, than they may speedily sink into a placid repose.

While we are thankful for the abundant harvest that has crowned the season, let none of us forget that even in our very midst there are those who are destitute in their baskets and their store. Has not God given some in this favor, down to an abundance that they may be the honored almoners of His bounty? Let such seek out the poor and the disheartened and impart what shall fill their hearts with gladness and thanksgiving while they call down the blessings of heaven upon those who shall kindly remember them in their need. Shall there not be many a man in this

ORGAN MUSIC.—The lovers of organ music who were so fortunate as to be present in the New Church last Monday evening, enjoyed a rare entertainment in listening to the playing of Mr. George Whiting, of Hartford, Ct. Mr. Whiting is a pupil of Mr. Morgan, the most distinguished organist in this country, and has devoted his whole time to music from boyhood. His masterly performances not only showed his own great attainments, but exhibited the power and quality of the new organ, as had been done by no one before. His playing with his feet was astonishing.—We think the instrument in the New Church is worthy such a player as Mr. Whiting, and we hope that the efforts being made to secure his services will be successful. His residence among us presents low standard of music in this town.

We might have good concerts by native talent, that would be quite as satisfactory and intelligible as the singing of foreign "Artists" in a language not one in a hundred of us understand.

CONCERT.—The concert in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening—so far as the musical part was concerned, gave excellent satisfaction. Mr. Adams always sings well, while his manner is pleasing. Mrs. Kempton, too, is always a favorite with the lovers of really good singing. The Germans will continue their wide spread reputation. We confess that we were a little surprised that the usual courtesies were withheld from this office.—Our acquaintance with Mr. Adams in times past, in connection with his concerts here, would have allowed of our speaking of the proposed concert in a manner that might have induced quite a number to attend, who, under the present circumstances, knew little or nothing of the entertainment.

Business.—The state of affairs at the South, has caused a great stringency in the money market. Men, however, who, from their experience are capable of forming a correct opinion, think a month will bring a change for the better. Let us not, then, be discouraged, but cherish the hope that better times will soon dawn. With an abundance of provisions we shall not have to contend with high prices and no money. Business must of necessity take a start for the better in a few months.

WINCHESTER ORGAN.—We understand that our Winchester friends are getting dissatisfied with their Organ. We can only advise them to let the Messrs. Hook take it out of the way and put one of their good ones in its place.

LECTURE.—Rev. Henry Kimball, of North Woburn, will deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Baptist Church, to-morrow evening, at 7 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all persons to attend.

T. Gilbert & Co., piano forte manufacturers of Boston, have failed. Liabilities \$75,000. We understand that the late firm of Church & Lane of Winchester, have lost a large amount thereby.

SCHOOLS.—The High School was examined on Thursday and the Centre Grammar School yesterday. We understand they gave excellent satisfaction to the Committee and others present. There is to be a vacation of two weeks from next Monday.

Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—This great American actress will commence an engagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, Nov. 26th. The re-opening of this theatre is of itself sufficient cause for congratulation, but with so powerful an attraction as Miss Cushman, the event assumes an additional importance to recommend it to all good patrons of the stage.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The number for December is promptly upon our table, and the contents, as usual, rich and varied. The publishers announce additional attractions in the new volume, which will commence in January. Mrs. Stowe, and Charles Reade, will each furnish a new novel. Contributions will also be received from some twenty of the best writers in this country. The Atlantic can always be found at the Woburn Book Store.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for December is also before us. It is needless to speak of the excellence of this Monthly, as it is well known and appreciated by the reading public. The present number is the commencement of the 22d volume. For Sale at the Woburn Book Store.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR: I have been trying to make out the "provisions" contained in the 1st section of the By-Law, passed at the last town meeting. The section is as follows: No person shall drive or ride any horse or other animal through or along any street or public highway in Woburn so fast as to endanger the life or limb of any person." The section certainly provides that no person shall ride any animal through our streets fast enough to endanger the life or limb of any person. But what other provisions are contained in it, is a mystery to me. The "driving" of a horse may be one, and the "riding" another. It is taken for granted that under this law no man will be allowed to "drive" or "ride" a cow or yoke of oxen fast enough to endanger the life or limb of any one. This "provision," if it is one, will probably be very generally observed. Can you, Mr. Editor, explain the first section so that common folks will understand it? Now we may violate the law ignorantly, for which we should feel very sorry. Do give us a little light on the subject.

We presume this law has been framed as laws generally are, so that nobody but those versed in law can understand it. We must refer our correspondent to them, for an exposition. A few explanatory notes do seem necessary, and these no doubt will appear in due time.—Ed.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—I have often thought that Woburn might afford a better fence for that part of her Cemetery fronting on Salem street; but it's too poor to do that, she might make the old fence look brighter by giving it a coat of paint. I think a few dollars might very easily be saved from our present expenditures, and appropriated for a good iron fence. There are many leaks, I wot of, in the expending of our money, that might be stopped, and what has heretofore flowed through those channels be made to take different courses; one of which would be the putting up of a fence, as aforesaid.

Woburn, Nov. 15, 1860.

CITIZEN.

SHOW.—The first snow of the season, in distinctly, fell yesterday forenoon.

Influence.

Far in the distant years some deeds of beauty,
Hath struck the key-note of a bold refrain,
And many a noble act and high-souled duty
Led on the lofty strain.

Far in the distant years some thought came gleaming
Along the history of this world's great life,
And quivering down from heart to heart its beam,
With glory still is rife.

O, best the power such deeds of heavenly meekness
To pour a low the track of coming days,
And bless the thoughts that fill in living sweetness
Upon life's common ways.

And glad the gathering when our time is ended,
Or all the influence that our life hath cast;
The souls that through such earnest words have
Tended
Upward to heaven at last.

OUR COUNTRYMEN.—Bayard Taylor characterizes the New England tourist as grave, respectable looking, slightly pedantic about accommodations, thin face and lips, no beard, precise in language, with gold spectacles. Under this solid information, fair capacity to enjoy himself, positive opinions, and general appreciation of nature. Not the worst fellow to travel with; The New Yorker is more flexible, and less precise, dresses well, but affects carelessness. He makes acquaintances and forgets them with equal ease, and shifts his opinions, like his clothes, if he finds better. The Philadelphian is almost as prim as the New Englander. He never talks fifteen minutes without mentioning Philadelphia. His voice is thin and sharp, and he snubs all the short vowels; yet he is warm, hospitable and accessible. The Southerner is either rarely refined—a little exacting, perhaps—or bold, swaggering and profane. His accent always shows that he played with young dukes when he was a boy; he says *where* and *there*, and *man's* for *master*. But of either class he is frank and companionable, and will fight and be reconciled ten times, while a New Englander is working up a life-long enmity. The Western man is described, if you know his latitude, and reproduces New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, as the case may be. He is restless, addicted to adjectives, and says, "That's so!" He thinks every place "slow," but his own particular place is easily satisfied, jovial, and, like the Southerner, chews tobacco, and drinks Bourbon.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON SECESSION.—The following magnificent burst of oratory uttered by Mr. Webster in the great strife of 1850, catches new grandeur from the exigency that is now upon us:

Mr. President—I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by anybody, that in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country and known all over the world for their services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface!

Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these States, now revolving in harmony round a common centre and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres and jostle against each other into the realms of space, without causing the wreck of the universe. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession.

Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live—covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear all unobserved and run off? No, sir! No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war and such a war as I will not describe in its twofold character.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : : No. 9.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

Poetry.

The Light of the Hearth.

She comes with busy footsteps;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
Across the garden wall.
The golden light is dancing bright,
Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportive fawn she boundeth
So gleefully along,
As the wild young bird she carelessly
The garden of her song.
The summer flowers are clustering thick
Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeams seem to linger,
Above her holy head,
And the wild flowers at her coming
Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh how lovely, light and fragrant
Mingles in the light within!
Oh how fondly do they nestle
Around the soul that knows no sin!

She comes, the spirit of childhood,
A thing of mortal birth,
Yet breathing still a breath of heaven,
To redeem her from the earth.
She comes to brighten robed innocents,
Unmolested by blot or blemish,
And passeth by our wayward path,
A gleam of angel light.

Oh blessed things are children;
The gift of heavenly love;
They stand between our worldly hearts
And better things above.
They link us with the spirit world
By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young,
With the presence of our youth.

Select Literature.

LIZZY GRISWOLD'S THANKS-GIVING.

"So John ain't a-comin', Miss Gris'id," squeaked Polly Mariner, entering the great kitchen, where Mrs. Griswold was paring apples, and Lizzy straining squish.

"Isn't he?" quietly replied the lady addressed, as she sat down in the flag-bottomed rocking-chair, and began rocking vehemently, all the time eyeing Lizzy from the depths of her poke-bonnet with patient scrutiny.

"No, he ain't,—so Mr. Gris'id says," went on Polly. "You see, I am a-comin' up here from the Center, so's to see if Sam couldn't wait for his roundabout till after Thanksgiving; for Kestiah Perkins, she 'twas my sister's husband's first darter, she finally married her first husband's son, she's a real likely woman, and she's wrote over from Taunton to ask me to go there to Thanksgiving; 'n' I was a-comin' here Tuesday so's to make Sam's roundabout; 'n' yesterday Miss Lukens's boy Simon, he 'taint but three year old, he got my press-board, when he was a-crawlin' round, 'n' laid it right onto the cookin'-stove, and fust thing Miss Lukens know'd it blazed right up, 'n' I can't get another fixed after Wednesday, and then I'd ought to be at Taunton, 'cause there ain't no stage runs Thursday, and there hadn't oughter, of course."

"We have got a press-board," said Mrs. Griswold, quietly.

"Yes, and I ain't going to grandmother's in my old jacket, Miss Polly," interposed Sam, one of those "terrible" children who are scattered here and there through this world. "Catch me 'where all the folks are, in that old butter nut suit!" added Sam.

But here his father stepped in at the door,—a fine, sturdy, handsome farmer, one of New England's model men, whose honesty was a proverb, and whose goodness a reliance to every creature in Greenfield.

"John isn't comin', wife," said Mr. Griswold, carefully avoiding a look at Lizzy.

"Yes," said Mr. Griswold, in a very abrupt way. "Are you ready to go back, Miss Polly? for I've got to go down to the Center again with a load of wheat."

"Well, yes, I don't know but I be. I ken stay, if you want help."

Lizzy looked quickly across the kitchen at her mother.

"O no, thank you, Miss Polly, I know Mrs. Fletcher would feel badly to lose your help, and I really don't need it until to-morrow."

"Then I'll come round to the door as quick as I've loaded up," said Mr. Griswold; and Miss Polly settled back in her chair to wait comfortably; a process much intensified by a large piece of Mrs. Griswold's gingerbread and a glass of new cider, both brought over by Lizzy's hospitable hands,—reader even than usual just now, in the vain hope of stopping Lizzy Mariner's lattering tongue.

But neither gingerbread nor cider was a specific to that end: Polly talked while she ate, and ate while she talked. But while she finished her luncheon, let us make known to the patient reader whom and what the talkers discuss.

John Boynton was a step-cousin of Lizzy Griswold's. Her youngest aunt had married a widower, with one son, some five years older than Lizzy, and had always lived in the old homestead at Coventry, with her father, while the other daughters and sons, six in number, were scattered over the State, returning once a year, at Thanksgiving, to visit their birth-place, and bring their children in to acquaintance with each other. Ebenezer Griswold, who lived at Greenfield, was nearer home than any of the others, and Lizzy, consequently, oftener at her grandfather's house than her cousins. She and John Boynton were playmates from childhood, and it was not strange that John, who had never known a pleasure unshared by Lizzy, or suffered a pain without her consolation, should grow up in the idea that he could not possibly live without her, an idea also entertained half consciously by Lizzy, though neither of them ever yet expressed it, for John was poor, and no home to offer any woman, much less the petted child of a rich farmer. So Mr. Boynton, Jr., left home to teach school in Roxbury, five years before the date of our story, without making any confidence on the subject of his hopes and fears to Miss Griswold; and she knit him stockings and hem-

med pocket handkerchiefs for him with the most cold-blooded perseverance, and nobody but the yarn and the needles knew whether she dropped any tears on them or not.

Now, it had always been John Boynton's custom to give his school Thanksgiving week as a vacation,—to take the train on Monday for Greenfield, and stay there till Wednesday, when the whole family set off together for Coventry, to spend the next day, according to time-honored precedent.

Whatever John and Lizzy did in those two dull November days, it never has been made known to the present chronicler; it is only understood that no point-blank love-making went on; yet the days always ran away, instead of creeping; and neither of the twain could believe it was Wednesday when Wednesday came. But this year those forty-eight hours were destined to drag past, for John wasn't coming; why, we shall discover,—for Polly Mariner has finished the cover,—and the gingerbread is as much a subject of inquiry as "The Indians—where are they?"

"So John Boynton ain't a-comin'?" Well, Hettie Maria Clapp's just got home from Bunkerton, with the tea table from Roxbury, 'n' she told Miss Lucas that Miss Peritt, whose sister's son keeps a grocery store to Roxbury, told her that Mr. Boynton, their teacher to the 'Cademy, was waitin' on Miss Roxannay Sharp's cousin, a dreadful pretty gal, who'd come down from Boston to see Roxannay, an' liked it so well she staid to Roxbury all through October. I do n't I should he remembered it, only I'd had the dreddiest jumpin' toothache that ever you did, 'n' Miss Lucas said she'd come into our house, 'n' she run an' got the lodum, 'n' was a-puttin' some on't onto some cotton so's to plug the hole, while she was tellin' 'n' I remember I forgot all about the jumpin' while she was talkin', so I see, 'n' I see, 'n' I see, I guess your talkin's as good as lodum; 'n' she bust out laffin', 'n' she see, 'n' Polly Mariner, I declare for't, you do beat all! 'Well, 'n' I, 'd be content, if I could beat John Boynton; for ef ever I see a feller paying attention to a gal, he's been payin' on't to Lizzy Gris'id this four year, and taint no wonder I'd think hard on't, for there never was a prettier behaved gal than her on Greenfield Hill; 'n' I see—"

Lizzy was on the point of "freeing her mind" just at this juncture, when Mrs. Griswold interposed her quiet voice,—

"Don't trouble yourself to defend Lizzy, Miss Mariner; you know John Boynton is her cousin, and he has been here a good deal. Folks will talk, I suppose, always; but if John Boynton marries well I don't think anybody'll be more forward to shake hands with him than our Lizzy."

"H'm," sniffed the sagacious Polly. "Well, I didn't suppose you'd allow 't you felt put out about it; and I wouldn't if I was you. Besides, there's as good fish in the sea as—I declare for't! there's Mr. Gris'id I'll come round early to-morrow. Good-day, all on ye!"

So Polly departed.

"I don't care, if he is!" said Lizzy, flinging herself down on the settle when the door closed behind Polly's blue cloak.

Mrs. Griswold said nothing, but Sam looked up from his whittling, and coolly remarked,—

"It looks as if you did, though!"

"Sam!" said his mother, with emphasis.

Sam whistled, and with his hands in his pockets, having shut his jack-knife with a click, and kicked his shavings into the fire, muttered something about feeding the pigs, and beat an ignominious retreat,—snubbed, as the race of Adam daily are, and daily will be, let us hope, for telling "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

For Lizzy certainly did look as if she cared. A pretty enough picture she made, too, flung down on the old black settle, one well-shaped hand pinching the arm as if it had been—John Boynton's!—the other as vigorously clenched on a harmless checked apron that showed no disposition to get away; her bright red lips trembling a little, and her gray eyes suspiciously shiny about the lashes, while her soft black hair had fallen from part of its restraints on to the gray calico dress she wore, and her foot beat time to some quick-step she didn't sing!

Mrs. Griswold did not care for the picturesque, just then; she cared much more for Lizzy, and her acute feminine instinct helped her to the right word.

"I don't believe it, dear," said she; "you'd better finish straining that squash, or widow Peters won't have her pies for Thursday."

Lizzy went to work,—work is a grand panacea, even for sentimental troubles,—and in doing battle with the obstinate squash—when was not as well cooked as it might have been,—Lizzy for the moment looked quite bright, and forgot John till her father came in for dinner.

Somebody once said that Mrs. Griswold was "a lesser Providence," and Lizzy thought so now; for scarce were they all seated at dinner, when she remarked, in a very unconcerned and natural way—

"What keeps John in Roxbury so long, father?"

"He has business in Boston," curtly answered Mr. Griswold;—"Sam, did you go over to the Corners, yesterday, about those sheep?"

Sam answered, and the conversation went on, but John's name did not enter into it, nor did Mr. Griswold offer to show his letter either to mother or Lizzy.

Now, the latter lady, not being a perfect woman, had sundry small faults: she was proud, after a certain fashion of her own; slightly sentimental, which is rather a failing than a fault; but her worst trait was a brooding, fault-finding, persevering tact at making herself miserable, scarce ever equalled.

The smallest bit of vantage-ground was enough for a start, and on that foundation Lizzy took but a few hours of suspicion and imagination to build up a whole Castle Doubting. The cause she had to do was even greater than necessary; it was peculiar, that he so perseveringly withheld John's letter; and certainly he watched Lizzy at her work with unusually tender eyes, that sometimes filled

with a sort of mist. All these things heaped up evidence for the poor girl; she brooded over each separate item all night, and added to the sum Polly Mariner's gossip, and looked forward to the day when everybody in Greenfield should say, "Lizzy Griswold's had a disappointment of John Boynton!" Poor, dear Lizzy! as if that were an unheard-of pang! as if nine-tenths of her accusations were not "disappointed" themselves,—some before, some after marriage,—some in their children, some in their wretched, dreary lives! But there was only one John, and only one heart-break present to her vision.

Polly Mariner came to breakfast next day, and pervaded the kitchen like a daily paper! Horrible murders, barn-burnings, failures, deaths, births, marriages, separations, law-suits, slanders, and petty larcenies outran each other in her glib speech, and her fingers flew as fast on Sam's blue jacket, as her tongue clattered about it.

Lizzy's pride kept her up before the old woman; she was in and out, and everywhere, a pretty spot of crimson on either fair cheek, her eyes as sparkling, and her step as light as any belle's in a ball-room; and her whole manner so gay and so charming, that Polly inwardly pronounced John Boynton a mighty fool, if he dodged such a pretty girl as that, and one with "means."

But night came, and Polly went. Lizzy went to bed with a bad headache—convenient synonym for aches of soul or body that one does not care to christen. Sleep she certainly did that night, for she dreamed John was married to a rich Boston girl with red hair and a yellow flannel dress, and that Polly Mariner was bridesmaid, in the peculiar costume of a blue roundabout and pantaloon. But sleep with such dreams was scarcely a restorer; and Wednesday morning, when Mrs. Griswold asked Lizzy if she had put up her carpet-bag to go to Coventry, she received for answer a flood of tears, and a very earnest petition to be left at home.

Leave you, Lizzy! Why, grandfather couldn't have Thanksgiving without you!—And Uncle Boynton and Aunt Lizzy is coming up from Stonington with the new baby; and John, too! You must go, Lizzy, dear!" "Can't, mother! I can't!" said the poor girl sobbing after every word; "please don't ask me. I can't! I've got a headache; O, dear!" Here a fresh burst of tears followed, as Lizzy buried her head in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Griswold was both grieved and astonished; she sat speechless stroking the soft hair that swept over her knee, till Lizzy's sobs quieted, and then said—

"Well, dear, if you're set on staying at home, I won't oppose it, if your father thinks best; but I must ask him; only what will you do, Lizzie, here alone all night?"

"Chloe and Peter will be here, mother; and I'll make Chloe sleep in Sam's room, and leave the door open; and when they go down to Dinah's, I look up, and I shan't feel afraid in broad day."

Mrs. Griswold shook her head doubtfully. "I'll see what father says," said she. So Lizzy lifted her head, and smoothed her hair, while her mother went out to the barn to consult "father."

Here she was, if anything, more puzzled. Mrs. Griswold heard the proposal with a rather misty look, as if he didn't see why, and when his wife finished, said gravely,—

"What is it, Susan? Anybody 't has lived as long as I have, knows pretty well that a woman's headache stands for a whole dictionary."

"Why, you see," said Mrs. Griswold, twisting a little lock of hair in her fingers, and faintly blushing, as if the question had been of herself, rather than Lizzy, "what's well, the fact is, husband, she's kind of riled about John's not coming; you see we haven't been real particular about the children, and so—"

"You needn't spell it, Susan," said Mr. Griswold, with a half-smile. "Polly Mariner's tongue helped on, I guess. You let Lizzy stay, if she wants to; 'twont hurt her; when folks want to sulk, I generally let 'em. She can stay."

He began to whistle "Yankee Doodle," and pitch bay energetically, while "Susan" was within hearing; but how would that dear woman's soul have floundered deeper and deeper in the fog that clouded it now, had she seen her grave husband sit down on the edge of the hay mow, and laugh till the tears stood in his keen eyes, and then, drawing his coat sleeve across the shaggy lashes, say to himself, "Poor child!" and begin his work with fresh strength.

So matters were all arranged. After dinner, the rusty, dusty old carriage appeared at the door, with the farm-horses harnessed thereto, jingling and creaking, and snapping, as if oil and use were strange to its dry joints and stiff straps. Mrs. Griswold mounted to the back seat, kissing Lizzy with hearty regret and tenderness,—her old gray parlise and green winter bonnet harmonizing with the useful age of her conveyance. "Father," in a sturdy great coat and buckskin mittens, took the reins, and Sam, whose blue jacket was at that moment crushing his mother's Sunday cap in a banister box that sat where Lizzy should have been, clambered over the front wheel, to the great detriment of the despised butter nut suit, and, seizing the whip, applied it so suddenly to Tom and Jerry that they started off down the Coventry road at a pace that threatened a solution of continuity to bones and sinews, as well as wood and leather.

Lizzy turned away sadly from the door. Who can say that just at that moment she did not wish she had gone, too? But nobody heard her say so. She went up stairs to her room, and tried to read, but couldn't attach any ideas to the words; she was half an hour over a page of a very good book, and then flung it upon the bed with an expression of disgust, as if it were the book's fault. Poor author! tell your fingers off, and spin your brains out, be as wise as Solomon, or witty as Sheridan, your work is vanity and vexation of spirit, unless the reader's brain choose to receive and vivify the hieroglyphs of your ideas; think yourself successful because a great man praises you, and to-morrow that man is twisted with dyspepsia, or some woman passes him without a smile, and your

sparkling sketch, your pathetic poem, are declared trash. Such is fame. Of which little homily the moral is—Write for money. What a thing it is to be worldly-wise. So was not Lizzy; if she had been, she would now be at Coventry, kissed and caressed by grandfather, uncles, aunts, cousins, and— But we won't anticipate.

Lizzy flung down her book, and went to her closet for another; but it was as good (or as bad) as Bluebeard's closet, for there hung the pretty crimson merino, with delicate lace at the throat and round the short sleeves, in which Miss Lizzy Griswold once intended to electrify Mr. John Boynton this very evening. True it is, that short sleeves are not the most sensible things for November; but Lizzy was twenty, and had such round, white arms, that she liked to wear short sleeves, as any girl would; and who is going to blame her? Not I! A girl doesn't know her privilege who was never just a little vain—just a little glad to be pretty when John is by. Lizzy looked at the crimson merino, and the smart slippers on the floor with a shining black bow on each instep. There, too, on a little low table, was a green box; somebody had left it open, mother, perhaps,—as she saw on its cotton bed a red coral bracelet, that came from Roxbury, or thereabouts, last year at this time. Lizzy shut up the box, and went down stairs to get tea.

Chloe was indignant to think "Miss Lisbeth" thought she couldn't get supper without help, and Miss Lisbeth was vexed with Chloe for being cross. And then, when supper came, the tea seemed very unwilling to be swallowed, and the new bread was full of large lumps that choked a person, and the lamp didn't burn clearly at all—and—and—and—Chloe, still sulky, had cleared the table Lizzy sat down on a low cricket beside her mother's stuffed rocking chair, and had as good a cry as ever she had in her life, and felt much better for it.

So she sat there, with her head on the arm of the chair, rather tired with the cry, rather down-hearted for want of the supper she had n't eaten, and making pictures in the fire, when all of a sudden it came into her head to wonder what they were doing at Coventry. There was grandfather, no doubt, in the keeping room, telling his never-tiring stories of Little Booby, and Old Bose, and the Babes in the Wood; or singing the ever new ditty of

"Did you ever, ever, ever," and so on, ad infinitum, till you got to—

"See a man eat a whale?"

to some half dozen children; while sweet Aunt Lizzy, serenely smiling, rocked the fair little baby that fifteen cousins had kissed for "welcome that day; and Uncle Boynton trotted the baby's brother on his knee, inviting him persistently to go to Boston, and buy a penny-cake, greatly to little Eben's aggravation, who would end, Lizzy knew, by crying for the cake, and being sent to bed. Then there were Sam, and Lucy Peters, and John Boynton, up to all sorts of mischief in the kitchen,—Susan Boynton and Nelly James cracking nuts and their fingers on the hearth, father and mother up stairs in grandmother's room; for grandmother was bed-ridden, but kindly and good, and humorous and patient, even in her hopeless bed, and nobody was dearer to the whole family than she. Then, of course, there was a fire in the best parlor, and there were all the older cousins, telling conundrums and stories and playing grown up games, and some two, or four, maybe, looking out in couples at the moonshine, from behind the curtains.—Susan James, perhaps, and John. Sue was so pretty!

Lizzy's head bent lower on the arm of the chair; her thoughts travelled back over a great many Thanksgivings—years ago, when she wore short frocks, and used to go with John to see the turkey's fed, and so scared when they gobbled and strutted with rage at her scarlet bombazette; how they used to pick up frozen apples and thaw them in the dish-kettle; how she pounded her thumb, cracking butter nuts with a flat-iron, and John kissed it to make it well—only it didn't! And then how they slid down hill before church, and sat a long two hours thereafter in the square pew, smelling of "meatin'-feed," and dined with the kids of every boys in new boots; and finally, after the first anthem and the long sermon were over, came home to dinner, where the children had their own table at the end of the grown people's board and Lizzy always took the head and John the foot,—till, exhausted by the good things they had eaten, and tantalized by the good things they couldn't eat, they crept away, to the fire, and their picture books for a quiet hour, winding up the day with all the plays that country and city children alike delight in.

Then came recollections of later days, when John was a young man, and Lizzy still a little girl—when long talks banished turkeys and apples and sliding; when new books or sleighrides crowded out the old game,—when the two days of John's yearly visit were half-spent in the leafless sunny woods, gathering mosses and acorn-cups, delicate fern-leaves, and clusters of fire-moss, and red winter-green berries, for the pretty frames and baskets Lizzy's skillful fingers fabricated—when he shook hands at coming and going instead of kissing her; but it seemed just the same, somehow. Dear me! those days were all gone! John didn't care about her any more! he was in love with a Boston lady.

Why should he care about a homely country cousin? He would go to live in Boston, in a great big house, and he'd be a great man, and people would talk about him, and she should see his name in the papers, but he never would come to Coventry any more! If John had a good time, what did he care if Lizzy did grow into a gray-haired, pucker-ed old maid, like Miss Case, with nobody to love her, or take care of her, or ask about her, or—or—kiss her? The climax was too much for Lizzy; great big tears ran down on the arm of the stuffed chair, and she would have sobbed out loud, only Chloe opened the door, to put up the tea-things, I suppose, and Lizzy wouldn't cry before her. But, for all that, she didn't hear Chloe come to the fireplace; she only felt her sit down in the big

chair, and simultaneously, a pair of strong arms lifted Miss Lizzy on John Boynton's knee, and held her there. It wasn't Chloe. I declare, one gets out of patience with these men! they do astonish a person so sometimes, one doesn't know what to do or say. Lizzy had been thinking to herself, not ten minutes before, with what cool and smiling reserve she should meet John Boynton, how dignified and kindly distant she would be to him,—and now, well, it was so sudden; and then, as I said before, men do get round one so—if you happen to love them—Lizzy forgot, I suppose; at any rate, she wasn't dignified or reserved, or proper, or anything of the kind, for she just hid her pretty head on his shoulder, and said, "O, John!"—

"slowly, and nothing more,"—as Mr. Tennyson remarks about cutting Iphigenia's head off with a sharp knife.

I don't know that John talked much, either. I rather think Lizzy got over the climax that had troubled her a little while before. Presently she raised her head and gathered up her hair which had fallen down, and became painfully aware that she had on only a blue calico! John never knew it; he knew box; that somebody had a very sweet face, full of cloudy blushes and sunshiny smiles, and not being a Pre-Raphaelite, the foreground was of no consequence to him.

So, after a time, Lizzy slipped down to her cricket again, still leaning on the arm—of the chair—and John expounded to her the excellent reason that had delayed his coming home. He had been offered a large salary to take the head of a public school in Boston, and those two days had been devoted to arranging the affair; he had satisfied the school committee as to his capacity, and made up his mind on several points of minor importance to them—but, perhaps, greater to him. Among others, he had found a house, a tiny house with a little yard behind, and view of Boston Harbor from the upper windows, all at a reasonable and now—he had come to Greenfield for a housekeeper.

Lizzy suddenly discovered that she was hungry, and invited John into the kitchen to get a piece of pie; but after all, instead of eating hers while he was eating his, she went up stairs, brushed out her hair, and coiled it up with a coral topped comb, that came to light, very strangely, just in time,—put on her merino frock, her bracelet, and her slippers, rolled herself up in shawls and hoods, and mittens, and was lifted into John's buggy, to old Chloe's great delight, who held the lamp, grinning like a lantern behind her, and tucking Mr. John's fox skin around his feet as if he had been ten years old.

So Lizzy Griswold did go to Coventry the night before Thanksgiving, after all; and when Uncle Boynton met her at the door, he called her "my dear daughter." Perhaps, as John had told Lizzy on the drive over, that her father had heard all about his business and his intentions, in that letter she did not see, and adopt Uncle Boynton to the place; rather an unfair proceeding, it is true, since the letter with John's special request, and indeed, Lizzy didn't act like a "cruel parent" to her father, when he came, after uncle, to give her a welcome.

They had a merry time at Coventry, that Thanksgiving,—even merrier than another smaller assemblage that took place at Greenfield Christmas, when Polly Mariner came over a week beforehand to make Sam a new suit throughout, and Lizzy looked prettier than anybody ever did before, in a fresh white dress, and a white rose, off grandmother's tea-rose bush, in her hair. It is on record, that she behaved no better than she did that evening when somebody found her crying in a blue calico; for Sam was overheard to say, as Polly hustled him off to bed, that "if ever he was married, he guessed they wouldn't catch him makin' a fool of himself by kissin' a girl right before the minister!—if he'd have been Lizzy, John Boynton's cars would have sung for one while; but the girls were fools!"

So John Boynton got a housekeeper, and Lizzy had more than one Thanksgiving day in her life before the Governor's appointments.—Atlantic Monthly.

THE MAGIC BOX.—A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not what to do to get out of her difficulties. After a time she bethought herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him she repaired for advice. She related to him all her troubles, saying:

"Things go on badly enough; nothing prospers in doors or out; pray, sir, can you not devise some remedy for my misfortune?"

The hermit—a shrewd, rosy old man—begged her to wait, and retired to an inner chamber of his cell. After a short time he brought out a very curious-looking box, carefully sealed up. "Take this," said he, "and keep it for one year; but you must three times a day and three times a night carry it into the kitchen, the cellar and the stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it, that shortly you will find things improve. But be sure at the end of a year, to bring back the box. Now, farewell."

The good woman received the precious box with many thanks, and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a supper of omelets. In the stable, she discovered and corrected some new faults. At the end of the year, she, faithful to her promise, carried the box to the hermit, and besought him to allow her to keep it, as it had most wonderfully helped her.

"Only let me keep it one year longer, and I am sure all will be remedied." The hermit smiled, and replied, "I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within, you shall have." He opened the box and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper, on which was written this couplet:

"Would you thrive most prosperously,
Yourself must ever carry care."

Suspicious and distrusts springing up in a jealous mind just as weeds do in a rank soil.

Sonnet to Thanksgiving Day.

BY QUILL.

O great Thanks giving—best of holidays!—
Although invented by our pilgrim sires—
To kill the "Popish saints," and Christmas fires,—
Is a solemn season to the poets!
Great is Thanksgiving in our Yankee Nation,
For sermons—far more politic than wise;
For eating turkeys, geese and pumpkin pies,
For visiting and social recreation;
A day for walking, riding, romancing,
For acting freely, heartily and oddly,
And what our fathers would have thought "ungodly."

A very special day for mirth and dancing.
In everything,—among all creeds and ranks,
Great is Thanksgiving—save in giving thanks.
Boston Post.

Sumner—Phillips—Andrew.

We take the following from a Boston letter in the N. Y. Tribune. Persons may differ as to the author's estimate of Sumner, but we think all will agree that the portrait of Phillips is the best yet drawn. The whole letter is very readable, and we can call to mind no one so likely to have written it as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

The impression Mr. Sumner makes upon audience and individual is a complex one; it is that of a variety of flavors ripened by art into a higher harmony than nature at first contemplated. What he is and what he is not, what he has and what he has not, have been wrought by culture and conscience into so admirable a whole, that his very defects are become qualities; nor can we spare for criticism any of the traits of a personality which courage and suffering have alike made dear to the American people. In person, voice, and manner, he is all that can be desired for a public speaker. His patience in the study of facts and his weight in stating them are valuable points in popular oratory, where instruction is as much contemplated as persuasion. Burke and Cicero have been the models of his taste and of his culture—he does them honor. But a certain cordial sincerity which makes itself felt in all his performances is, after all, his strongest weapon and his best gift. This gives a thrill to his voice and a light to his countenance that are electric in large assemblies, carrying joy and comfort to his friends, wrath and dismay to his opponents. If you want to say a thing greatly, be sure that you greatly believe it. This Sumner does, and this weight of conviction is the strongest point in his eloquence. It goes far beyond his graces of diction, considerable as they are. Nor is it too much praise of him to say that his great suffering has not soured his temper, and that his great honors have not inflated his pride. His look and smile are now as clear, bright, and naive as in the days of his youth, and he wears the crown of his martyrdom—a crown rarely worn in this world—with simple and noble unconsciousness, going on only from one faithful service to another, and esteeming his work far above his wages.

Now, if the artist has a little charge on hand this portrait, it is only with the involuntary exaggeration of good will; and it is better to give the good ideal than the bad ideal of character. No man is stereotyped; he always hangs between the two. We have drawn Sumner as we think he ought to be judged. But this brings us to speak of one who is very apt to give the bad ideal of the person he handles, and who must be dealt with all the more because, for the time, his genius makes us the involuntary accomplices of his injustice.

O, Wendell! Philippic, fiery Wendell! We were in all our election joy. The triumph of Lincoln was new, and too good to be true. We went about, as do the Russians at Easter, who say to every one they meet, "The Lord is risen." This event, and the great successes in Italy, made us feel that while the bridegroom had tarried, we had all been sleeping, and our waking eyes were yet dim with the mists of our unbelief. We had a Governor, too, after our own heart; and when we went to Tremont Temple to hear you lecture on the election, we went as if to give God thanks for its result, accepting, you to aid us in doing the same. But you, Wendell, never give God thanks for anything. You cannot say grace at dinner, without especially vilifying the butcher who provided the meat, and the cook who prepared it.

Nay, did one hand you a hospitable cup of tea, you would be sure to say, "It is a pity it is no better." And so at the Fraternity lecture, when the organ had finished playing all sorts of jubilant marches, "Buchanan's Retreat," "Lincoln's Quickstep," and "God Save the Governor," and when the eyes of all men were fastened upon you, you pitched into everybody and everything, made our great victory contemptible, knocked over Gov. Banks, held Gov. Andrew aloft, as if a new criterion whereby to judge you. Now, as I know not, moreover, by what unkind usage the fine gold of your nature has been fretted and twisted into so crooked a pattern, I went to disentangle the real tissue from its adventitious complications, and to give, if I can, the good ideal of your oft-mistaken character. Whoever reads a speech of Mr. Phillips is wounded, or perhaps angered, by injustice done to some one. Somebody's conduct is sure to be stated according to the worst construction that uncharity can put upon it, with an ingenuity of malice and keenness of ridicule which go far to make the speaker the first statistic of the day. But Mr. Phillips, in his desires is something more

than this. He wishes to be a reformer, a philanthropist, and always uses his pitiless weapon on the side of humanity, virtually or supposititiously assailed. But he forgets the humanity of those whom he, in turn, assails—forgetting even his own human limitations and infirmities. So, his Christian intentions are not Christian in their expression, and the deep music within him oftentimes does not waken the music of other hearts, wakening but a sharp echo from the angle of the wall that lies nearest. This, however, is the result of a poetic power of abstraction common to all powerful imaginations. It impersonates the evil that he pursues, and from those who seem to uphold it he for the time strips off their personality, that, like a great general, he may smite his enemies like pawns, nine-pins, cabbage-heads, and make death and carnage themselves objects of art. This is simply one manifestation of a great, an admirable power, and the expression of such moods and moments must not be constructed with cold and mean literality. When Wendell comes us all in a heap, to use Artemus Ward's happy expression, why then Wendell is poetical, and goes a little beyond what is allowable to any one's fellow creatures. But you cannot have the power without having, sometimes, its abuse. The natural forces, which are the winged messengers of heaven, sometimes overleap their mark; and freshets and thunderbolts do not make atheists of us. When there is a real vital force, we feel that it is on the whole more hopeful than hurtful; we wish it moderated, not destroyed.

But whoever hears Mr. Phillips, believes for the time as he, the orator, pleases, and, however unwillingly, is swept off his feet and carried along upon a burning stream of words and figures, to be landed, at the orator's convenience, in some new region of thought, far from the household god of his familiar opinions. This tyrannous genius sweeps an assembly like lightning—abuse, derision, ay, even unfairness, grow for the time admirable in his hands. Mr. Sumner is a slow speaker, and his battalions of thought are long in their maneuvers; but Mr. Phillips's fancies are Zouaves, wild, cruel, swift, impetuous. Mr. Sumner's language is rhetorical, Ciceroan, a little too remote, perhaps, from the parlance of common men. Mr. Phillips possesses, in perfection, the popular phraseology; he can talk the vernacular Yankee, and enoble it, as Burns ennobled his broad Scotch, by the jewels of thought that flash through the homely robe of the homespun dialect. So

The Middlesex Journal,

S. M. R. PIPPI, PROPRIETOR.

Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, seven lines, one insertion, 75 cents; each subsequent insertion 40 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as a square. Special Notices, 50 cents a line for each insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & Co. East Woburn—ALBERT L. RICHARDSON. South Woburn—E. T. WHITING. Woburn—THOMAS RICHARDSON. South Reading—Dr. J. D. MANSFIELD. Woburn—JOSIAH HOBBS.

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Boston and New York; S. R. NILES, (successor to W. R. Palmer), Scotland's Building, Court Street, Boston; and JOHN BURKILL, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, Dec. 1st, 1860.

OBSERVATION.

How true it is that some people have eyes yet see not, and ears, yet hear not, or, in other words, do not possess the habit of close and careful observation. If such individuals make a journey at home, or a tour abroad, they really see so little that they have nothing to communicate when they return home. To such men there is almost no benefit resulting from travel, intellectually speaking. A man must learn to use his eyes—and to good purpose, too,—or they will do him no good beyond what is common to the lowest animals. Observation is necessary every where and at all times. Keep the eyes open and the mouth closed, is an old motto. By so doing we are constantly learning, without exposing our ignorance.

The man who has acquired a taste for science, especially as written in the great book of nature, is never less alone than when alone. In his walks and in his rides, in his journeys by land and sea, there is ever something new presented to his eye, something replete with interest, affording themes for thought and investigation, producing a real intellectual growth. Where others see nothing at all, he beholds what fills him with wonder and delight. It is tiresome to pass over the many miles of a long journey, with nothing to admire but the inside of the rail car or the stage coach. But when once the mind has been awakened to an interest in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, time ceases to hang heavily and we arrive at our journey's end ere we supposed ourselves half way there.

Would every person cultivate the habit of close and discriminating observation, at all times and in all places, a new world would open up to their vision, stimulating them to a careful and continued study of the works of the Divine hand. Well would it be if the power of close observation was more an object of attainment in our schools. Attention is the first requisite, and that continuously. If the mind is withdrawn and given to something frivolous, no good can be derived, but the mind must starve for want of the aliment it naturally craves and seeks. There are many persons seen at church and public lectures, who are so destitute of the habit of attention and observation—so giddy—so given to giggling, and gazing about listlessly, that they are a constant annoyance to others, and at the same time never acquire anything that renders their character truly beautiful, intellectually or morally. While walking amid tables loaded with substantial food, they are perishing for the lack of food, because they do not see what is prepared for their sustenance and growth. Sad indeed is the thought that, let what will be said and done, such a state of things will continue to exist. A few will do better, but the majority will continue to do as they have been doing.

ORGANIST FOR THE NEW CHURCH.—We understand that Mr. Whiting, of Hartford, has accepted, conditionally, the call to this town, as organist in the new church. If his conditions are acceded to, he will enter upon his duties here on the second Sabbath of December. We congratulate the Society in their prospect of an organist of such eminent ability as Mr. Whiting is known to possess.

We trust that two such excellent players as Mr. Bricher and Mr. Whiting will give a new impulse to the cause of sacred music in this town.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—Hon. Charles Sumner delivered the second lecture of the course, last Monday evening. His subject was Lafayette. The lecturer touched upon many of the most striking points in the history of this great and good man, and paid willing tribute to his many fine qualities. Mr. Sumner's lecture was well received and all seemed satisfied. The next of the course will be by Hon. George S. Hillard, of Boston. Subject, "Books and Reading."

BUSINESS.—We understand that several of our business firms have discharged their workmen, on account of the stringency of the times. We hope the present state of affairs will not exist much longer, as the consequences will be serious to many. To have so many men out of work, at the commencement of winter, when the expenses of all are increased, is something to be deprecated; and when the prospects will brighten the most sagacious cannot forestall.

We are compelled on account of Thanksgiving and other causes, to publish but a half sheet this week; yet our readers do not lose much by the change, as we give them nearly the usual quantity of new matter, though in a condensed form.

Rev. Mr. March exchanges pulpits with Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston, to-morrow.

The Third Annual Ball of the Woburn Irish Literary Association, took place on Wednesday evening last.

Hon. D. W. Gooch has furnished us with a copy of the Patent Office Report (Agriculture) for 1859, for which we return thanks.

Is it not about time for the Woburn Institute to revive again? We hope it has not been irretrievably lost in the political fog.

Physical Training.

Mr. EATON.—While attending the Massachusetts State Teachers' Convention, at Concord, last Monday, it was my privilege to meet there, Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, the celebrated advocate and practical teacher of systematic gymnastic exercises, and who has been engaged by our Lyceum Committee to give a lecture upon his favorite theme, during the present course. The Dr. kindly invited me to visit, with him, his rooms on Monday evening, and witness the exercises to which he subjected his class. Being anxious to learn more of his method I accepted his invitation and returned with him on the 6.30 P. M. train from Concord. During the journey to Boston, I availed myself of the opportunity to learn from him his method of presenting his subject to a Lyceum audience. He stated that if the people of Woburn expected a formally arranged dissertation upon the subject, he should sadly disappoint them; that he should endeavor to show us the errors into which every community has fallen and what we ought to do, and not to read a torturing sermon on the fate of some victimized darling, sacrificed to serve the purposes of some renegade seeking pedagogues. He proposes to bring with him aids and to show us some of his favorite movements in the art and to present to us such a system as may with perfect ease be introduced into all of our schools. On arriving at his rooms on Essex st., I found a large and very brilliantly illuminated hall filled with about one hundred and fifty of the Boston teachers who, under the direction of the Dr. and his aids, passed with seeming delight through their evening lesson, keeping time in all their movements to an accompaniment furnished them by an accomplished lady pianist. The movements were all so light that they could be executed by a child and yet admirably calculated to give to the body a beautiful and healthy form and motion, as well as cultivating habits of precision in all that we do. The Dr. constantly receiving letters pressing him to visit places in the vicinity of Boston and give instructions, and his engagements have already become so numerous that he is obliged to keep a corps of ten teachers constantly employed in the business. Now Mr. Eaton, why cannot we form a class in Woburn? It would benefit the teachers by giving them the knowledge requisite to present it to their various schools, and everybody might join who wished to do so, securing to themselves pleasant amusement and what is more valuable, a rightly formed health and happiness.

It would be more profitable, and I think quite as agreeable, as dancing or some other amusement I might name which require the same hours of morning for their successful completion. I hope that all those interested will work to the purpose in the matter and let us form a class of at least one hundred and twenty, and with our commodious Lyceum Hall, I am sure the Dr. can and will give us a rare chance to secure to ourselves the benefits of his justly celebrated system of physical training.

GOODY FOR JANUARY.—The first number of this magazine, for the new year, is already on our table. It is replete with every thing that the taste of desires can wish for. The steel plate engravings are very good, and the fashion plate is double the usual size. The reading matter is of the first class, which, combined with all the many other attractions, makes this periodical far in the van of all competitors.

THE HOME MONTHLY for December has been received. We have nothing further to say in praise of this "home favorite. It is what every fireside needs and ought to have.

WOOD AND TIMBER AT AUCTION NEXT WEEK.—Mr. William Winn will sell at Auction, on Monday next, Dec. 3d, at 9 o'clock, the wood and timber situated within a fourth of a mile of Winchester Centre, and one and one-fourth of Woburn Centre, belonging to Joseph Stone. On Wednesday the 6th, at 9 o'clock, he will sell the wood situated near the residence of Jesse R. Fowle in the southern part of Burlington, and belonging to James Reed. On Friday, the 7th, at 12 o'clock, the wood situated in the western part of Woburn, on the homestead of the late Joseph Gardner. These auctions will be followed by several others, so that no person can complain of not having had ample opportunity this season of supplying himself with wood.

COLD.—The thermometer, on Sunday night last, was only 10 above zero, in this town.

HENDERSON, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow student who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in the actor's face, when Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face and coolly said: "That sir, was a digression now for the argument."

THE present Pope lives very simply; his court, though externally splendid, is austere, regulated, and his privy purse is estimated at not more than 4260 Roman dollars per annum.

THE GREAT REMEDY.—The best remedy for a disordered stomach, deranged system, and general debility, is to prevent the same by avoiding the use of the many poisonous compounds and nauseous mixtures for sale in the community as Saleratus, being often little better than common Soda, and not half as harmless, some of them being absolute poison. PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS is the only pure and healthy article that can be relied on. Depot, No. 345 Washington St., New York.

YANKEE DEW DIOPH.—Why, Uncle Dew, little, how dew you dew? Come in and rest a little while, dew. How does now Hannah dew, and what is she dewing now, dew tell us about all the news? Dew dew sit up to the table, and dew as we dew; dew dew help you, dew and take out; dew dew talk some and dew dew make me dew all the talking for I shan't dew it. Now dew say something, dew."

GOLDEN WEDDING.—The Transfer of last evening has a long report of the interesting exercises which took place, on Thursday evening, Nov. 22d, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carter, in Washington—that day being the 50th anniversary of their wedding. The worthy minister, Pardon Moore, of Milford, N.H., who had the pleasure of joining the happy couple in wedlock 50 years ago, was in attendance, and seemed a connecting link between the past and present. Everything connected with this gathering was done in the most harmonious manner, and all present spent an evening much to their satisfaction.

Last year there was in England and Wales fifty-two convictions, one week on an average, and nine executions followed, all for the crime of murder.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FESTIVAL.—The celebration at the Congregational Church in observance of the placing of the gas fixtures in the meeting-house, came off on Thursday evening of last week. On that evening the church edifice was lighted up for the first time. Mr. John H. Wilcox presided at the organ and proved himself thoroughly its master. A selection from the "Old Folks' Company" of Reading, numbering some thirty, sang some ancient hymns and tunes in the style of the olden time. At 8 o'clock a short recess was taken, and the audience retired to the vestries and occupied themselves in social converse, and in listening to the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and other pieces. While thus engaged, the pastor was surprised by hearing Deacon Abbott addressing him and presenting him with fifty dollars which had been contributed by a few members of the parish, to pay for the gas fixtures in his house. The pastor expressed himself as taken entirely by surprise, that the liberality of the parish in increasing his salary was all and even more than he could reasonably expect; that their kindness to him had been often manifested, and this gift was a renewed evidence of their friendship. He could not express his feelings, for they were too deep for utterance. They knew his heart was with them, and that he sensibly appreciated their kindness—he could only ask that God would bless them, and abundantly reward them, and make him more faithful to the trust. The company then returned to the church where the music and singing was resumed and continued until 10 o'clock. After the conclusion of the performances, the singers by invitation of the Parish Committee, visited the residence of Mr. Harrison Parker, where a bountiful collation awaited them. The gas fixtures carry thirty-two burners including four in the organ loft, and are of a very neat pattern. The gas, as is most generally the case when first used, did not burn so evenly or give so brilliant a light, as it probably will on future occasions. The programme of exercises was varied somewhat from the original form, as indicated on a previous paper, which operated to the disadvantage of those concerned. One mistake made was in charging an admission fee of twenty-five cents, which only brought in about one hundred and fifty persons. The original plan was, to have all interested come in free, and have the exercises partake more of a social character. As it was, the small number present, the fullness of the atmosphere, (the house not being sufficiently warmed), the want of sociality, (it partaking more of the character of a meeting than anything else) all combined to make the occasion not so pleasant as was anticipated. The whole expense of the gas fixtures was about four hundred dollars, and it was thought by charging an admission fee, something might be raised towards relieving the treasury of the Society of a portion of this additional tax upon it.

The singing of our friends from Reading was excellent, and evinced that they were thoroughly conversant with this department to which they have given particular attention.

ORGANS.—In the last number of the Journal was a statement "that our Winchester friends were getting dissatisfied with their organ." This refers, I presume, to the Congregational Society, but is incorrect. On the contrary, so far from being dissatisfied with it, they regard it as equal, if not superior to any other in the vicinity. This is a fact. The organ has been pronounced a superior instrument by competent, and at the same time disinterested judges.

Several members of the Baptist Society have contributed liberally towards the purchase of an organ for their place of worship. The sum needed is one thousand dollars, and it is not probable that in the present state of that Society the amount can be obtained. If it could, it for be far better appropriated than for the object proposed.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.—The house on Prince Street formerly owned and occupied by N. P. Wiggins, together with the land attached, was again put up at public auction on Wednesday of last week, and knocked off to S. S. Richardson, Esq., for the sum of \$3,250. This is supposed to be a real sale, (the others having been fictitious ones) and was certainly a very low price.

GONE SOUTH.—Among the passengers by the steamer Massachusetts for Charleston, S. C., on Monday last, were Miss Addie B. Stanton, her mother, two brothers and a cousin, of this town. Her destination is Florida, where they propose to stay while, in hopes that the climate may favorably affect the young lady's health which has been for some time quite poor. May their sojourn in that southern clime produce the result so fondly desired by relatives and friends.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

It has been the custom in time past for the two Congregational and Baptist Societies to hold union meetings on Thanksgiving and Fast Days, but it would seem from a notice given last Sabbath at the Old South, that a different arrangement had been agreed upon; which is, that the Old South and Baptist Congregations should unite Thanksgiving Day, and the Baptist with the Bethesda on Fast Day. It seems a little singular that the same faith, should not unite and cooperate on such occasions, burying all past differences so deep that time would not suffice to revive them again. I speak not in anger, but in plainness of speech, when I say, that if Christians, bound to the same heaven of eternal rest, expect to exert a salutary and saving influence on those around them, they will have to show to the world a different spectacle from that indicated in the arrangement above alluded to. Christians who have the cause of the Redeemer at heart should never practically say to the world that "I am more holy than thou," such a spirit frequently manifested, will do more to engender impiety than a multitude of other influences combined,—while it counteracts to a great extent the efforts put forth by our highly esteemed clergymen Rev. Messrs. Barrows, Wilcox and Davies, for the highest good of our people both temporal and spiritual. "Behold how these brethren love one another" is indeed pleasant to behold when it is so fortunate as to witness such scenes. Since writing the above, I learn that an invitation has been extended to the Bethesda Society from their Baptist brethren to unite with them Thanksgiving Day, and the same has been cordially accepted.

Temple's Store has been enlarged, which adds much to its general appearance, and everything looks inviting.

The Singing School is augmenting in numbers and increasing in interest, and Mr. Whiting affords the highest satisfaction thus far. He appears to take a deep interest in the school and serves excellently well.

The usual morning salutation has been varied a little of late, a substitute being "Any late news from the New Confederacy?" In making allusion last week to the singing connected with the funeral services at the Old So. Church, I inadvertently omitted to make reference to the organist Mr. Everett P. Richardson, who on this occasion quite surpassed himself, playing the organ in a very subdued manner, thereby giving the greater effect to the vocal part, wherein he showed much good judgment and taste. The large auditory present did not induce him to exhibit flights of fancy, in which he is quite proficient on proper occasions.

One of our "Institutions" has been in active operation among us for some time past, collecting taxes. Now such conduct as this, Mr. R. cannot expect will escape the notice of the public or of individuals. I purpose soon to refer again to this institution, and perhaps note some of its practical workings.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Literary Association held its weekly meeting, on Monday evening, to complete their preliminary exercises for their regular meetings for the future will be held on Tuesday evenings, at the town hall, but the lectures will probably be delivered in the Congregational Meeting House, on such evenings as the lecturers can be obtained. The first lecture of the course will be delivered on Friday evening, Dec. 7, by Hon. Edward Everett. The lecture committee are negotiating with some of the most popular speakers, and a discussion is appointed for next Tuesday evening, on the comparative influence of the Press and the Pulpit.

The Educational Association will hold its monthly meeting next Monday evening, at the Lyceum Room.

The public examinations of schools last week, passed off, generally, in a very satisfactory manner. Very much labor has been performed with marked success.

Mr. Eiam Porter, teacher of the Grammar School, has been appointed principal of the High School, in place of Mr. Snow, resigned.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Nothing is more talked of in all classes of society than the marvelous cures daily effected by the two great internal and external remedies, Holloway's Pills and Ointment. All who are afflicted with hoarseness, difficult respiration, cold in the head, harsh settled coughs, bronchitis, asthma, wheezing in the chest, &c., will find immediate and permanent relief by using the Ointment well into the throat, neck and chest, as it loosens the phlegm and mucus collected in those parts, while the effort of the Pills is to expel these humors from the system. No household should be without a supply of these excellent family medicine at this season of the year.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.—The quality of this medicine has placed it upon an imperishable foundation. In destroying disease and inducing health it has no parallel. For the following Complaints these Bitters are a Specific, viz.—Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Heart Burn, Acidity, Constiveness, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility.

In many sections of our country this preparation is extensively used by physicians in their practice, and it seems to have restored many to health who were apparently beyond the reach of the healing art. Subjoined are a few tributes from well-known physicians:

MANSFIELD, Toga Co., Pa., Aug. 25, 1858. "I have used the Oxygenated Bitters in my practice with decided success in debility and general prostration, &c., and commend it to all who are afflicted with General Debility, and diseases of the digestive organs."

AUBURN, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1858. "Gentlemen—I have been in the drug business the last fifteen years, and have never sold a medicine with such satisfaction in cases of Dyspepsia as the Oxygenated Bitters, and in this disease I always recommend it."

H. G. FOWLER. BURLINGTON, Vt., Nov. 12, 1854. "I have tried the Oxygenated Bitters for Indigestion and Debility, and found immediate relief from using it. I have used it with the greatest confidence in a case of Dyspepsia and General Debility, and recommend it to all who are afflicted with these diseases."

Yours, &c., JAMES LEWIS, M. D., Prepared by S. W. FOWLE & Co., Boston, and by B. W. Conant, Woburn; Nichols Wins & Co., Woburn; Wolcott, Woburn; S. W. Fowle & Co., Churchville, South Reading; Jacob Smith, North Reading; S. R. Nichols, Woburn; Elias Cutler, Burlington, Vermont; and by dealers everywhere.

To Consumptives. The Advertiser, having been restored to health in a most happy manner, after having suffered several years with a severe affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prospectus used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find of great value. This is a new Medicine, and so simple in its construction that a child of 10 years can learn to operate by using an hour's instruction. It is equal to any Family Medicine, and its use, and the price is but five dollars.

Persons wishing the prospectus will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Woburn, Mass., Kings County, New York.

Married.

SKINNER—DOWING.—In Lynfield, Nov. 27, by Rev. Wm. C. Whitcomb, Mr. William H. Skinner and Miss Mary Ann Downing, both of Lynfield.

Died.

FITZGERALD.—In Woburn, 24th inst., John Fitzgerald, aged 37 years.

To Persons out of Employment. AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE SEWING MACHINE.—We will give a Commission, or wages at from \$25 to \$50 per month, and expenses paid. This is a new Machine, and so simple in its construction that a child of 10 years can learn to operate by using an hour's instruction. It is equal to any Family Machine in use, and the price is but five dollars.

Persons wishing the prospectus will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Woburn, Mass., Kings County, New York.

Magazines for 1861!

All Magazines are supplied at the

WOBURN BOOK STORE

at prices less than publishers' rates, together with the saving of postage.

HARPER for 1861, \$2.40.
GODEY, " 2.00.
PETERSON, " 2.40.
ATLANTIC, " 2.40.
ECLECTIC, " 4.80.

Persons wishing to commence with the New Year, should subscribe at once. WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Diaries for 1861!

All styles of Diaries for 1861, can be found at the WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Almanacs for 1861!

BROWN'S, Thomas', Pilgrim's and Christian's Almanacs for 1861, also as soon as published the Boston and Lady's Almanacs, at the Woburn Bookstore.

Sleigh for Sale!

A NEW SLEIGH, which has been used but a very short time, is offered for sale. Woburn, Dec. 1, 1860. Apply at this Office.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, is this day dissolved. R. PICKERING, J. R. PARKER, J. R. PARKER.

NOTICE.

R. PICKERING & Co. intend carrying on the business of the Woburn Marble Works, in all its branches, at their manufacturing establishment, known as the ALLEN'S Furniture Warehouses, Main Street.

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order, and on short notice. Also, a full assortment of STONE and GRANITE WORK furnished to order. IRON FENCES and Cemetery lots put up in the neatest manner. R. PICKERING, J. R. PARKER, J. R. PARKER.

GENUINE FAMILY LIQUORS.

WM. B. MOREHOUSE & Co., Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Brandy, Wines, Gins and Segars, beg leave to call attention of the citizens of the United States to their Pure Wines and Liquors, put in their own bottling, and of superior quality. Medicinal use, in cases exposed to suit customers. Clubs, Military and other public bodies, who require to purchase in large or small quantities, in cases or bottles, will be liberally dealt with. Price list sent on application.

OLD MOREHOUSE BITTERS.

Recommended by the first physicians as the best remedy known for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Debility and all Nervous Diseases. As a beverage, it is pure, wholesome, and delicious to the taste. Sold by all Druggists.

W. B. MOREHOUSE & Co., Props., 3 and 5 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. P. S.—The subscribers wish to engage a few active men, as Local and Travelling Agents for their houses, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. For particulars, address as above.

THE AMERICAN

MEDICAL AND TOILET RECEIPT BOOK. THIS book contains Recipes and Directions for making all the most valuable Medical preparations in use, also Recipes and full and explicit directions for making all the most popular and useful Cosmetics, Perfumes, Unguents, Hair Restoratives, and all Toilet Articles. If you are suffering with any chronic disease—if you wish a beautiful complexion—if you are tired of a rough face, a clear skin, a luxuriant beard or mustache—or if you wish to know anything and everything in the Medical and Toilet line, you should buy this book, and a sample of the work for personal use, (free) addressed to the publisher.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

EVERY man can save money by buying his Clothing at us. We have now on hand a complete stock of CUSTOM CLOTHING! Manufactured by ourselves and Warranted in every particular, which we offer for sale at LOWER PRICES than the cheap made article is sold elsewhere.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF

UNDERSHIRTS, DRAWERS, FURNISHING GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

Our stock of PIECE GOODS FOR CUSTOM TRADE, Comprises all of the Newest and Best Styles IN THE MARKET, which will be made up at short notice, at a small advance from cost, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

HACKETT & BUTLER.

Woburn, Sept. 15th, 1860.

Fall Styles!

HATS & CAPS AT HAMMOND'S, Woburn, Oct. 20.

Umbrellas! Umbrellas!

MAKE your selection from a choice lot of 100 Umbrellas just received by J. W. HAMMOND, Sept. 20—3m.

FOR SALE.

ONE Covered Buggy; 1 Open Buggy; 1 Sleigh; 1 Set Harness. Inquire at this Office. Woburn, Oct. 27.

SKATES! SKATES!

SUPERIOR SKATES for sale and made to order by GEORGE ALLEN, Winchester, Mass. Repairing done at short notice. Winchester, Oct. 27, 1860. 3m—4

FURS! FURS! FURS!

A good assortment for Ladies' and Children's wear at HAMMOND'S, Woburn Building, Woburn.

East Woburn Grocery Store.

H. RAMSDALL informs the inhabitants of EAST WOBURN that he keeps constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of GROCERIES, of all descriptions, and of the best quality; also, Crockery and Glass Ware; in all of which he is at the very lowest cash prices. East Woburn, Sept. 20.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES & C.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL, HARPER'S, LADIES' AMERICAN, BALLADS, RAILROAD GUIDES, &c., &c. have been received and for sale at the WOBURN BOOK STORE.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

WE shall take pleasure in showing our patrons and the public generally, the best lot of Decreases ever displayed in our Store, the medium and higher class of superior work in the hands of J. W. HAMMOND, Sept. 20.

Under Garments.

PORTSMOUTH RIB, SHELLAND MERINO, and other articles at extraordinary low prices at HAMMOND'S Clothing House, Woburn, Oct. 20. 3m.

Business Cards.

J. M. RANDALL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 17 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

Boston, March 3.

H. HARRIMAN,

HARNESSE AND COLLAR MAKER

Corner of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite Central House), Woburn, Mass.

Harnesses of every description made from the best stock, and by expert workmen, at low prices. Repairing neatly done.

Nov. 30.

WM. PRATT,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,

And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

May 14, 1859.

T. W. PAGE,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Woburn, Mass.

Sales of Real Estate, Household Furniture, and kinds of Personal Property, attended to promptly, on reasonable terms.

Orders may be left at the Woburn Hotel, April 25—yft

HORACE COLLAMORE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

OFFICE—4 WADSWORTH BLOCK,

Woburn Centre

Jan. 21, 1860.

Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : No. 10.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

Poetry.

Harvest and Liberty.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

The harvest moon is waning,
And under shielding eaves,
The wheat lies threshed and garnered,
Or heaped in heavy sheaves;
And, on a thousand spires,
Like fortresses controlled,
The corn stands waiting till the sun
Shall turn the green to gold.

Along the fair Ohio
The grapes are storing wine—
Catawba, purple Isabel,
And sweetest Muscadine—
Aunt peach and apple, ripe and red,
Drop when the light ripe blow,
Ripe and red from the vines boughs
Wherever the orchards grow.

Oh, never, north Atlantic skies,
To Ceres, garland-crowned,
When scarlet poppies, wreathed with wheat,
Her shining tresses bound—
Such glad thanksgivings filled the air,
Such wild and tender glees,
As we could bring, with shout and song,
From prairie land to sea.

But let us get the sickle by,
Nor mind the golden sheaves,
The purple grapes upon the vine,
The apples 'neath the leaves—
For you and I, and all of us
Have nobler work to do,
That will not break a backward look,
Nor bear a faint delay.

Before the yellow corn is housed,
Or reaped the amber wave,
A day will come when every man,
Upon a holier shrine,
Such gift may pay as never was borne
From mine, or ocean fane,
For Deity's god, or greater love,
Throned on the hills of Rome.

Nor India's gems, nor Persia's pearls,
Nor wood of rarest trees,
Nor spices from the Orient Isles
Slow-wafted o'er the seas,
Our shrine is Liberty's—(how clear
The air around it glows),
Our gift—the freeman's priceless vote,
Our God—the King of Kings.

The asters in the fields are gay,
The lowland woods are clad,
But we, for whom they were and glow,
Must hide our eyes in shame;
For justice and justice both are dead,
(How deep we dig their grave),
And Freedom is the bannered lie
That floats above the wave.

The million men whose hand and brain
A master claims alone—
The million mothers rearing babes
They may not seal the crown—
The weary grover by cabin fire
When hopeless day is o'er,
That start and weep, and wish from sleep
They never could awaken more.

For who loves his wife and child,
Or home, or brother's sin,
But in the ranks of Liberty
That day will seal the crown—
And looking upward through the blue,
And treading firm the road,
Go forth to win, in sacred war,
Beneath the eye of God!

Young men! around whose virgin vote
The proudest thoughts entwine,
Fathers, who may not see the light,
Another harvest shine—
And ye who know the heat of life,
And bear its toil and fray,
Oh bring your gift, with beating heart,
To Freedom's shrine that day!

And let it thrill the poet's song,
And be the statesman's care,
And speak from sermon, and from hymn,
And yearn in every prayer—
Nay, let it wait in every wind,
And flash from out the sun,
And thunder 'neath the mountain peaks
Until the work is done!

Select Literature.

A BEAUTIFUL DEVIL.

Angelique Tiquet is the heroine of an old and prolix chronicle, from which is compiled the following true romance:

Her father, Jean Auguste Carlier, having some capital, entered into partnership with a rich old bookseller and jeweler of Metz, whose only child he subsequently married. The old man died soon after the marriage, bequeathing his whole property to his daughter and son-in-law, whose careful habits daily added to its bulk. Madame Carlier died eight years after marriage, leaving a daughter of seven (this Angelique), and a two-year old son, named Auguste. Carlier did not marry again, but lived for his children. He was a man of some learning, and when the shop was closed in the evening employed himself in teaching his boy and girl. He both had quick abilities. Madame de Remonet, an aunt of the deceased Madame Carlier, had been one of the loveliest women of her time, and, although belonging to the bourgeoisie, had captivated the fancy of a youth of rank, who, in spite of the opposition of his friends, made her his wife, and obtained a post at court, where Madame's beauty, wit, and talents for intrigue forced her into favor. In those days, when Anne of Austria, in the pomp of her regency, was outraging decorum, the standard of public opinion in France demanded no high principle of conduct. Madame lived, therefore, a brilliant and heedless life, until the sudden death of her husband left her with a pension far too small to supply the luxuries to which she was accustomed. Yet she made no visible change, except to become more reckless in her mode of life, till after a few more years, when the death or estrangement of some of her patrons, and a severe illness, which seemed all at once to anticipate the work of age, caused her to think of some certainty of a home for her declining years. Her relations in Metz had, of course, been neglected; but as she knew her brother and niece to be dead, and her nephew to be wealthy, she determined to proceed to Metz, and make herself, if possible, a fixture there. At Metz she was so amiable to her nephew-in-law, so motherly with the children, and seemed to be so happy in their company, that Carlier, whose comforts were the greater for her care of his household, offered her a home with them. She accepted this offer with tears of gratitude; but as the quiet economy of the household by no means suited her taste, she soon endeavored to introduce a radical

change in all matters of expenditure. In this attempt, however, she did not succeed; for Carlier, though kind and gentle, was, in money matters, his own master. Yet he was blind to the real character of the woman whom he gave to his children as guide and companion: a woman selfish, rapacious, avaricious, utterly unprincipled, and heartless. Over the young mind of her niece she gained a complete ascendancy. Auguste was armed against her with simplicity of character, and him she hated, though she lavished upon him the tenderest endearments. After three years, finding her health restored, she resolved on a return to Paris. Imposing, therefore, upon Carlier with a specious tale that it was necessary for her to go to the capital to save her pension, she quitted Metz, but kept her hold upon the mind of Angelique. She induced him to give his daughter the advantage of Paris training; and she selected a convent of which the nuns were celebrated for proficiency in teaching. Another Angelique was sent, and she spent all her holidays with her aunt. Carlier went often to Paris after his daughter's removal thither, and was grateful for the attention his aunt paid the girl. On one of these occasions he allowed the acute lady to discover that his will was made, and that he had left his property, worth more than a million of livres, equally divided between son and daughter, with Madame for their sole guardian. He dined with his aunt that evening, and half an hour afterward left in the diligence for Metz. In three days he was dead.

He had never been a strong man, the time was mid-winter, the weather terribly severe. His death was ascribed to cold and fatigue, acting on an enfeebled constitution. Madame de Remonet would seem to have had a presentiment of the impending catastrophe, for she had everything ready for a journey when the news arrived, and she set off to Metz, with Angelique, without an hour's delay. On their arrival they found Carlier buried, and the passionate grief of Madame de Remonet attracted universal sympathy.

Angelique was now nearly sixteen, exquisitely beautiful, with hair marvelously long and abundant, so that, when let loose, it covered her almost to her feet; its color was a dark brown, with gleams of light on it, as if sprinkled with gold dust. So lovely a beauty Madame de Remonet was impatient to produce to the world. She hurried the sale of Carlier's effects as much as possible, selecting what she thought fit to retain, and, in five months after her nephew's death, returned to Paris with her two young wards. The best rooms of a handsome hotel were at once furnished with all the cumbersome luxury of the period, a complete staff of domestics was engaged, and a career of dissipation began. Woosers thronged about the young heiress; and among the rest came a young man named Henri St. Chaubert, whose father, the principle notary in Metz, had been Carlier's close friend. Henry was clever and energetic, and already distinguished in the law. His pretensions were soon set at rest by Madame de Remonet, who acting upon Angelique's vanity and ambition, persuaded her to dismiss (probably) the only lover she had who cared for herself alone. Among the crowd were two, especially distinguished: the one by Madame de Remonet; the other by her niece. The first was Monsieur Tiquet, President of the Parliament of Paris, whose relations with Madame had formerly been very intimate. He was old, ugly, and disagreeable. He had by extravagance incurred a large fortune, but his position upheld him. The aunt favored his pretensions, for the large sum had bound himself to pay her a pension on the day when he should marry Angelique. The girl herself inclined to a young Chevalier de Mongeorge, who was an officer in the King's Guards; handsome, witty, accomplished, and really in love, according to the fashion of the age and country. Mongeorge's family required high birth in his bride, and endeavored to detach him from his mistress. They procured from the King his appointment to a colonelcy in a regiment ordered to a remote part of the kingdom; and while he was gone Monsieur Tiquet made good use of his absence. Madame de Remonet assisted efficiently. Angelique was assailed by fets and costly gifts. She could not withstand so gallant and princely an adorer, and in a few weeks became Madame Tiquet.

Passionately adoring his young wife, the president was jealous of her lightest look. As Angelique had been prepared for her marriage by an intimation from her aunt that marriage by means excited lovers, she insisted on dressing like a princess, and on entertaining a throng of admirers. Her husband wished for domesticity, and had become, as spendthrifts sometimes do become, miserly, now that he had again a fortune. Constant and violent contention was the consequence, and to make matters worse, Mongeorge, whose friends had been made happy by Angelique's marriage, was recalled to Paris, and became her satellite. Monsieur Tiquet at last refused to supply his wife with money beyond a very small allowance. She applied then to her aunt, who, by supplying her with funds, still further established empire over her, while she repeatedly urged on her how fortunate it would be were Auguste to die; for Monsieur Carlier's will had decreed that if either of his heirs died without issue, the fortune of the deceased should go to the survivor. If both died childless, all was to be applied to the use of various charities, except a small sum left to Madame Remonet. Angelique ran into debt; her husband refused positively to advance or increase her allowance. Her aunt, professing to be unable to supply further demands, advised an application to Mongeorge's, upon which Angelique was compelled to acknowledge that she was already his debtor for large sums, which he had heavily involved himself to procure for her. "If Auguste would only die!" was the next terrible suggestion. "He is puny and frail, does not enjoy life, and can not live to maturity. Yet he keeps you, who so much need his money, from a vast deal of enjoyment!"

No more was said on that occasion, but at subsequent interviews the subject was revived. Auguste was a boy of thirteen, delicate and quiet, often and seriously ailing, much neglected by his aunt and sister, but loved and sedulously cared for by an old abbe, who was his tutor. His health grew worse and worse. Violent sickness, internal cramps, and racking pains, soon brought him to the brink of the grave. In about three months from the time of the first serious attack he died. No one suspected foul play. The boy had been almost unknown to any one except the servants and his tutor. His fortune went to Angelique; and she, some time afterward, presented her aunt with two thousand livres and a magnificent Cashmere shawl. Monsieur Tiquet, somewhat mollified by his wife's increase of fortune, conceded to her many of her demands, and relaxed somewhat of his vigilance. Gradually Angelique sank so low in her morality that at last Monsieur Tiquet gave his porter, who was a Gascon named Catelein, strict orders not to permit the access of his mistress, unless in company with himself, or on showing a written order from him. Angelique adding this man to her list of lovers, still was free to attend revels and masquerades, until her husband, discovering the connivance, dismissed him, and himself kept the keys. Of course Madame de Remonet was again taken into council by her pupil, and, in accordance with her advice, Angelique ceased to permit the access of his mistress, unless in company with himself, or on showing a written order from him. Angelique adding this man to her list of lovers, still was free to attend revels and masquerades, until her husband, discovering the connivance, dismissed him, and himself kept the keys.

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an hour, during which the dog, heavy with a full meal, had gone to sleep before the fire. At last it seemed disturbed, rose, whined, rolled itself on the floor writhing in convulsions, and was violently sick. In ten minutes more the dog was dead.

There was now no doubt of Angelique's intention, but the old president implored Servin, with tears, not to betray her to justice. The man solemnly promised, on condition that his master neither eat nor drank anything but what he himself prepared and brought. It was resolved between them to conceal their knowledge of the attempt as much as possible, and to allow Angelique to believe that the bread had been taken by her husband, who would feign illness. He therefore retired to bed, and was scarcely there when Angelique entered.

"In bed!" she exclaimed; "I hope you are not worse!"

He made no answer, but Servin, in a whisper, told her that his master had suddenly become very ill, and that perfect quiet would be necessary for him. During two days Angelique waited on her husband, who remained in bed; but, do what she would, Servin was not to be got rid of. If she desired him to fetch any thing, he had it at hand in a closet, or rang for another servant, saying that the doctor had ordered him never to leave his master for an instant. On the evening of the second day the valet had gone to the cupboard for something, and the president, fancying him still there, asked for a glass of eau-de-vie. Angelique flew to a table, mixed the drink, and added to it something from a little bottle which she hastily replaced in the bosom of her dress.

The glass was suddenly taken from her hand. A half-stifled scream betrayed her terror; but Servin, dispensing with all ceremony, led her from the room, and closing the chamber door behind them, said sternly,

"This can not last longer, Madame; you have put something by mistake into my master's cup. I must learn from the physician what it is. Two days ago you made a similar mistake with Monsieur's broth; but as it was Fifiine who drank it, that did not do so much matter, except that Fifiine is dead, poor thing!" She did not answer, but standing herself against the balustrade of the staircase, looked at the valet with distended eyes. "Madame sees that to preserve my master from such accidents in future it is necessary that I should ask the physician what is here," continued Servin, touching the glass. "But it would simplify matters amazingly if Madame would be so obliging as to give me the phial which is in the folds of her dress."

"You will not betray me!"

"On one condition, Madame, I will not. You must leave the care of my master altogether to me. The fatigue is too much for you, and you make nervous mistakes which might be fatal. In future, I shall make the drink, and, when you will give me that bottle, which I shall see carefully aside, with this glass, lest in an unhappy moment of forgetfulness, something might occur which would render it necessary for me to produce them."

He had scarcely spoken when she dashed the glass from his hand, and the contents, mingled with the shattered fragments, fell through the balustrade, and dropped on the staircase beneath them.

"I promise you, as you ask," she said, with a flash of triumph in her eyes. "The phial contains only an eye-wash."

The valet shook his head.

"You can not come into my master's chamber again, Madame; if you do—"

He paused, and returned to the president, who had seen the beginning of the affair, and who now set up in the bed trembling with anxiety.

"Again?" he asked.

"Again; but I have explained to Madame that she must come here no more." The wretched old president cast himself down on the pillow moaning. "Calm yourself, Monsieur," said the valet; "I will not say anything of this unless it should become necessary."

The president made no reply, and Servin proceeded to arrange the room for the night; taking his own place in an arm-chair beside the bed.

The night wore on, and when the old man fell asleep at about midnight, Servin felt inclined to follow his example. Yet an untried fear warned him to be watchful. He arose from the chair and moved about the room, opening the curtains, and gazing out into the dark and stormy night; he stirred the fire and placed himself beside it, trimming the lamp, and taking up a book; but he could hear Angelique, whose apartment adjoined that of her husband, moving cautiously about, and he was unable to fix his attention on the pages. Presently the sounds in her chamber ceased; nothing was to be heard save the moan of the wind without, and the crackling of the fresh wood he had piled on the hearth. He felt that the desire to sleep was overcoming him, and, casting about for means of rousing himself, it occurred to him to make some coffee. Noiselessly opening the door, he listened for a moment at Angelique's door; all was still there; he peered through the keyhole, but there was no light within, except from the flickering of her dying fire. Feeling that all was safe, he returned, trod carefully along the corridor, and down the staircase to the lower story, to get the articles he needed.

Scarcely had he reached the lowest step when Angelique's door opened without a sound, and she looked over the balustrade at him; she had either been in bed, or was ready for bed, for a long white night-dress was her only covering. She entered her husband's room. Approaching the table on which his drink for the night was set, she removed the stopper from the carafe, and poured into it the whole contents of a bottle she carried. At this moment she heard Servin approaching; he was ascending the stairs, she saw the reflection from the light he carried on the ceiling of the room. She could not regain her chamber unobserved, but remembering that she had pulled her door close as she came out, she darted toward a large

closet in her husband's room, lined with fixed wardrobes, and opening the door of one of these, stepped lightly in. She had scarcely shut the door upon herself when Servin entered the outer room and shut himself in. She drew before her some of the garments which hung from the pegs, and cautiously setting herself into an endurable position, could hear Servin making and drinking his coffee. Presently Monsieur Tiquet began to mumble indistinctly, and to toss his arms and head. Anon the mutterings became incoherent, sharply-uttered words; at length a fierce delirium came on. Servin took his master's hand; it was like ice to the touch. The sick man called for drink, and Servin, who had taken special care in the preparation, hastened to give him some—but to his surprise found the stopper out of the carafe.

Now he distinctly knew that he had replaced this stopper; a slight circumstance had impressed the fact on his mind; it had fallen from his hand upon the table, and had made a noise which had startled his master from his first sleep.

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reached the place of execution, she said, peremptorily, to the priest:

"Cease, Monsieur l'Abbe; permit me to die in peace. Give my love to my husband and daughter. Tell Monsieur Tiquet I forgive him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Mongeorge give my kindest adieu, and my love, if it must be cut off. So now, farewell for I will bear no more!"

Her companions in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she, too, ceased to live. The execution passed description. Women, and even men, shrieked and swooned; many fell and were trodden to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the wretched president, he retired from public life, and, living a life of the utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the Sacred Heart, where she ultimately took the veil, about a year before her father's death.

Of the poison spoken of in this true history, the worst was surely that which the honest bookseller and jeweler gave to his little child when he first blindly suffered the foul-hearted woman who became his mistress to drop her poisonous words into her ear.

Orthodoxy in North Woburn.

We copy the following from the Boston Recorder of last week:—

MEASURES, EDITORS:—I am as far as possible from wishing to revive the discussion which agitated so many minds in relation to the unhappy ordination in North Woburn, two or three years since, and am quite willing to leave it to the Ordaining Council to consider their work at their leisure. But there are some facts connected with the history of the little church in that place, since that ordination, which ought to be known. I am the more anxious to make them known, because a feeble and struggling band are obliged, on the one hand, to encounter a great amount of opposition from those around them, who were mainly instrumental in securing the ordination referred to, and, on the other hand, suffer most unjustly, as it seems to me, from suspicions of heterodoxy and the lack of confidence generally on the part of some of the neighboring ministers and churches who opposed it.

The original religious society in North Woburn was legally organized in March, 1849, under its original name of a house of worship was erected, which in October of the same year, was solemnly dedicated to the Triune God. Soon after this event, November 23d, a regular Orthodox Council was called for the purpose of organizing a church. This they did, in the usual manner; the church thus organized consisted of forty members, nearly all of whom were from the First Church in Woburn. The house was built and the church formed with the full understanding that the organization, both of the society and of the church, was to be evangelical. It was conceded on all hands that no other could live. And the society was solemnly pledged both by explicit promise and by their by-laws, to co-operate with the church in the support of evangelical preaching. For a time, all went on very quietly. But, gradually, elements not evangelical became more and more active in the church in the support of evangelical preaching. During the ministry of Mr. Dole, it became more and more evident that many could not bear plain, orthodox truth. Mr. Dole, a man of unimpeachable character and of great excellence as a minister, so deeply felt it and so clearly saw the embarrassments that must inevitably come, that he at length retired from the field, carrying however the most cordial good wishes and confidence of the church, who, almost without exception, greatly deplored the apparent necessity for the step.

It now became manifest that the "Liberal Party" had resolved to introduce a new order of things. And thus matters went on, from bad to worse, until the ordination of Mr. Nickerson. As Mr. Nickerson came direct from Andover, with Orthodox credentials endorsed by the Professors of the Theological Seminary, many, perhaps naturally, though too hastily, supposed him to be all that he professed to be; and, as he, for reasons then not so apparent as since, was acceptable to the Liberals, they acquiesced in the proposition to ordain him. But when the man, thus received by them as Orthodox, in less than eight weeks from the date of his ordination, boldly declared in his pulpit, his hostility to Orthodoxy and his sympathy with Unitarians, they saw, as never before, the nature of the game that had been played with them, and abandoned all hope of continued co-operation with the society. Meanwhile the society from time to time so managed affairs as to exclude, as far as possible, the Orthodox element, and draw in as many as possible who should swell the numbers of the "Liberal" party. They altered their by-laws which bound them to support evangelical preaching, and then straightway voted to accede to the Orthodox portion of the people who still remained members of the society a meeting was called by them for consultation, and, as the result, on January 23, 1859, a new society was organized, bearing the name of "The North Woburn Evangelical Society." This new society left the meeting-house which, with so much labor and sacrifice they had aided to erect and furnish, and, with Mr. Fairchild, of the Seminary at Andover, as their preacher, took refuge in the "Upper Room" of the school house. Mr. Fairchild labored faithfully for several months. He labored also with success. The little band of Christians to whom he dispensed the word of life from week to week, never so signally as then enjoyed the presence of the Holy Spirit; the truth was never listened to by that audience with so much earnestness and tearful interest, and never did it sink so deeply into impenitent hearts.

At length, the old society having abandoned

the place of execution, she said, peremptorily, to the priest:

"Cease, Monsieur l'Abbe; permit me to die in peace. Give my love to my husband and daughter. Tell Monsieur Tiquet I forgive him his share in the foul conspiracy which has brought me to this; and to the Chevalier Mongeorge give my kindest adieu, and my love, if it must be cut off. So now, farewell for I will bear no more!"

Her companions in crime suffered first. In a few minutes she, too, ceased to live. The execution passed description. Women, and even men, shrieked and swooned; many fell and were trodden to death. The smallest lock of her hair sold for a large sum. As for the wretched president, he retired from public life, and, living a life of the utmost seclusion with his child, placed her, when sufficiently old, in a convent of the Sacred Heart, where she ultimately took the veil, about a year before her father's death.

Of the poison spoken of in this true history, the worst was surely that which the honest bookseller and jeweler gave to his little child when he first blindly suffered the foul-hearted woman who became his mistress to drop her poisonous words into her ear.

Orthodoxy in North Woburn.

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ed their "Plan of Union" with the Unitarians at the Centre, and have since the meeting-house of which they had gained possession, the new Evangelical Society, finding the school house quite too strait for them, hired the meeting house and re-assembled there. This was in April, 1859, and from that time to the present, they have sustained Orthodox preaching there every Sabbath without exception.

Soon after the formation of this new Society, the church also held a meeting, and passed the following Preamble and Resolution:—

Whereas, A Congregational Society was formed in North Woburn, on the 12th day of March, 1819, pledged by their by-laws to the support of Evangelical Congregational preaching, and, on the faith of said pledge, this church was formed November 22d of the same year, by members from other evangelical churches dissolved and recommended for that purpose; and

Whereas, Said Society has recently altered its by-laws and introduced preachers of a different denomination into the pulpit; therefore

Resolved, That all connection between this Church and said Society has ceased and terminated.

The church by this measure stood disconnected with any Society until last winter, when, by invitation of the new Evangelical Society, they voted to co-operate with it in sustaining evangelical preaching. Since that time, that is, within less than one year, 23 persons have been added to the church, 13 by letter and 10 by profession, making the whole number of present members 60.

It is doubted whether there are two churches in the town of Woburn. The Church of Charles, in which, during the last eighteen months, prayer meetings have been better sustained, or cases of hopeful conversion more frequent in proportion to the number of hearers, than in the Evangelical Society of North Woburn. The congregation is, in fact, larger, if not larger than it ever was under the old arrangement; the Sabbath-school is also larger, and probably numbers a greater proportion of the entire congregation than any other in the State, and the influence for good that has been exerted upon the surrounding population, has been immeasurably greater than ever before.

In view of these facts, and others of like character, for which we have no room, this little band of Christians, who have sacrificed so much and suffered so much from the opposition of enemies immediately around them, naturally feel that they have some claims upon the sympathy of neighboring ministers and churches. To some of their number, it has appeared that there was, considering their efforts to prevent it, an unaccountable misapprehension in some of the churches, to the state of affairs in this little church. Their efforts to prevent and to correct these misapprehensions seem strangely to have failed. In the meeting of the Woburn Conference, held last April, at the time of the conference from North Woburn, it was reported an addition of eighteen to the church which he represented, and four or five recent conversions, the Chairman of the meeting, to whom the report was addressed, seemed not to understand the meaning of the statement, and remarked that, in all the churches of the Conference, there had been only one or two conversions during the time then under review, evidently referring to other churches than that at North Woburn. At the last meeting of the Conference, held at Reading in October, remarks and allusions were made which were very painful to those who knew the history of the case, and which, notwithstanding previous explanations, were understood to link the church at North Woburn with the old society which it long since utterly discarded, and hold its members responsible for the acts of their bitter enemies, not excepting the firing of the "patriotic gun," with which the church at North Woburn had no more to do than the church in Medford.

Feeling that these statements are due to truth, and to a selfish church struggling to maintain evangelical truth and piety; and trusting that all who have had misapprehensions and suspicions will rejoice to have them removed, I venture to ask for this communication an insertion in the Boston Herald.

Orthodox.

The Middlesex Journal,
S. R. PIPPEY, PROPRIETOR,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher; and any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, whether previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00, each insertion, one cent. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square, per year, \$12.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00. Half a Square, per year, \$6.00; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square. Special Notices, loaded, 50 cents a line, for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements must be otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted UNTIL ORDERED, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINN & Co.
East Woburn—Messrs. RICHARDSON.
Stonham—J. T. WHITTIER.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading—J. D. MAXFIELD.
Winchester—JOSIAH HOVEY.

S. M. PITTINGILL & Co., Boston and New York; H. N. HILL & Co., Boston; V. B. Palmer, Southley's Building, Court street, Boston; and JOHN STILES, Boston, are duly empowered to take advertisements for the JOURNAL, at the rates required by us.

The Middlesex Journal.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, Dec. 8th, 1860.

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page—Poetry, Harvest and Liberty; A Heavily Devel; Orthodox in North Woburn.

Last Page—Poetry, A Scene of Years Ago; Beans; The First Exhibition of Handel's Messiah; Anecdote of a Parrot, &c.

United States-Treasury.

There seems to be some trouble in Uncle Sam's money matters at the present time. There was a falling off in the revenues last week, of several hundred thousand dollars. Some of the members of Congress have had their drafts for arrears refused payment. Mr. Washburn of Illinois, was refused, but he threatened to have the draft protested, and obtained the whole amount. Mr. Sumner of Maine, presented a draft at the same time, and was refused, while Mr. Stearns of Washington presented a draft for \$3000, which was paid. The troubles at the South cannot but affect the Treasury, but the people of the South are certainly injuring themselves more by the course they are pursuing, than they are the North. We hope they will take time by and by to stop and consider what they are about. They appear willing to do as they please themselves, and are willing others should do the same, provided they do as they themselves dictate. Nothing short of this is at all satisfactory. While they are in the majority, it is right for the majority to rule, but as soon as they are in the minority they sing quite another song.

THANKSGIVING IN CUMMINGSVILLE.—The married men in the employment of Messrs. Choate and Cummings, were each presented with a good turkey, by their employers, on Thanksgiving day, fifty-six being distributed. This shows a spirit of commendable generosity, and the recipients fully appreciate the favor, and is an encouragement to the young men to have families of their own.

Rev. George Trask preaches in North Woburn, to-morrow.

Woburn Lyceum.

Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD delivered the third of the course of lectures before the Lyceum, on Tuesday evening, on "Books and Reading,"—a pleasant, instructive and genial lecture.

To young men and incidentally to young women, was this lecture particularly addressed and applicable. The world was filled with books of every description and reading was almost universal. Not only were the possessors and readers of American works to an extensive and growing amount, but we were joint heirs and possessors with Englishmen of the wealth and vastness of their books and magazines; cheap reprints of English works fill the shelves of our bookstores, and afford cheap reading to American youth. It was a great privilege to be born with English tastes, but there were corresponding dangers arising from this very fact. Within the reach of every one are books of different intrinsic value, and the great danger arises from the improper or careless selection of our reading. To the professional man—the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, and the scientific man, this lecture was not addressed, for their books are their tools of trade, and their miscellaneous reading in a great measure was governed and adapted to their peculiar pursuit. Neither was the lecture to be applied to those who have an original, intuitive taste for reading. But to the mechanic and the young merchant, the great question was what to read and how to read; and this was the important and serious question which every one must ask himself and act upon. The great central idea impressed by the lecturer, was systematic reading. It mattered not what the system was that was pursued, but it was vitally necessary that there should be some system. The man who read with no object, but the mere one of reading, was an idler; as much as he who whittled a shingle with no other object than to whittle. Many thought that they were escaping the charge of idleness who occupied their hands with holding and their eyes with following the lines of a book; but this was a mistake; one could be better and more profitably employed in making a plaything to amuse a child or in holding a skein of thread for mother or sister to wind. He who has some system in reading accomplishes infinitely more results than he who reads with no system and no object. A man can read under the most favorable and advantageous circumstances, but a very small proportion of the books in the world. "Art is long, life short," De Quincy goes into a calculation of the number of books a man could read during his life under these favorable conditions, and arrives at the conclusion that eight to ten thousand is the extreme number. Some libraries in Europe contain that at North Woburn. In a man, during his three score and ten, can read but about 2 per cent of this number.

There are three kinds of books. First the bad, which are to be shunned, which excite the voluptuous taste and prurient imagination, making virtue repulsive and vice correspondingly attractive. Second, books neither good nor bad, written oftentimes with force of style displaying rare skill in the portrayal of character and happy in their descriptions, but these are books to be seldom read, for to do so is to waste time with no purpose, no object. Third, good books and happily they are numerous. Of this third class the question is what to read, what selection to make, and how to read. A system is necessary. Instance two young men in the counting room with some time and a desire to read,—one goes into the library and reads with no other object than a taste for reading something. He has no method, no purpose to accomplish, and the result at the end of three or four years will be what? A moderate amount of history, a little poetry, a taste of biography, a few literary critiques, a popular essay or two on some scientific subject, a large share of novels and magazines. He has learned to think a little,—talk more.

The other has a desire to study a whole subject and make himself master of what has been written on it. The French Revolution presents attractive reading,—the causes that led to it, its rise and progress, its results, its effect, not only on France, but on the whole civilized world; he has investigated the causes that impel revolution, studied the characters of the men who inaugurated and carried it on, become familiar with the forms of government it destroyed and set up. This young man has gained important instruction developed his mind by the training of a system and grown in fact in mental strength and vigor.

The French Revolution is only an illustration. To an American youth the history of our own country will be a more interesting and instructive study. Every young man may take part in the government of the country and thus it is that a study of our history becomes important and necessary.

It is divided into three parts: 1st, the settlement or colonial period; 2d, the Revolutionary period; 3d, the Constitutional period. The Colonial period is rich with romantic and attractive features. The contest of savages with civilized life, the dangers and trials of a new settlement, the hard cheerful soil developed and made to bloom like a garden by the untiring patience and strong will of the settlers, the settlement of the different colonies of Plymouth and Virginia, one by austere and rigid men, the other by men of lighter stamp, and more substantial means, their growth and progress transmitting noble heritages to their children; the contest for supremacy of France and England, one holding the power from the north of the St. Lawrence, by the great lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi, the other controlling the Atlantic coast and the seaboard states; the Indian wars; the colonial governments and charters; the church governments. All these are rich subjects of our Colonial history and necessary and instructive reading for American youth.

The Revolutionary period is one of untiring and exciting interest. It was not in fact a revolution; for that supposes an overturning, a disruption of a government. The Colonies were constitutional governments, and subject to Great Britain, and she endeavored to interrupt our progress and process in self government. In her acts toward us she was like a mother who should dress her son of twenty in jacket and trousers and place him on a high chair at the table. An engineer who should endeavour to dam a rapid river, would find that it would seek a new channel in its course to the sea.

The battles of our war with Great Britain attracted more attention and interest than the questions cases which brought about the war. Bunker Hill, The treason of Arnold and the capture of Andre, the surrender of Burgoyne, the siege and capture at Yorktown, excited the interest of the reader; but we should read history not so much to

find out who fought as what fought and against what; or whose side was right, the causes that led to the battle, the principles which guided the combatants and the results produced by victory or defeat. A battle in itself is but pagant, a spectacle, like a review; but the results accomplished in the victory of a nation are the chief points of interest.

To read our history understandingly we have to seek foreign depositories—Parliamentary debates, pamphlets, contemporary papers and manuscripts, and from this systematic pursuit of our object comes the lasting benefit in reading.

The third period beginning with formation of our Constitution and coming to the present time affords rather dull reading. State congressional debates, the pages of the Register and contemporary letters manuscripts, are not very attractive to the young. But this part of our country's existence, though deficient in wars and striking or romantic features, has paramount claims to the attention and study of an American.

It has been said that that nation is happiest where history is the dullest. We should examine and study this period with peculiar care, free from the bias of party and its prejudices. It will not do to look at John Adams through democratic nor Thomas Jefferson through federal spectacles. Tenacious of our own opinions after careful study and preparation, we should be tolerant of those who differ from us.

These three divisions of our own history form a study peculiarly fitted to the wants of youth, desiring a systematic course of reading, and will, in the pursuits, give force and strength to the mental growth, developing a love of reading which will last and be beneficial always.

Novels form a great part of the reading of the present day. It is remarkable what a large number of good novels there is in the English language, many of sterling merit, great power and beauty, commanding the admiration and delight of multitudes; but novel reading is not the sort of reading to be pursued. Novels are read with the waste of too much time and the waste of mental strength and power to a very great extent. The mind that receives all its nutrition from novels becomes weak and dissipated. A characteristic of Sir Isaac Newton was his ability to hold up to his mental vision, a subject firmly, and examine it in all its bearings systematically. The great growth of mental power comes from the systematic reading and study of good books and through some novels.

After severe mental toil or through the hours of pain, novels as a relief are not injurious actually, perhaps beneficial, but the great fear and danger comes from abuse in continuous novel reading to the exclusion of every thing else. Novels are the confectionery of the mind. Our bodies could not grow and gain strength on ice cream or cream cakes to the exclusion of other more nutritious food for ice creams and cream cakes are the occasional wants and luxuries of the body, neither can the mind grow and expand healthily with no other literary food than novels. They are well enough occasionally. American youth read too many novels. It shows itself in the present culture of New England in comparison with the culture of 40 or 50 years ago. Libraries were scarce then. A new book was as an important advent almost in the family as the birth of a child. The good old books such as Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Goldsmith, Watts Hymns, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a volume or two of sermons, Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, were the staple, and they were as diligently read and studied, lines were copied in the writing books, peculiar passages discussed in the home circle, the relative merits of style questioned, and vigor and strength and prosperity were encouraged and gained. Now books are so cheap that it would be hard work to keep up with the reading of the new books issued, and we have no time to discuss the merits of substance or style. A good book deserves to be read more than once, and the frequent reading of such are beneficial.

There are three ways of reading. The first is continuous and systematic reading of good books; the second is the desultory reading of good books, the third the desultory reading of books neither good nor bad.

The lecturer impressed upon the young the necessity of reading good books systematically, and urged the benefits attending it with the dangers arising from the desultory and purposeless reading of all kinds of books. He hoped that his remarks might do the work he desired, I was satisfied if he had directed the thoughts of the young to the necessity and value of a systematic course of reading.

We have seen a paragraph, going the rounds of the papers for some time past, to the effect, that Canada has, the present year, for the first time in her history, set apart a day for Thanksgiving which the papers seem to think is something very new in the Provinces, but such is not the case. We can remember that it has been the custom, in one of the Provinces at least, for fifteen years, and how much longer we do not know, to set apart a day at the close of Autumn for the purpose of rendering thanks for the bounties of the past harvest. This same Province, we mean Prince Edward Island, was the first of all her neighbors, to establish a system of free education, universal suffrage, and the abolishment of imprisonment for debt for all sums under a certain amount, and yet she is isolated from all the world for a period of five months in every year, so that it is with great difficulty the mails are carried to and fro.

LYNN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.—We publish to-day, in another column, the advertisement of the Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank. This bank appears, from a statement which we have received from the Treasurer, to be in good condition. The deposits have increased in three years from \$7000, to \$29,000. Although the bank hours are only on Saturdays from 2 till 4, the Treasurer will attend to depositors from other towns, during City Bank hours, 8 1/2 to 12, every day.

Widow Lydia Richardson of North Woburn, was surprised by a visit, on Wednesday evening last, from a large number of her friends, who called upon her for the purpose of giving a practical token of respect to which she was held by them. They presented her with a generous share of provisions, and a purse well filled with money. After a pleasant hour of social intercourse had been spent, the company returned to their homes, feeling that they had met one heart best happy, and their own, even though the weight of many and declining years pressed heavily upon it.

Dr. Stebbins' Thanksgiving Sermon.

At the request of many persons who heard the sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Stebbins on Thanksgiving day, we publish it this week in full. Dr. Stebbins himself having allowed use of it; but pagant, a spectacle, like a review; but the results accomplished in the victory of a nation are the chief points of interest.

1 Kings 8: 27. The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers: let him not leave us, nor forsake us!

A good prayer is this of Solomon and to be offered always. The presence and guidance of the Heavenly Father are our strength and security. We are invited to offer it, and to be grateful for them—gratitude for them should ever be rendered—this day of our annual Thanksgiving. The seed time and the harvest have come and gone. The earth has yielded her increase and the garner are full. If destitution exists in a small portion of our country, it can easily be supplied from the overflowing abundance of other portions. The breezes have borne health on their wings, and carried our ships in safety over the seas. A overworked market has stopped or slackened the wheels of some manufacturing enterprises, while others have hastened their speed to meet the increasing demand. The year has been a year of success and prosperity. No plague has come nigh our dwellings, nor wasting has desolated our fields. For this general prosperity let us be thankful this day.

Let us especially be thankful for our own blessings. No prevalent disease has swept away our citizens, and filled our homes with weeping. And though our industrial interests have suffered and are suffering, no destruction of food and raiment and the comforts of life has overtaken us. Let us bear the present sluggishness of the market as patiently as we can, and be grateful for the blessings which are still granted us. In the natural course of events the avenues of our business will be again opened, and the demand fully equal the supply, giving employment to the laborer and returns to the capitalist. In a country of freedom for all manufacturing and commercial enterprises, where there is no legal restraint upon the numbers who shall enter upon the different branches of business, it is to be expected that all occupations which are profitable will soon be overrun with adventurers and reaction follow. The demand and supply mutually control each other; and as no one has sufficient sagacity to foresee when they will be unequal, fluctuation is constantly taking place; sometimes the demand exceeds the supply and then high prices are obtained for goods and labor, workmen rush to the shops, stores are stocked with goods, and the market is soon glutted and reaction follows; workmen are thrown out of employment, goods depreciate in value, the laborer is without bread, the merchant impoverished or bankrupt. This is the history of manufacturing and commercial life in a country like ours where trades and traffic are open to all comers. Yet with all these evils, the condition is infinitely preferable to one in which a man's occupation and wages are determined by law; where he is forbidden to change his business; where the occupation of the father must be the occupation of the son through all generations. Tyranny has worse evils than freedom. We bear our burdens we place upon our own shoulders than we do those which are piled upon us by masters.

But commercial revolutions are not always produced by the ignorance of men, nor seldom they are the work of malice; as now the commercial community is not the victim of its recklessness and ignorance, solely or chiefly, but of malignity and concerted mischief, growing out of the result of the recent presidential election. I am not aware that the fact of the triumph of any party in such an election has ever been made the ground of a direct attempt to injure the prosperity of any portion of the nation, much less to be given as a justification of withdrawal from the nation, and nullification of its laws. Not even yet is the president elected, and he has no power to act for good or evil for more than three months yet, should he be chosen, as he undoubtedly will be, by the electoral college. More than this. The present Congress in both houses has majorities in favor of the present administration; and the next Congress in both houses will have majorities against the president whose election is feared. Why then this tumult and threatened rebellion? Certainly it is not because the rights of the slave-holding States are not in the hands of the same legislative party which has had them in charge the last four years. No other legislation can be feared by the one party or expected by the other, which was not equally to be feared or expected during the last four years, or the last twenty years. If therefore this commotion in some of the Southern States grows out of the expected election of their opponents, candidate to the presidency it is wholly uncalculated. It shows less foresight and wisdom than we had supposed they possessed. The law makers are of their own party and they are therefore secure. The president can make no laws. The most and the worst that he can do is to prevent laws from being made. If therefore the slave States wish only that the present laws in their favor should be retained, and no new ones enacted to their injury, they are secure. There is no ground for fear or clamor.

This is not the reason why secession is threatened, and why it will take place if it takes place at all. Let no man deceive himself. The security of present laws, the continuance of all present enactments, is not what they wish. It would be casting reproach upon the intelligence of the leading men of the South to accuse them of any fear of the repeal of existing laws in their favor, or of the enactment of new laws detrimental to their interests, since their own party is in the majority in Congress.

There are other causes at the bottom of this ebullition. The real reasons are not given, or but rarely given, why this cry of disunion should be raised now, and the free States be accused of oppression. I say then the fact of the presidential election is no real cause of the present excitement at the South. Both the legislative power, and the judicial power of the country are in the hands of those whom they consider their friends, as it has been for years past, and as it will continue to be for years to come. We must look deeper for the real cause of the difficulty. Indeed the leading agitators announce that the presidential election is only the occasion, only gives the opportunity of doing what they have been striving to do for more than a quarter of a century, and which one of the states undertook to do nearly thirty years ago, and for a reason entirely different from that which is now alleged. The "tariff" was then the unconstitutional and oppressive act of government, which in their view both justified and demanded nullification.

II. By the reading of the thing and the confession of the leaders it is evident that the presidential election is not the cause of the threatened secession. What has the government done since 1832 to agitate the feelings of the slave States, to circumscribe their limits, render their slaves insecure or dangerous, or in any way to deprive them of their rights, or assail their honor, which justifies or is any cause for rebellion? Let us answer these questions in the light of history. The offensive tariff was so modified that it nearly wrecked the manufacturing interests of the North and many families of competence and opulence were made penniless. That railroad iron might be obtained without an import tax, the furnaces of the North were closed and starvation knocked at the door of many a laborer thrown out of employment in Pennsylvania as I myself witnessed.

Not only has the tariff been greatly reduced, but since that time, when disunion was threatened and attempted, there have been added to the United States by conquest, on its Southern border, a Territory greater than all that lying east of the Mississippi river, sufficient to make one hundred states as large as Massachusetts, or twenty states as large as New York, all open for the slaveholder to carry his slaves into without hindrance. And before that accession of territory, it should be remembered that the slave States included more territory than the free States by two hundred and forty thousand square miles, sufficient to make six states as large as New York or thirty states as large as Massachusetts. Surpassing the free states so much in territory before, by conquest there has been so much added to their domains since the disunion rebellion thirty years ago.

More than this; the line agreed upon in 1820, north of which slavery was not to be permitted in the territories, has been abolished, the act establishing it repealed, and this sufficient territory has been opened north of the old Missouri line, free of access to the slave holding states to make one hundred states as large as Massachusetts. And during all this period not a single foot of territory has been added to the area of freedom, nearly a million of square miles has been taken from it by Congressional legislation.

These are simply historical facts which it is the sacred duty of all to know. How then can the South complain of rights denied, and common territory forbidden them, when, during the last thirty years, not a foot of the soil added to the states by conquest has been reserved to freedom, and the barriers which protected the rest of the territory have been broken down and the whole territory of the nation given up to the free occupancy of the slave states? For the purposes of slavery, soil enough has been given for more than two hundred states of the size of Massachusetts, or forty of the size of New York. The South do not now threaten rebellion because they have not received their portion of the territorial acquisitions of the country, surely, for they have received the whole,—there is no more to be given. Do they rebel because they now fear that laws will be passed abridging their present enormously superior privileges? By no means. They know that for two years to come, at the least, the majority of Congress is of the party which has given them these vast territorial possessions. Not this only; they know that if by any means it should happen that Congress should be in a majority against what they claim as their rights, the Supreme Court is theirs, and all laws pronounced by that tribunal unconstitutional are annulled. These are not the reasons, though sometimes put forth as such, why nullification is ripe in some of the Southern States. Some ignorant and deluded men at the South, I know, declare that such is the case, but no mistake could be greater. All the territory acquired since that period of nullification, and all that was previously closed to them, has been opened to the free use and possession of the slaveholder. Not one solitary foot has been reserved for freedom. Who has cause to complain of injustice? It is clear enough that the present condition of the territories is no cause of nullification, for that is vastly more favorable to the slave states than it was in 1830, thirty years ago.

III. A third ostensible reason is given for rebellion against the government. It is the slaves escape into the free states, and cannot be reclaimed. Is this any fault of the general government? That slaves should leave liberty, and are intelligent enough, in some cases, to know how to get it is no fault of the United States. It would be very foolish, if after the State had granted one full liberty to take fish in a stream, he should rebel against the State because the fish would not bite, or biting slipped the hook. No less foolish it is for the slave States to complain of the absconding of their slaves. How can the United States help it, unless by amputation of their limbs or by putting out their eyes, which would ruin them for laborers? The increased intelligence of the slaves and the increased facilities of travel have both given increased opportunities, and afford new temptations to escape, and fugitives have multiplied. The government, to meet the emergency, added to the vigor of its laws for the rendition of fugitives, enactments so stringent that the ears of the North tingled, and our blood chilled as we read them or heard them. If I am not mistaken, all that the South asked was granted. What could Congress do more? The constitutionality of that law, so offensive to the hearts of freemen, has been almost universally sustained by the courts. What then has the government of the United States done that is oppressive to the South in its laws respecting the rendition of fugitives? Nothing! Nothing! Laws have been enacted so stringent as to render them almost inoperative. They so revolt the free states, and expose so many of their own citizens to the wiles of the villainous kidnapper, that it is difficult to enforce them. But that is no reason why the general government should be deserted by those very States who asked for and obtained the Fugitive Slave Law. It is rather a more cogent and imperative reason why they should remain and sustain the government in enforcing laws of their own enactment. It is not honorable, to say nothing about the injustice of the proceeding, to desert a friend after you have got him into trouble. The whole army of the United States is at the command of the Executive to enforce the law, and will doubtless be called to do it when needed. There is no reasonable ground of complaint against the general government because that law is not enforced. It has never refused to act when called upon.

IV. Once more: It is said as a reason for rebellion, that the Free States have passed laws protecting the liberty of their citizens which interfere seriously with the enforcement of the laws of the United States. It may be so. But it is no reason why I should burn down the Capitol take some citizen is cunning enough to evade the revenue laws. I am now speaking of reasons for insurrection

against the United States, and not of reasons for non-intercourse with some States. Perhaps some of the laws securing freemen are so stringent as to make the execution of the fugitive slave law difficult. But the way is open in which their constitutionality can be determined. Let a suit be instituted in each State and carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States for decision. If our Personal Liberty Laws are unconstitutional, let them be pronounced so by the proper tribunal. There is no objection to this method, and it is the only true one. There will be no opposition to it, as it is the legitimate way of determining the question. Should one of the Slave States send an agent here to test the constitutionality of our laws in the United States Courts, he will not be driven out of the State by a mob, compelled to flee for his life from our territory, as was the agent of Massachusetts when sent to South Carolina to try in the Courts the constitutionality of her laws, which imprison citizens of Massachusetts as soon as they enter her harbors. The Courts are open. Let the parties plead one another. The citizens of this State have shown their regard for law when most revolting to their best nature, by causing her soldiery to line the streets of the city, to prevent the rescue of a returning fugitive. That this law of the United States is evaded in all possible ways is doubtless true, and so are other laws of our own State. Let the issue of the temperance law suffice—and so are other United States laws. Let the revenue laws as an instance suffice. But laws are not violated or evaded at the north only. Lynch law is especially prevalent at the South. Northern citizens are driven from the slave States. They are not permitted to test the constitutionality of their exclusion laws in the courts. But it is not to my purpose to point out any of the unjust laws or unjust acts of the South; I am simply showing that their grounds of complaint against the General Government, and that their attempted justification of rebellion or secession, are invalid, and unfounded.

If the States have passed laws which any portion of the country thinks to be unconstitutional, let them be tested before the proper tribunal. Let not a mob or a rebellion set itself up as a judiciary. We believe that many of the laws of the South are violative of the constitution, but they will not permit us to go there to test them in the courts. Our agents are driven away at the peril of their lives. Can there be just complaint against us that we will not repeal laws which they think are unconstitutional, merely because they think so, and which they are not willing to test in the courts, where they have perfect liberty to do so, and where not a finger will be lifted against them by a single citizen? The question answers itself. It would be implying a degree of imbecility in southern statesmen, which they would justly resent, should they be charged with really advocating secession or rebellion for any such reason.

But I have not yet shown the hollowness of this ostensible reason for rebellion. South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, the most infuriated of the southern states, and which are most vehement in their denunciations of the North on account of their personal liberty laws, have the least possible interest in them, and the least to do with them, of any of the slave states. The border states from which escape is most easy and most common, are union loving states. Five times as many slaves escape from Virginia as from South Carolina. Nearly twenty times as many escape from Maryland, though there are but one quarter as many slaves in the state. Missouri is surrounded on three sides by free states, Kansas being reckoned as one, and loses four times as many slaves as South Carolina, with only one fourth the slave population. Delaware with only a one hundred and fiftieth part of the slave population of South Carolina, loses twelve times as many slaves, and yet all these border states protest that there is no just cause for secession. It is worth observing that the complaint comes from those who have least cause for fear, and whose interests are very little affected. Does it not most clearly show that the ostensible is not the real reason of this threatened rebellion?

I have now stated the four ostensible reasons why some of the southern states threaten secession, rebellion. Severally and taken together these reasons have no basis in fact. They are invalid, shown to be so by the most indisputable evidence, by transactions which have taken place within my own memory, and the memory of most of those who hear me. The legislative power, on the presumption that the coming president is hostile to the South,—which I neither admit nor deny in this place,—is in opposition to him, and so is the judiciary which must settle what the law is, and whether it is constitutional. The territories are all thrown open to the inroads of masters with their slaves, and cannot be closed except by an act of congress, and a decision of the supreme court, both now hostile to any such measure, and one having announced that a colored man has no rights which a white man is bound to respect.

The law for the return of fugitives is so stringent that even a respectable slaveholder dislikes it, while the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, which is in all the free states, is so unpopular, and evaded or opposed by so many liberty bills which the masters test in our courts and the United States court without opposition. Such are the simple facts. Are they the real causes of the present outbreak of passion in some parts of the South? By no means. They are the reasons which are given to the people of the South to stir their enmity and embitter their hatred of the North. These same men have been trying for a quarter of a century to bring on such a crisis, and they have seized the present occasion to produce it, and they give such reasons as will most readily inflame the passions of the southern people. The grossest misrepresentations are made of the opinions and feelings of the people of the South by northern men and presses as well as by southern. I am pained to say, and there is no way in which these misrepresentations can be corrected. The mails are robbed by self constituted committees of vigilance, so that no letter, much less a newspaper can be delivered which will disagree with their minds. But a day or two since I read a letter purporting to be from an intelligent citizen of the capital of South Carolina, which indicated that he and others believed that the Vice President elect was a mulatto, and the poorer classes of the South undoubtedly believe that the successful party are blacks, because so called during the campaign. No man is permitted to speak on the subject explaining justly and truly the purposes and desires of the North. The papal states of

Italy are free compared with the slave states. Instant death is the portion of a suspected man, unless he is hustled away by his friends. A letter, a paper, in which a word is breathed respecting freedom, is a swift witness, and a passport to the nearest tree. Not an explanation can be given, not a word can be spoken. No place is sacred and safe. Spies more prying than ever hunted hares for the tigers of the reign of terror in France, rifle trunks, open letters, search pockets, listen at doors, and report the words uttered in our secret prayers, as the soul breathes its longing, to the Heavenly Father that violence and oppression may cease. Is it wonderful that the people should be maddened to phreny by the misrepresentations of these leaders, who will permit, on peril of death or outlaws, no one to contradict them, or show to the people that they are deceived, and made the tools of designing men for their own purposes? It is not wonderful. We have reason here, and however we may regret the abuse of both, it is better than the espionage of tyranny, which will permit no word to be printed which it does not approve, no word to be spoken which it does not sanction.

The facts which I have stated show conclusively that the legislation of the country for the last thirty years has been in every way intended, at least adapted to conduce to the extension and security of slavery. I know the contrary is not seldom said. But the facts are as I have stated. If wrong has been done to any part of the country it should be redressed. The great facts of our history show conclusively that the policy of the framers of the constitution has been abandoned, *not to abide but to extend* the peculiar institution of the southern states.—Washington, the leader of the armies of the revolution, the President of the convention which framed our constitution, and the first president of the United States, desired the slave states to pass laws freeing their slaves, and freed his own. Thomas Jefferson, the drafter of the Declaration of our Independence, and the first president of the United States, also a slave holder of Virginia, drafted an ordinance to exclude slavery from all the territories of the United States, then including all the country west of Georgia and Virginia, now slave states, which though lost by one vote, only six states out of the nine present voting for it, the voters of seven being necessary, was afterwards applied to all the territory north of the Ohio, by the unanimous vote of all the states except New York. Madison, a member of the convention, and fourth President, a Virginian, would not permit the word slave to be inserted in the constitution because he "thought it wrong to admit it the idea that there could be property in man." Benjamin Franklin, soon after the constitution was framed, petitioned Congress that "that they would proceed to the very verge of their power for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow men," and "to countenance the restoration of liberty to those unhappy men who are degraded into perpetual bondage." The general understanding was that slavery would not be extended and that even in the southern states it would, in the course of a few generations, disappear. Such is the decisive result of history. But the invention of the cotton gin and the demand for cotton so increased the value of slaves that from that day to this, the spirit and interest of the framers of the constitution has been disregarded. I say this as a student of our history for thirty years. I say it under the solemn responsibilities of this place where truth without any admixture of error should be spoken. And I repeat it as an imperative duty, that the spirit and intent of the founders of our government have been disregarded, and the constitution perverted to favor the support and spread of bondage. This is a historical verity, or I have studied the history of my country for thirty years, with a scholar's accuracy, a patriot's enthusiasm, a Christian's conscientiousness, and a philosopher's scrutiny, entirely in vain.

Neither the election of President, nor territorial legislation, nor personal liberty bills are the cause of this rebellion. The causes professed are not the real causes of the present excitement. They would not be far to seek if this was the place and the time to seek for and discuss them. They might be found in part in a desire to re-open the slave trade, and to bring their slaves and reside with them in the free States, making them in fact slave states. [My work is done of a Christian minister and a moral teacher when I show that we of this congregation, we of the North, have not as a people, as states or municipalities, wronged the interests or abridged the rights of our southern fellow citizens as the founders of our government understood them. If they sincerely believe we have, the courts are open and we will "implied each other" in the highest judicial tribunals.— They will not be driven from our state when they come on their errand, but will be protected and respected. Let even further laws for the rendition of fugitives be proposed and debated in Congress by them. No deadly weapons will be brandished, no representations will be made to prevent the bills from passing for having debated freely. We will forever confine our cause to the discussion of the people and not to the keenness of word, or the loaded bludgeon. Our appeal will, however, be to the mind and not to the muscles of

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(TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS)

Poetry.

Out in the Storm.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

How wet and dreary the streets are!
'Tis a wild and lonesome night;
And the air is full of voices—
I shudder with cold and fright.

Ah me, for a little fire!
I will creep here under the eart;
Couching whippers of patience,
But I'm cold—at my very heart.

What is there in the shadow
That wavers and trembles so?
Is it, dear little Nelly—
Dead, years and years ago!

Does she know that her poor old father
Is lying here in the street—
Cold, and ragged, and hungry,
With not a morsel to eat?

I sweet girl! I believe she loved me.
I remember her voice, her smile,
She is gone! Ah, well, I shall see her,
Perhaps, in a little while.

I am cold—my heart is freezing.
Heart! Why do I babble so?
I had little to do but be frozen
Was frozen long ago.

There's a light just above, at the baker's,
But I cannot crawl, for pain;
I chafe her would let me in awhile—
O God! to be warm again.

If we wet and cold the pavement!
I could pity my own white hair—
As if my heart were younger;
But there's nothing but ashes there!

Is it cold in the grave, I wonder—
Light the cruel and pitiless storm—
No matter; 'tis all that let me;
Thank God if it's only warm.

Harper's Weekly.

Select Literature.

ALONE.

A restless, sad, longing little heart was beating under a worn calico dress, in a little room in Fourth street. Tears were warm and grief-swollen as any that gush from woman's eyes; crept down the cheek, waited, trembled, crept on a little farther, waited, trembled, and then swelling as the bosom swells with sighs, ran down the maiden's cheek, and fell upon the faded calico. Through and through, and through again, slipped the nimble needle, shivering with the never-ending attrition of muslin and linen and silk. The Argus-eyed thing—nothing better than steel, though worn to the polish of silver—clicked against the needle, pressing it through the close fabric into the calloused finger-tip, fretted and notched and blackened by many another needle-point, during many a weary day and many a weary night.

A cooking-stove, one other chair, two beds, a few dishes on a shelf in the corner, a broom, a large square pitcher, a bonnet and shawl, a few pieces of stove furniture, half a dozen plants in rough wooden boxes on the window sill, four or five books on the one table—these comprised the furniture.

The room was elevated far above the noise and dust of the city street—above the swift flight of its pigeons even; in the fifth story; and the roof in sloping had cut off a corner of the ceiling. The little low windows—a pair of stained ones—did the best they could with the sunlight, but were too much crowded by the falling roof to accomplish much.

Had you slipped noiselessly in—which you could not have done, in fact, for the sagging of the door and its heavy scraping upon the threshold—you would have been struck first by the bareness, and then by the singular neatness of the attic-room.

A little black-and-white kitten would have glanced up at you from a soft bed of cotton in its own corner, or skipped, frightened, upon the smaller bed of the two; and the still figure in the window would have presented only a bowed head, but busy fingers, and a worn and faded print.

But if your tread had been heard upon the stairs, and mistaken for that of an old man, just before you reached the threshold, you would have heard a springing step upon the attic floor, the door would have opened upon a young man of noble growth, a pair of black eyes would have shone out at you from a face wreathed in smiles, and possibly, in the shadow and haste, you might have got a pair of arms around your neck. At any rate, you would have followed a tall, lithe figure into the room, and on taking your seat would have found yourself *vis-à-vis* with an expressive and proud face as ever shown from voluptuous plump, airy lace, rustling silk, and sparkling diamonds.

Indeed, while the tear-drops were falling under the pressure of thoughts which the heart could not possibly hide under its lifting lid, a step was heard upon the stairs, the staircase did creak, like the stage-driver's horn, with the news of a coming, the door did open, and a pair of arms were flung passionately about the neck of a white-haired old man.

Jennie had been crying of thoughts aroused by a brief walk in a populous street that afternoon.

She avoided these better thoroughfares when she could, hurrying along where the streets are narrow and dingy—where the glistening of silk and the tremble of plumes is seldom seen—where bright eyes and fair faces radiate only from faded and worn surroundings. But this afternoon her errand to the store had taken her through one of the comeliest streets. Indeed, it stood itself on the very corner of Main Street, around which human tread swept, eddying, every hour. She had seen poverty, comfort, and wealth—plainness, comeliness, beauty—stupidity, sense, intellect.

Sitting at her low window in the dull, unseemly room, worn, tired, discouraged with the labors and forebodings of life, Jennie's thoughts could do no less than bring tears. She was thinking of the happiness which floated about her in the crowded street; of the laughing eyes; of the haughty tread; of faces brimming with careless merriment and conscious beauty. She had seen hundreds in that one street—hundreds of maidens to

whom she was consciously superior. And this was not egotism in the weeping girl. Does the doe imagine itself a snail, or the eagle fancy itself a blue jay? Was it wrong that all this beauty, all this innate refinement, all this spirit and taste and mentality, should pine and sorrow for want of that appreciation for which we all long and strive? And if Jennie wept that her scant and faded calico had drawn forth sneers, as though it were herself and not the accident of covering; and if she wept that simple-minded and narrow-minded girls carried themselves proudly, and won attention, while she slipped meekly into by-ways, and shrunk from the observation which was only cold and contemptuous, can we blame her? She was a woman, with a woman's beauty and a woman's power.

But alas! Jennie was caged by circumstances, her jewels covered with the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad. Besides, an incident at the store had wounded her severely, and re-awakened her consciousness of weakness and semi-degradation. It was this: She had taken a bundle of work to the inspecting clerk, and thence had been directed to the cashier with a ticket for her pay. On former occasions she had suffered from curious and wicked glances while passing the clerks of several departments as well as from a peculiar tone in which the cashier addressed her. To-day she was either more painfully sensitive or the glances of admiration were more disgustingly prominent; and the cashier, after fumbling as long as possible, handed her the silver she had earned with a careless but insulting remark. Jennie flashed with indignation, threw the money upon the counter, and curling her lip with scorn, left the desk. A hand touched her arm, and a kind voice said, "Wait a moment, Miss Dell," in so assured and commanding a way that she involuntarily paused. The gentleman stepped up to the cashier, struck him on the smart blow on the side of his face with the palm of his hand, tipping him over, took the vacated stool at the desk, and by the time the fellow had picked himself up, had balanced his account, was ready for him with the residue of his wages. Then leading the fellow to the door by the arm, he kicked him into the street. All this was done so coolly, with so much ease and gentlemanly decision, that Jennie could make no exception to even the last act of the drama.

"My store will be safe to you in future," Miss Dell, but I will not put you to the inconvenience of bringing your work. I will send a boy for it, and directing a lad to take the lady's bundle, Mr. Brewer bowed Jennie out of the store before she had time to cry or do any thing more than thank him with a glance, which, breaking from her late indignation, was a curious intermingling of pride and gratitude.

The incident had recalled for the hundredth time a terrible consciousness of her unprotected situation, and she felt more keenly than ever the utter helplessness of poverty. Sometimes the blood of a proud ancestry dashed to her cheeks and throbbed at her temples; but the next instant woman tears chased each other down her cheeks.

"I am so glad you have come, father. I have been so very lonely, and then I was fearful something had happened."

The old man bent a little to kiss the eyes of his daughter—kissing her eyes was the emphasis of his affection—and his lips were moistened by a tear which Jennie had unwittingly left there in the haste of brushing them away to meet his coming step.

"What is this, daughter? Crying, my child? You are not sick, dear? Why, I thought my brave girl never cried, however dark the day might be," and, with a hand on each shoulder, the white-haired man held the bright-faced daughter at arm's-length before him, gazing loving inquiries into her eyes.

Not a trace of sadness was in the beaming face of the daughter now; so, after meeting his gaze laughingly a moment, Jennie slipped to his side, leaned close to his shoulder, clasping his arm in her hands, and said, "Oh, nothing of any moment, father. We women have little foolish thoughts and troubles of our own when we are left alone all day. But when father comes back again Jennie is happy enough, isn't she?" and the girl looked into his face with so much of beauty, and smile, and joy, that the old man forgot the dew-drop which had dried on his lips, and went to wondering what made his daughter so happy, alone and hard at work in that sober room all day.

The father forgot the sadness sooner for a jewel of good tidings which he was holding tight in his heart, longing to give it to his daughter, but wondering what was the most perfect way to show it. Whether to raise the lid with a spring and permit the Koh-i-noor to flash with its diamond lightning full in her face at once, or to lift the lid gently so that the loved one's eyes might catch its brilliance, ray by ray, and beam by beam. While the daughter was making the tea-kettle cover dance, and then pouring spattering water into the little black pot, in the bottom of which very few but very nice little leaves lay curled in fragrant exclusiveness and concentration, the glad father thought the matter over. While the torpid little leaves warmed into inevitable expansion by the heated food, the glad father continued to think it over.

"You look tired, father; have you worked hard to-day?"

"Not very, daughter."

"Why you are pale, father; you are sick, I know."

It was well that the girl dropped the plate from her hand, though it went down with a crackle into fragments, for the old man was reeling out of his chair. She was just in time to save him. Without a word, the daughter held him a moment, till she could glance into his face, and then with a strength which she could always command when roused, bore him to the nearest bed and laid him there.

"Father! father!"

Not a word nor a sign of consciousness, Jennie bathed his temples with water, rubbed his arms, his hands, his chest, called on him, kissed him, and wept. His lips move.

"What is it, father?" and the daughter's ear is close by the trembling lips.

"I have heard"—faintly—"from—Robert"—fainter. "Robert is—he is"—the voice too faint to be heard—the lips cease to move—the old man is dead. No cries of "Father, dear father!" no clappings of hands, no bathings of that calm, snow-fringed brow will bring back the soul now freed at last from its cheerless imprisonment of eighty years.

Straighten the stiffening limbs, lone daughter; close tighter the eyelids; he is gone. And the secret hidden in that unfinished sentence—it, too, is gone, and vainly will you try to fathom its import. The blow was a terrible one. Not alone that this was her father, but the best, the noblest, the dearest of fathers. Not alone that this was her stay and companion, but her only support and only friend. Now she was alone. Alone.

When all hope of restoration was gone Jennie at once erected a table from the bed, her head buried in her hands, and let the tide of loss and loneliness sweep over her. In that instant of time she drank the full cup and tasted each and every bitter ingredient. This made her calm. Another nature might have sunk; she was lifted, strengthened. All the energies of her heart came into active life; and now, tearful or quiet, busy or still, she was the same strong, self-conscious woman she had ever been. She was even stronger and more calm.

A quick step upon the stairs and a careless rap at the door. It was the bright-faced lad with a bundle.

"Mr. Brewer says as how this is nicer work, and you may send back the other bundle," said the little fellow, boy-like, as he came abruptly into the room, his face beaming with pleasure and exercise. "Oh, Miss Dell!" and the boy fell into awe-stricken quiet as he felt the presence of death.

The second day before the burial, when, with the aid of an old woman below, the body had been carefully prepared, a different step was heard upon the staircase, and a careful knock at the door. Mr. Brewer entered without a word, gave his hand, and sat down. Then gently alluding to her loss, asking to look on the features of her father, noticing her plants in the window, he led the conversation into appropriate channels, and, without a single profession, made Jennie feel that there was a true and appreciative friend.

Gradually the talk receded from the sad topics of the chamber of death to more general topics—to such thoughts as we find written in books, and such conclusions as we reach in long meditations and careful analyses. In this, her visitor was struck with the clearness and stretch of thought of the humble girl at his side. And she found herself roused and quickened by the outdaring influence of a superior but congenial mind.

Thence the conversation was brought gently to personal affairs, where at length, a point was gained at which Mr. Brewer ventured to ask:

"Have you no other friends but this?"

"None in all the world, except, perhaps, a brother."

Mr. Brewer could scarcely ask further questions. Breaking the silence, Jennie said:

"My younger brother, Robert, left us three years ago—he was only fifteen then—in the rush to California; thinking that, though only a boy, he might bring back gold enough to make his father comfortable for life. We heard of his arrival and a promising beginning, but nothing since. Two years ago we came to live at this end of the city, and possibly at that time he changed his location. At any rate his letters have never reached us, nor have ours reached him. The other day, when father came home, he had received tidings from him, for he said so just as he was dying; but the news itself died on his lips, and I have no clue whatever to its nature. Brother Robert was a noble boy, Sir—the bravest and best boy I ever knew."

Just here the tears would come, and a long silence followed.

Mr. Brewer brought a purse with a little gold in it, thinking to slip it into the hand of the girl whose trials had so touched his sympathy; but when he rose to go the act seemed impossible; he did not dare to do it; he could only ask, with the deepest respect,

"Can I be of any service to you?"

"I thank you very much for your call, Mr. Brewer—very much. There is only one thing you can do for me—employ me, if my work pleases you."

No need to follow the plain board coffin—rough casket for such a father—to its place among the silent poor in the great city cemetery. If the faded shawl clung close to the poor girl's form, chilled by the autumn wind, dropping tears upon the turf alone by the poor man's grave, under it beat as warm a daughter's heart, and lived as rich a woman's nature, as ever moved, gay and proud, in choicer and happier scenes.

Jennie could not and would not leave the dear old room, hallowed now by the memory of a sainted father. She lived there alone. There was no objection to it now, for only a young and elastic tread waked the creakings in the long flight of old stairs.

The bright-faced boy came and went every day with a bundle. The work was very nice, and the pay was so much better as to give a new hint of a deep brown with a tiny white fringe. Mr. Brewer came occasionally. He slid quietly into the place of a friend, brought books for Jennie to read and then discussed their contents with her.

There were many points upon which they agreed, and upon which they differed. Both liked very well to differ; for Jennie found pleasure in arousing his deep, earnest strength of expression, and he was never weary of awakening that flash of her large brown eyes and easy dignity of talk which severed her from all other of his friends.

Mr. Brewer's calls were not frequent, but they never failed during the many months in which she sat and sewed in the humble attic-room.

Alas for the struggling, tossed, brave, and weary girl! These visits, so comforting at first, were coming to be a source of pain—in fact, and especially in prospect.

He came and went as a kind, disinterested friend, always considerate and appreciative, but always self-poised. Knowing and trusting him as a true friend, she yet knew nothing of the man but what she saw in her own home. He never talked of himself. The lad who came and went with bundles had once or twice spoken of "father" in a manner which convinced her that Mr. Brewer was a husband, and this his son. That was all; but it was decisive. And yet, though settled on this from the first, as time wore on the companionship and sympathy of her one visitor grew into a need, and then a necessity. No reasonings, no willful checkings, no self-condemnation even, could stay the growth of that giant presence by which at last she was covered and overpowered. In vain Jennie flashed indignation on herself that she should love the loved of another woman's heart—a husband and father. In vain she wept, and struggled, and prayed. The chains grew tighter and tighter, holding her to a misery to which all the sadnesses of her life bore no comparison.

The afternoon sun of September Sabbath wrapped in a cherry light the dark, sea-washed hull of an ocean steamer coming up the bay to the crowded pier.

At the same moment Jennie's friend turned down a dull, dark street, entered a doorway, and ascended creaking stairs. It was one of the pleasures of Jennie's room that, far away over the brick houses, with their smoked and smoking chimneys, lay the always changing picture of the bay. To-day, after a long discussion of the beauties and blemishes, first of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and then of De Quincey's "Confessions," with other and minor talk, Jennie touched upon the scenery of the bay, with its white-winged butterflies and the black beetle that, an hour or two before, had been crawling up the harbor.

"I always think," she said, "when I look out upon the harbor, that perhaps some day it will bring my brave brother home to me; and then I shall not be alone, nor unhappy, nor tired any more. Oh! if I could only know whether he is living or dead—whether I shall ever have him again!"

The tears would come, and her eyes were all glistening as she looked into the face of her friend.

Mr. Brewer seemed absent, yet present; tender, yet ill at ease. The thought darted into her mind, "Perhaps he knows more of my brother than I"—it was so new a thing to see him perturbed.

"Have I ever told you anything of myself?" he asked, at length.

"Never."

Upon this he moved a chair close beside her, but so as not to meet her glance, and told the story of his life down to the present hour. It was told concisely; but all the prominent facts were there. Then changing his place, taking her cold hand, and looking into her eyes, he brought tears to them again, and blushed to her face, by the question,

"Will you trust me and love me?"

Jennie whispered—she couldn't find her voice—

"Will I? I always have."

When they had both found words for other sentences, and Jennie had been talking, Mr. Brewer exclaimed,

"Married! I never even loved before."

A slow step was heard upon the staircase, a gentle rap at the door, and a pale young man entered.

"Jennie!"

"Robert!"

And the maiden had another joy added to the sweetest bliss of life.

But Robert had come home to die—to die as the day dies, slowly receding to the side of the day.

He had brought the gold which he had spent his young life in earning for the two at home. One had no need of gold now; the other had no wish for it, but the dust was here; and when the weeks had gone in which they had sweetened his receding with the breath of love, leaving him at last where flowers grown upon living stalks, and chains clustered in snowy marble, made his last home beautiful, it flowed from her own and her husband's hands in channels which gladdened many a poor girl's life, and made the sister and her other noble self happier for the joy of thus making his lost life bloom again in many a relighted eye and rekindled cheek.

A Head of Hair for Sale.

"Ber, Monsieur, it is very little."

"I confess it, Mademoiselle, the sum I offer is very insignificant."

"See, Monsieur, my hair is a good color (it was a dainty rich brown), and it is very long (the perriquer's mouth watered, for she unbound it, and it fell below her waist). Surely, Monsieur, you will give me more than thirty francs?"

"On my word, Mademoiselle, I could not offer you a sou more. Your hair is very beautiful. I admit, but in effect the article is a complete drug at present. Trade is dull, very dull, and I know not when I should have use for it. Keep it, Mademoiselle, until the times improve. And besides, it is a pity that you should part with it at all."

(The perriquer saw that the poor fish was ravenous, but he had hardly need to play his ruse; but he had at that moment in hand a commission from an aged child of fashion who would have given a year's income for a natural flow of hair like that of the deprecating daughter of need.)

"Ah, well, Monsieur! you are very hard, but I must take the sum you offer."

There was something in her manner and her meagre gentility of dress which told us that she was on an errand of self-sacrifice; and may the guardian angels of poverty forgive the curiosity which tracked their protégée to her holy of holies!

It was a long walk, but her pace never flagged. Starting from the Avenue de Margny, threading rapidly the crowded pavements of the Faubourg Saint-Honore, passing over the Champs Elysees with a single glance at the luxurious equipages thronging the avenue, up the Rue de Chailiot, and through the dingy streets leading to Passy, she at length entered a house which appeared as though it had long been a victim of the Court of Chancery. Against the dust-ridden and blistered door-post we saw carelessly lounging a card, which seemed as though itself was growing sallow with long-deferred use, inscribed with the words "apartments meubles." It was a shallow pretext, but we rang the bell, and our summons was deliberately answered by a portress, whose ancient limbs seemed grating with the rust of years and inaction.

"You have apartments to let, I believe."

"Yes; will Monsieur condescend to enter?"

"Thank you (the Rubicon passed). On what floor are they?"

"Au troisième, Monsieur, and they are very comfortable. We are quiet here, Monsieur, although not far from the resort of fashion, but we do not claim to be of the *beau monde*."

Monsieur, now that the ice was broken, ventured to ask if the young lady who had just entered was a locataire.

"Oh! Mademoiselle Marie, yes, Monsieur. Her mother is sick to death, but Mademoiselle is a good girl, a brave girl, though Heaven only knows how the poor thing bears it. The Virgin must hear her prayers, and carries the poor child through her struggles."

The wine had now arrived and assisted in mellowing our plot. Mademoiselle would have a small glass (we did not fear its strength, and poured her out a tumbler), and it gave more freedom to her tongue.

"Stay, *mon chéri*," said she to her grandchild, "how is Mademoiselle evening?"

The little "cabbage" eyed the franc piece we gave her with a glance of intense satisfaction, and replied: "Madame is very, very good. She is excited, too; so excited with Mademoiselle Marie."

"Is it so, poor child, and why is she so excited?"

"Only because Mademoiselle has had her hair cut; but it is no shorter than mine." (The little "cabbage" was puffed as close as a child in a Dutch picture.)

We saw that the time had come for making a clean breast of it, so we detailed to Mademoiselle Marie what we had witnessed in the perriquer's shop, and hoped that Mademoiselle would point out any way in which a friend could serve her lodgers. Mademoiselle had grown glaucous under the stimulus of our faithful ally, the Medoc, and she seemed rather suspicious of our motives, and it required some explanation to re-assure her.

"Monsieur," said she, "is very good, but Mademoiselle and her mother are very proud. They would starve before they would receive charity from a stranger."

"Are they so proud that they would reject the sympathy of a friend? Is there no way of aiding them without wounding their self-respect?"

"They are dead to those who should receive their love, and they shrink from the pity of strangers. Listen, Monsieur, and you shall know their history." Justine then gave us the following narration:

Marie's was an only child, and of a good family, and was educated for a physician. He was sent to Paris to study his profession; and, like many other young men under similar circumstances, he became gay in his living. "But," said Justine, "he committed what would have been in any case a folly was in him a madness. He formed a connection with an actress, and eventually married her, and his family disowned him. He was mad, very mad, for he knew only enough of medicine, to obtain a subordinate place with a surgeon, and they had need of all their romance to make their realities tolerable. Mademoiselle, however, was faithful, and Marie was born to them. Soon after this event Monsieur died, his last moments being made bitter by the reflection that he was leaving his wife and child the prey of poverty, and Mademoiselle supported herself and child by the sale of fancy needle-work, and giving lessons in music. She had offers of engagements at the theatres, but she refused them, and fought on single-handed against her destiny. She had a hard struggle with the world, poor lady, but she had held her ground until about six months since, when she was put *hors de combat*, the doctors say, with consumption, and is following her husband at the quick step. Mademoiselle Marie is eighteen, and is a good girl, oh! a brave girl. She has stepped into the gap left by her prostrate mother, and Monsieur's property is nearly broken in the double struggle with her heart and body. For you must know, Monsieur, that Marie has a little affair. She is the fiancée of a *vous officier*, who is now struggling with death before Sebastopol. He has been honorably mentioned and decorated for his bravery, but since a long time Marie has only heard that he is in hospital with Crimean fever, and the poor child's anxiety is touching when she speaks of him."

Perhaps memory brought Justine a whiff of one of her own "little affairs," out of a stage-yard of the past, for a big tear at this stage of her narrative went rolling bodily into the upturned wine-glass and before she could recover herself the little "cabbage" came running down stairs in a state of great terror.

"What is the matter, *mon chéri*? Is Madame worse?"

"Oh, grandmother, she is in agonies, and Mademoiselle wishes to have a doctor!"

We offered our services, and followed the "little cabbage" up stairs, and in the few moments that we waited for the acceptance of our services we had time to take a survey of the apartment. It was naked in the extreme; but the few articles of furniture were arranged with so much taste and neatness as almost to give it an air of comfort; and a bouquet of common flowers which Justine had that morning brought from the market of the Madeleine was placed in a vase in the window. The partition between the two rooms was very thin, and we could hear the feeble voice of the sick lady.

"Great God! is every thing gone, my child, that you should sacrifice your beautiful hair?"

"It is no sacrifice, my dear mother, and it will be stronger than ever before you will be able to walk out with me."

As we entered, Marie looked at us as if striving to recall our features, and then whispered to her mother that a doctor was in attendance. We passed over to the bedside of the sick lady, and saw that Marie was right. Her hair would be stronger than ever, before her mother would be able to walk out with her.

The poor lady seemed exhausted by recent exertion; but in a short time she rallied, and murmured, "I feel it is too late, my darling; may Heaven repay your devotion!"

Marie looked at us inquiringly. We took the sick woman's hand, and felt that the pulse beat feebly. Her mind began to wander in a light and unconnected manner, and her eyes were growing dull, and dallying with vacuity. We saw that the patient was suffering from the action of her late excitement; but we were conscious that a few hours more would have given her over to the grave, and we could only give her little stimulants. Marie's eyes intuitively read our verdict, and we saw the big tears rapidly chasing each other down her cheeks, while she gently smoothed the sufferer's pillow, and whispered words of hope which it cost her agonies to affect.

After a little while the poor lady seemed a little to revive, and Marie became almost importunate with her tender offices; but she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little cabbage," who stole quietly into the room, and whispered a few words to Marie.

"Tell Monsieur," said the latter, "that we cannot see him now. Will he call again?"

"Grandmother has told him that Madame is very ill, but he says that his business is urgent," replied the cabbage.

The conversation was carried on in a whisper, but Madame caught the purport. Her eyes brightened with a feverish brilliance and she said, in a voice strong for her,

"What is that, my child? Let Monsieur enter—who knows?" The last two words were uttered in a lower tone than the rest, as though they were the result of some thought flashing across her mind.

We stood passive. For although we knew the interruption of an urgent visitor was a matter of serious apprehension, we were aware that the duration of the poor lady's existence could not be affected by but a few hours, and we met the glance of Marie with a silent assent. The "little cabbage" disappeared, and in a few moments returned, ushering in a tall man, far gone in years, whose demeanor stamped him as belonging to the higher ranks of society. He was clothed in deep mourning, and his face, which must have been handsome in his youth, was expressive of considerable laughtiness, overlaid and softened by traces of painful suffering.

We offered to withdraw, but Marie wished us to remain, and the stranger did not object. As he moved across the room to the bedside of Madame, he whispered her perilous condition, and Marie looked up from her mother's side imploringly.

"Mamma is very ill, Monsieur," said she.

"I am grieved to hear it," rejoined the stranger, in a low, tremulous voice, not very musical.

At the sound of his voice, Madame, who had fallen into an attitude of rest, made an effort to raise herself upon her arms, and looked steadfastly into his face as if seeking to recall something from the past. The stranger observed the effort, and spoke again in his low nervous tone—

"Madame does not know me."

"I have not that pleasure, Monsieur," said she, with apparent diffidence of her memory.

"You are Madame St. Aubert; and this," pointing to Marie, "is your child."

"You are right, Monsieur. What then?"

"It is also my name," he replied, and he paused as if waiting for the effect, or to master his feelings.

Madame's eyes lighted up as if by the kindling of an inward fire. A superhuman effort of will gave her momentary strength, and with almost a spring she raised herself in her bed, and looking fixedly at the stranger, exclaimed,

"I see, it is true, you are the father of my husband!"

"And I am come to ask that the past may be forgotten, and offer my regrets and my assistance. Will you accept them, and allow me to take up my duties as a parent?"

There was something like a glow of happiness on the flushed face of Madame as she glanced toward Marie, and rejoined,

"Be it so for his child's sake. For me it comes too late. We have struggled long, and you have been very hard, Monsieur."

"My son was disobedient, and I proud, but I am humbled; for I am left alone, and have long sought my lost child. Let those of us that remain speak only of the future."

These words were broken in their utterance, and it was evident that the speaker was suffering from violent emotion. Marie sat listening to the dialogue without uttering a word. Her face reflected the pleasure felt by her mother at this late reconciliation; but it was veiled and darkened by the anxiety she felt for her dying parent. Her arms were tenderly twined round her mother, like a vine around the decayed tree which the next gale shall lay prostrate. She gazed wistfully in her mother's face, and once almost fancied that the new hopes which had dawned upon their prospects had imparted fresh vitality to the sinking frame within her arms, but the illusion was only transitory. Mortality had gathered its supporters together for one last grand struggle with the champion of immortality, and the victory remained with the powers of the spirit world. Ere her grandfather had done speaking, Marie felt a shiver pass through the frame of her mother, which

was the precursor of death. Her arms were suddenly called upon for additional support, and she gazed with a terrified look upon the bloodless cheeks and closed eyes of her mother, and then silently ceased to suffer, and that the angels were about to lead home another fugitive from its earthly prison; and we unwound the poor girl's arms from almost breathless clay.

The patient

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The Middlesex Journal.
WOBBURN, SATURDAY, Dec. 22, 1860

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page.—Poetry. "Not lost, but gone before." Morning Plunder. The Old Jail-Poor Tree. Little Hands. "When you play Hamlet, sir, I played the Cock." The Last Man Society.

THE TIMES.
No one needs to be told that the times are hard, and yet they might be much worse. In addition to the stringency of the money market and the want of employment, there should be added a scarcity of breadstuffs, and high prices, as was the case a few years ago, the times would be materially different. But as it is they are bad enough. We have but little sympathy for those who are too indolent to work even if they do feel pretty sorely the pinchings of want. But in the case of the honest, industrious, economical laborer, who is willing to work for reasonable wages, no man who has any humanity about him can help sympathizing with him when he cannot obtain employment. There are many at the present time, we suppose, who are destitute of work. To such we say—don't be discouraged too soon. Business will not, cannot remain long as it is at present. There is no lack of money. The balance of trade is in favor of this country and specie is flowing to us rather than from us. Public confidence will soon be restored, and those who have capital will seek to have it employed. This will start the wheels of business and cause a demand for labor. We hope every one who has no work, or only a little work, will keep up good courage, practice a careful economy in all things, feeling sure that better times are not far distant. Why should we sit down and seek to enhance the shadows that have overspread us? Why try to make ourselves and others as miserable as possible? If we look at facts closely we shall find that we are far from destitution and suffering. We—all who desire it—can command, for a small outlay, some of the luxuries of life. We trust that no one will allow hours that are not occupied in labor to pass unemployed. Let this be a time in which special attention is given to the intellectual and moral part of his being by every one. We have lectures at a small cost, and there is a public library of the best books to be found in the world, to which all our citizens have access free of expense. And what is true of Woburn in this respect is true of several other towns in this vicinity. There are public libraries in Winchester, Stonham, and South Reading, and we hope they will be well used by the people.

In the whirl of an active and driving business men have, or think they have no time for the cultivation of the home virtues, and for enjoying the real delights of the family circle. Many a man rises while yet the shades of night are upon the earth, swallows an early meal, and then hastens to his place of business where he remains till the shadows of evening have again come on, before he returns home. His children, perhaps, were asleep when he left them in the morning, and have become tired and cross before his return. What can such a man know of the real joys that ever should be found in the relations existing in the home circle? Some men lament that they are able to devote so little time to wife and children. To such the present condition of business opens a long holiday during which they may cultivate and bring into active exercise the domestic virtues, and taste, in full draughts, the sweetness of domestic joys.

It becomes us all to prepare ourselves for just such times as the present. We must cultivate a taste for books, for lectures, for music, for scientific subjects. A little time thus spent during our intervals of rest from incessant employment, will prepare us to spend, with less discouragement and repining, the days and weeks that are unoccupied with the ordinary cares of business. We have our happiness or misery, to a great extent, in our own keeping. As we sow, so shall we reap. If we neglect our intellectual and moral natures now, the time will come—soon for aught we know—when we shall feel the result, though too late for correction, of so unwise a course.

NATIONAL FAST.—The President has recommended the observance of Friday, the 14th day of January next, as a day of National fasting and prayer. If ever humiliation for national as well as personal sins was needed, that time is emphatically the present. Ambitious and insane men have risen up to trample under foot the most sacred compacts, regardless of the consequences either to themselves and their country, or to the welfare of the human race. May He who sitteth in the heavens bring to nought the counsels of such men and lead us, as a nation, to return to Him with fasting and humiliation, that his anger be stayed while it is kindled but a little.

Yes! That "Institute" on which so much depends; where it is! Shall Secessionism riot, and that prodigious subject "Physical Training" be suffered to drop, like the subjects so solicitously watched during the last session of this venerable body, into a pale and sickly decline? Patriots, rally!

BENJAMIN HILL.

Woburn Liveum.

Miss Angela S. King read before the Lyceum on Tuesday evening the following pieces: "The 'Strate Scene' from Evadne, Saxe's 'Miss McBride,' 'As you like it,' 'Sandalphon,' 'Love Chase,' 'Vision of Sir Launfal,' and 'Maud Muller.'"

It was quite a good selection and was well read and duly appreciated. Miss King has a very pleasant voice which is used with considerable artistic skill, and without being remarkably sweet is controlled in a satisfactory way. We think the extracts from "As you like it," and "Love Chase" were the best rendered, and this, not because they were humorous and pleased the fancy of the audience, but because Miss King's jolly expression, ringing laughter, excellent appreciation and reading of the parts, were admirably mingled. Saxe's poem is a pleasant satire on pride, and the author's love of a pun is peculiarly apparent, but Hood's "Miss Kimbrough," and her precious leg, is a well-known and better production, and has more striking and effective characteristics of manner and matter. We do not think that "Miss McBride" was as well rendered as the other humorous parts; the modulation of the voice was somewhat defective, and there was less skill in its adaptation.

Evadne was good, likewise "Sandalphon," but "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was excellent, and the "Story of the Knight's Search for the golden Grail," done into Lowell's attractive verse, was made doubly attractive by Miss King's fine reading.

It was pleasant to hear "Maud Muller," one of the sweetest little poems in the world, read so well; and Miss King did justice to it and to herself.

We were pleased with Miss King and her reading. She has one great virtue—a correct understanding and appreciation of her own powers. There is no striving after effect in what she does, but with a correct knowledge of the spirit of her authors, she renders their productions gracefully and naturally. She avoids those heavy, tragic parts, and displays her taste in selections such as we have referred to.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION.—We understand that some disappointment is felt that the meetings of this Association are not reported as heretofore. We shall be glad to publish reports of the meetings, if they are handed in. Will not those most interested see that they are forthcoming? We are glad to say that the Association is prospering, being engaged in the study of Entomology. We shall look for reports in future.

We see by yesterday's telegraphic despatches, that President Buchanan has ordered Major Anderson to surrender Fort Moultrie, if it is attacked. If this action of the President's does not make old General Jackson's bones rattle in their coffin then we have mistaken the character of the man who once wielded them so decisively and so effectively. If Gen. Jackson occupied the place of James Buchanan, South Carolina would not have dared to do as she has done. Verily in this crisis, we need a man who has some decision in his character, and who could act as emergency needed; but as it is we have one, who has neither the one nor the other of these qualities.

THE PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.—The Commissioners think they have succeeded in eradicating the malignant pleuro from the cattle of this State, and have stopped the slaughter of animals, not to be again renewed, unless the disease should unexpectedly break out. Mr. Cheney has about a dozen of his fine cattle left, the remainder having either died or been killed by order of the Commissioners. The amount of money paid to the owners of slaughtered cattle is about \$33,000. To this expenditure must be added \$19,000, as the cost of the extra session of the Legislature, convened to adopt efficient measures in regard to the distemper. The whole expense, therefore, of stopping the ravages of the pleuro will slightly exceed \$50,000. One hundred thousand dollars were appropriated by the Legislature, at its extra session, for that purpose.

COTTON.—It has been thought by some that almost the only place in the world from whence cotton can be obtained is the Southern States. The New York Journal of Commerce says that much interest has been awakened in this city by an invoice of cotton from Peru, via Panama, being a part of a shipment of 1500 bales, most of which was consigned to Europe. The quality is very beautiful, and the samples would sell readily at fifteen cents, even in the present state of the market. The plant from which this cotton was taken is a perennial shrub in Peru, indigenous to the soil, extending over a considerable tract of country, and only needing cultivation to secure large crops. With this fact before them, why should any one fear the cutting off of the Southern cotton crop? If the South can stand it, most surely the North can.

SLAVES IN MARYLAND.—The late Census returns show that the number of slaves in Maryland has diminished more than 15000 since 1850. The whole number now in that State is about 75000. At this rate Maryland is destined to become a Free State.

MONEY.—Money matters are thought to be assuming a more favorable aspect. Although the Banks are not inclined to discount, it is believed that the time is not far distant when the present stringent condition of the money market will pass away, and business take a new start.

WELL PUT.—The London Times, in commenting on the threats of South to secede if its candidates for President and Vice President were defeated, observes that "those who enter into an election with the mental reservation that they will not submit to the result unless it be favorable to themselves, are guilty of the same kind of unfairness as those who play at cards with the intention of receiving if they win, and refusing to pay if they lose."

STATE LIQUORS MUST BE SOLD FOR CASH.—In the Sup. Court at East Cambridge, on Tuesday last, A. G. Mansfield, late State Liquor Commissioner, brought a suit against the town of Stonham, to recover the sum of \$150, due him from the Town Agent of the Stonham branch, for various kinds of liquors and wines furnished the town when he was the State Agent in Boston. By instructions from Judge Brigham the jury decided that Mr. Mansfield gave credit to the town for the amount claimed, that the Statute provided that the Commissioner must sell all liquors and wines for cash. A verdict was rendered accordingly.—*Herald.*

For the Middlesex Journal.

Indolence.
Indolence is a quality we always abhor in others, and yet we almost never suspect it in ourselves. Very many men within the limits of my knowledge, sadly abuse the English language in speaking of their leisure, while laziness is the more appropriate term to be employed. We have seen men who would walk, or read, or talk much; yea, spend the whole day without a single unoccupied moment, and yet be really idle, because all efforts destitute of a useful design are equivalent, to or worse than idleness in their results. The bustling do-nothing is as useless to society as the supine sluggard. How much more valuable to society is the gazing, lounging pleasure-monger, or gadding spinster, than the dozing, stupid dolt, who never had a dozen thoughts in all his life? The busy idler is an abhorred pest to a community. He compels his wife—if he is so fortunate as to possess one—to earn her own bread, and his also, while he walks over to watch the building of his neighbor's barn; or perhaps he has a sick friend and is there to suggest numberless cures; in fine, do everything but help. He knows everything almost about every family in town. If he meets a brother loafer in some shop or store he pours forth a strain of information in a pattering stream of words, not unlike the rain-drops of a stormy day. He can tell every body how to make, and save, and spend money; he can advise the mechanic about his work; he violently peruses almanacs and receipt books, and with a conglomeration of anecdotes and scraps of history he will face even the school-master himself; he succumbs to no one save the wily, oily-tongued lawyer. Who would be so fool-hardy as to dare to attack him? Thus we see these busy idlers at their accustomed stations every day, which teach us all the useful lesson of time's rapid flight. But of what use are these buzzing idlers? There is another equally diligent idler who makes it his occupation to see and be seen—and he seldom fails in his business. He sweeps along the street with an air of consequence, perfuming the atmosphere with the odors of tobacco. He is dressed most gaudily—his hat sitting jauntily upon a wilderness of hair, like a bird's nest started from her nest—so as to secure to himself the attention of all he meets. He gambles, swears and fights—when in a condition to do either, and yet he is undeniably a man of honor, for he has whiskers and mustaches, and says, "Sir, 'pon my honor." It would be an endless task to describe all the veins of idleness exhibited in every-day life,—how it purloins from the student, from the professional man and the mechanic, here stealing minutes, and there clipping hours; yea, at length days, and even months. It becomes us all to resist manfully the attacks of this mischievous enchantress. And here let me say that there is nothing more potent as a preventive or cure for this malady than honest, determined industry. Health is the basis on which all earthly happiness depends, and there is no greater promoter of this invaluable boon than constant employment. As we polish steel, so labor quickens the faculties and strengthens the muscles, until the body performs all its functions with cheerfulness and effect. Let every young man remember, that who he steps aside from the simplicity and purity of virtue to indulge in dissipation—mistakes excitement for satisfaction—misses the errand of his life and sinks to a dishonored grave, mourning that he forsook the very home of happiness, when he abandoned the labors of true industry.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Wanderings among the Indians.
No. IV.

The Sabbath which I spent with the Shunonek tribe of Indians was one of exceeding interest, and never to be forgotten. To my surprise they had reached such an advanced point of civilization, education and christianization, that neither in public nor in private did language need to be simplified in order for their comprehension and appreciation. No mere baby-talk, or monosyllabled words, were at all necessary in their hearing. One of the tribe, with a manly, dignified tone, and very distinct articulation, lined the hymns, which were sung earnestly and congregationally; and I couldn't help thinking he gave the sense better than did the minister. While the singing—O, you should have heard that!—was extraordinarily good; although some of the voices sounded to my ear and heart so wildly, wildly and plaintively at times, not only in the humble chapel during public worship but around the family altar of my principal boarding-place, I fancied some of the spirits of departed Red Men, hurried out of existence by the cruelty of the Whites, with wailing and unearthly accents were making music through them.

One of the singularities of the Indian pronunciation of words in singing, is the pronouncing of *y* at the end of a word as if it were long *i*. Thus:

"Come hold spirit, heavenly dove."

And this is done with such naturalness and unctious, with a fervency of zeal bordering on enthusiasm, as to do one's soul good, causing the music and the words to linger a long time in the memory. Peculiarly pertinent were the stanzas like the following, from Dr. Watts, which I called upon this people to sing:

"Lo, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove."
"Ye tribes of Adam join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes of praise
To your Creator's praise."
"In these our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear,
The sacred gospel's joyful sound."

While no less appropriate were such scriptures as the following, which I has the privilege and pleasure of reading to them: "Jerusalem is built as a city that is compact together, whether the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord. They shall prosper that love thee. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will say, Peace be within thee." "James to the twelve tribes scattered abroad, greeting." &c., &c.

During a portion of the time of church service, on the Lord's day referred to, the preacher addressed them from the text, familiar to some of the readers of this article because of its recent use in their hearing, "Overcome evil with good," the entire audience seemed bathed and dissolved in tears, evincing that they have tender sensibilities and warm affections, as well as bold and courageous spirits.

In this connection I would state that they have an organized evangelical church, of the Independent or Congregational order, and the only one of that denomination within the boundaries of Southampton, notwithstanding its 7000 inhabitants, including 200 Indians, instead of merely 100 as misprinted in a former article, its 8 Post Offices, and its 3 newspapers, one of them a daily, published at Say Harbor; the remaining religious sects being divided chiefly among the Presbyterians and Methodists. This Christian band of natives have three deacons, strong-minded men, one of whom conducts the devotions of the sanctuary when no missionary, colporteur, or clergyman happens along; another "lining the hymns" that those who haven't books may know what to sing; and the other, acting as chorister, and superintendent of the Sabbath School.

Very pleasant indeed it is on a Sabbath evening, while wending your way to church, in the cars of Him who has made of one blood, all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth? And especially when He sees that this same people have so far carried their Supreme Court sentiment into practice, that He daily and nightly hears the wails of the oppressed, like Abel's blood, crying out from Him from this same land, "Justice" and "liberty." Would it not be most unreasonable to suppose that a "God of knowledge, by whom actions are weighed," in this way? "Shall not I visit for their ways, saith the Lord?" The King of kings is entirely overlooked, and "common" is pronounced "king." God gave Mr. Whitney of Mass., skill to invent the Cotton Gin, affording the South such an unexpected income that they could well afford not only to be just, but generous to all their laborers. But what was the result? The greater God's bounty, the greater their covetousness and oppression.

The North is not innocent. It has divided the gain with those who have by fraud kept back the wages of those who have reaped down their fields. Most certainly these eyes cannot be kept secret from Him whose eyes as a flame of fire go to and fro in the earth, beholding evil and the good. What compromise can reconcile justice and injustice? See, in the first verses of the 5th Chapter of St. James' Epistle, how the Almighty regards the reward of laborers. Suppose that robbers should agree among themselves on a compromise as to the division of their booty, what satisfaction would this be to the plundered? Will such a compromise enter with acceptance into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth?

Our Constitution itself, agreeably to its very first sentence, is a great personal liberty bill, and it ordains that the "citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." What State first violated this personal liberty bill? Again, it ordains that the writ of *habeas corpus* shall never be suspended, but in cases of rebellion and invasion; and that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; and that "the accused shall enjoy the right of a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury."

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SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.
On the cold evening of Friday, last week, a little past 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in the Box Factory of W. H. Hayden, Jr., situated a little South of the Bank Building, and soon consumed it with contents, consisting mostly of lumber prepared for boxes, leaving the Steam Engine standing solitary and alone. A strong North West wind drove the flames from all other buildings. The property was insured at Worcester. The building belonged to Mr. William H. Hayden, and the Engine, Stock and tools to his son, Wm. H. Hayden Jr. Cause of the fire unknown. The facilities for obtaining a supply of water in that vicinity, are few; though in this case, had there been a quantity of water the severity of the cold might have prevented the ready action of the fire Engine. When Spring opens, a Reservoir in that locality will doubtless be asked for. [The Machinery in this building, we understand, had only recently been put up by L. W. Cooper, of Woburn.]

A bold attempt was made last Saturday night to rob the South Reading Bank. The entrance was effected by bursting open two doors leading to the Banking room. All the papers in the drawers were scattered about, hoping probably, to find something valuable among them. An effort was then made to open the vault by the application of powder to the keyhole. Failing in this, the next project was to enter through the brick work. From this they desisted after going through three tiers of brick and mortar. A much more strenuous effort than was made would not have proved successful, as every precaution was taken in the erection of the building, to make the vault and safe secure. Nothing whatever was taken from the Bank. The Depot was broken open and tools taken therefrom to work with in the Bank, where they were left after use.

The Grocery Store of Benjamin Mansfield, in the Bank Building was also entered, but seemingly more for the purpose of having a collation, than for plunder. Four copper were found in the drawer, which the rogues took and placed upon the counter, apparently in payment for the crackers and cheese, of which they made liberal use. They were evidently disappointed at the Bank, for they had made preparations at the Depot, with basket and bags, to carry away the money.

The Selectmen have offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the burglars.

On the same evening, the Depot at Greenwood, was entered and an adze carried off. For more than a week before the heavy rain on Wednesday night and Thursday, the skating was excellent and very much improved and enjoyed by numerous persons of both sexes and all ages. Our Ponds have presented a lively appearance, probably to a greater extent than would have been the case if business matters were a little more pressing. The ice cutters had also commenced their welcome task, no doubt wishing their winter might be a long one.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Our Country.
In 1787, "The people of the United States" said that they ordained our Constitution "to establish justice, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

"The Judge of all the earth" heard this well sounding statement, and then, after he had bestowing unequalled prosperity and blessings on this same people for 70 years, he hears from them another statement, namely, that there are four millions of colored persons among them, who, although they also are "people of the United States," yet they have no rights which white people are bound to respect.

Now how must these two statements sound in the ears of Him who has made of one blood, all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth? And especially when He sees that this same people have so far carried their Supreme Court sentiment into practice, that He daily and nightly hears the wails of the oppressed, like Abel's blood, crying out from Him from this same land, "Justice" and "liberty." Would it not be most unreasonable to suppose that a "God of knowledge, by whom actions are weighed," in this way? "Shall not I visit for their ways, saith the Lord?" The King of kings is entirely overlooked, and "common" is pronounced "king." God gave Mr. Whitney of Mass., skill to invent the Cotton Gin, affording the South such an unexpected income that they could well afford not only to be just, but generous to all their laborers. But what was the result? The greater God's bounty, the greater their covetousness and oppression.

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But a crisis seems now upon us.

We have had a space for consideration and repentance. The thunder tones which were once heard in Egypt, begin to make our own land tremble. Thus said Jehovah, "Let my people go!" Is he the God of the Jews only and not of the Gentiles? Of the whites only, and not of the colored races? Most certainly he is, and doth wrong shall receive for the wrong he hath done; and there is no respect of persons with the Judge of all the earth. The decree has gone forth: "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God;" and we to him who manacles those hands to prevent their receiving God's word.

What then can we now do? Why, if we would not have Him who sitteth in the heavens frown on our counsels and vex us in his sore displeasure, do the very thing proposed in our Constitution—establish justice: this is what the Lord requires of us. "Deal justly, love mercy—not love money nor oppression—and walk humbly with thy God." J. E.

South Reading, Dec. 18th, 1860.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.
SKATING.—During this and the preceding weeks Echo, Lake otherwise known as Wedge Pond, has been visited by a large number of children and youth, young men and maidens, husbands and wives, who have improved the opportunity there afforded for the enjoyment of the healthful exercise of skating. The Abenona river has also been somewhat used for this purpose.

CONCERT.—The annual Concert under the direction of Mr. J. C. Johnson, will come off on Christmas Eve, (Monday evening) in the Vestry of the Congregational church. The singing will be by the present and some of the past pupils of his school. An interesting feature of the occasion will be the distribution of the gifts of the parents and friends from the Christmas tree after the concert. The time and labor which Mr. Johnson so freely devotes to the instruction of the children in our town in singing, deserves and should receive at this time, as I have no doubt it will, suitable acknowledgment. There should be a large gathering of the parents to give him by the admission fee asked, a slight remuneration for his services in behalf of their children.

LECTURES.—The Literary Association announces a series of lectures, to commence on Monday evening next in Lyceum Hall, and be continued as long as they shall be maintained by the patronage of the citizens. The first of the series will be delivered by Rev. A. L. Stone. Subject, "New England Homes." The duration of the course being uncertain, there will be no Season Tickets.

It will be perceived that the lecture occurs on the same evening as the Concert, and if one is not changed to some other evening, the consequence will be that the lecture will fail to receive the patronage which it otherwise would.

EXCISE.
[Our neighbors will enjoy a rich treat in Mr. Stone's lecture upon "New England Homes," and we advise all to hear it who can.—*En. Journ.*]

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Business seems almost at a stand still, and little money stirring; but as there are, usually, exceptions to general rules, I take pleasure in alluding to one or two of these exceptions. And first the Organ Pipe Manufactory of Samuel Pierce is in full operation, with a full complement of hands. This is as cheering as the rays of the sun, peering through the misty clouds after a nine days' storm. I have before referred to this justly celebrated establishment, and the fact above stated speaks more in its praise than anything my pen can describe; therefore I pass to notice another of the exceptions, and this carries me to the Shoe & Boot Manufactory of Howard P. Nichols, Esq., on Main street, where boots and shoes can be obtained that are it to be worn at this season. Mr. Nichols does not work stock that has been subjected only to a twenty-four hours' process in tanning, and his stock is all selected with the utmost care. The work he turns off fully sustains the above. A short time since I was shown a pair of boots made more than a year ago at this manufactory, having been brought in for slight repairs, the owner of which was offered a few days ago four dollars for them and refused to take it, and I think in this deciding he acted wisely. Your humble servant supports a pair of these boots, or rather they support him, and he thinks they have several advantages over ordinary boots, one of which is one can more easily keep his balance when sudden gusts of wind pelt upon him, and another is, it affords great satisfaction to be able to soar above the sublimity of things of earth, such as stones and mud, and look down on his fellow creatures below with perfect impunity. The only objection he has yet found to them, which is now nearly overcome, consists in making calculation accurately when to make an effort to stop,—the momentum being very great, yet not rapid. Next I come to the jewelry store and watch making establishment of E. E. Board, to which I have also before alluded. Mr. B. finds enough for his ever ready and competent hands to do, and his business is increasing rather than diminishing. His patronage is quite extensive, and is by no means confined to this town or State, but all along on the line of the railroad he receives much custom which he well merits; and being master of his business he will be sure of success.

Business Cards

Business Cards.

J. M. RANDALL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
No. 17 STATE STREET, BOSTON.
Boston, March 3. tf

H. HARRIMAN,
HARNESS AND COLLAR MAKER
Former of Oakley Court and Main Street, (opposite
Center House, Wolcott Mass.)
Harnesses of every description made to the best
tack, and by experienced workmen, at low prices
Repairing neatly done.
Nov. 29.

CONVERSE & CO.,
VOBURN & BOSTON R. R. EXPRESS,
 OFFICES:—5 Congress Square, Boston; Railroad
 Depot, Voburn.
 Orders for Goods, Packages, &c., promptly exe-
 cuted. Particular attention given to collecting and
 paying notes, drafts, bills, &c. april 1—yif

T. W. PAGE,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.
Sales of Real Estate, Household Furniture, and
all kinds of Personal Property, attended to prompt-
ly on reasonable terms.
Orders may be left at the Woburn Rec

HORACE COLLAMORE,
 DEPUTY SHERIFF FOR MIDDLESEX
 COUNTY.
 OFFICE :—4 WADE'S BLOCK,
 Woburn Centre
 Jan. 21, 1899.

DEALER IN
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS.
 Best India Goods, Flour and Grain, Crockery and
 Hardware, Paper Hangings, Paints, Oils, &c.
No. 3 Wade's Block.
 Woburn, April, 1854.

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER.
Paper Hanging, White-washing and Coloring
in the neatest manner. Also, Graining and
Carbling. Sashes and Blinds of every description
ruished. **PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,** of the best
quality, constantly on hand.
My office is in the first building south of the Branch
Railroad Depot, Main street.
Woburn, Feb. 14.

PERSONS'
WOBBURN AND BOSTON EXPRESS,

leave Woburn daily at 8 o'clock, A. M., and
Boston at 2 o'clock, P. M.

OFFICES: J. S. Ellis and W. Woodberry's Store
Woburn; No. 6 Court Square, and 46 North
Market Street, Boston

WYMAN'S
EMBROTYPE, MELAINOTYPE, AND
Daguerreotype Rooms,
KELLEY'S BLOCK, WOBURN.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION given to copying pictures

March 5, 1858. ytt

WILLIAM WINN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
BURLINGTON, MASS.

les of Real and Personal Estate attended to on
reasonable terms.

Orders left at the *Journal* office will receive
prompt attention.

WM. PRATT,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
And dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Fancy
Goods, &c.
347 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.
PARTICULAR attention given to repairing fine
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
May 14, 1859.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Wetster's Compound Iceland Moss Cough Candy.
**Relieves or Cures COUGHS, COLDS, HORSE
 NESS, TICKLING in the THROAT,
 ASTHMATIC and BRONCHIAL
 AFFECTIONS.**
F your children have the **WHOOPIING
 COUGH**, let them use the **ICELAND MOSS CAN-
 DY**, freely, and, with ordinary care, *no other medi-
 cine will be needed.*
**Sold in Woburn, at the WOBURN BOOK STORE
 W. CONANT'S and ELBRIDGE TRULL'S, and**

Apothecaries generally in cities and towns.
 The wholesale agents in Boston are—George C. Codwin & Co., Marshall street, M. S. Burr & Co., Cornmont street, Carter, Colend & Preston, Hanover street, Chas. T. Carney, and Weeks & Porter, Washington street, who will supply all orders, or applications may be made by mail to the proprietor.
 T. A. SWEETSER,
 Druggist, South Danvers, Mass.
 January 25th, 1869.—11y

EDWARD BUTLER,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

BANK BLOCK, WOBURN.
Nov. 7, 1857. ytf

HARRIS JOHNSON,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to
promptly on reasonable terms. ytf

CHARLES A. SMITH.

CHARLES H. SMITH,
DEALER IN
AMERICAN
AND
FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN,
Jan. 7. *Opposite the Post Office.*

FRANK B. DODGE,
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER,
 ALSO, DEALER IN
 Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-Ware,
 Musical Instruments, Fancy Goods, &c.
 For Melodeons For Sale and to Let.
 (Weston's Old Stand, Main Street, Woburn).
 Novr, 1858. t yt

Fire Insurance!
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Dec. 19, 1888. y

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD

[illegible]

Dr. J. C. AYRE, JR., New Orleans, 25th August, 1899.

[illegible]

To say many things would be worth trying. By the blessing of God I have been able to purify my blood and make a new man of me. I feel young again. The blood has been purified by the medicine.

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A great variety of cases have been reported to us where one of these formidable complaints have resulted from the blood being impure. We have seen them all administered. Some of them may be found in our American Dispensary. But we are glad to hear you are pleased to furnish grants to all who call for them.

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It is the Best Remedy of the Disease.

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Middlesex Journal.

Devoted to the Local Interests of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, North & South Reading, Wilmington, Burlington and Lexington.

VOL. X : No. 13.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR
SINGLE COPY 4 CENTS

Poetry.

To an old Friend.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Old friend! though many a year hath flown
And we have something wiser grown,
Since you and I first met—
The love that in our bosoms grew
When life was rosy, fresh, and new,
Is blooming brightly yet.

Time brings a philo-sophic mind,
Time takes more than he leaves behind—
Time is a thief of joys;
Time turns one's golden hair to gray,
Time draws a bill which all must pay—
Time makes old men of boys.

Time with her scythe and hour glass stands,
To reap the harvest of our lands—
To shorten prosperous days;
Time cuts the longest steel to rust,
Time crumbles monuments to dust—
Time robs us of our praise.

Much fault is found with friend's time,
In books and speeches, prose and rhyme,
But we will not upbraid;
For he has left our hearts as young
As when, in youth, we laughed and sung
In sunlight and in shade.

Who says that age makes friendship cold?
A true affection ne'er grows old,
But lasts like mountain pines,
Whose heads unfading verdure crown,
Though winter darkens them with frowns,
Or summer smother them in flames.

I wish that, round our mutual souls,
While earth upon its axis rolls,
The vines of love that run
Might spread their tendrils and embrace
The cherished, dear ones of our race,
So that from side to side

Our large affection might survive,
And be as brightly kept alive,
When we exist no more,
By those to love to guard our flames,
And keep unstained our honest names,
As in the days of yore.

Old friend! 'tis something in these hours
Of work and hurry, when the flowers
Of feeling scarcely bloom,
To feel that in our heart there grows
A plant, amid life's sands and snows,
That may adorn our tomb!

Select Literature.

TURNING TO THE TRUE LIFE.

I was thoroughly a woman of the world. I dressed in the height of its fashions; I patronized its follies; I practiced its deceptions; I lived in its conventionalities. There was little of solid learning in my head, and less of genuine philanthropy in my heart. I was supremely selfish; I made no sacrifice myself, yet I was continually demanding them of others.

I was fond of flattery; I loved to produce effect. Often did the flash of pride deepen the color on my cheeks, as I sailed through the crowded room, and heard the half-whispered exclamations, "How grand!" "How superb!" "Isn't she beautiful?" True, they were not the only expressions I heard. I was standing one evening in the conservatory. The cool air fanned my fevered brow. And the sound of music and dancing came floating out from the wide walls. I heard voices among the shrubbery.

"There is little about Corinne May to admire. She is simply a butterfly!"
"She is a cold, heartless coquette. I speak from a bitter experience."

My heart beat fast, and the veins at my forehead swelled with anger. The one was Mr. Pemberton, the author; the other, one who had been at my feet the night before. The latter I could forgive, but the man of talent—never! There was bitterness in those words coming as they did from him. He was the only man whom I had ever raised in my estimation above the common level of men. My heart throbbled for revenge; he should repent those words in bitterness, and at my feet.

But as that never happened, I am still unavenged—and it is better so. All the charms of art and nature failed. It was not mine to conquer. At the close of the season he was gone; I had awakened no interest in him; in his estimation I still remained—a butterfly! I am now humble enough to say that he thoroughly did me justice. During the remainder of that night of folly and pleasure, I was miserable, discontented with myself, and everybody else. A pale intellectual girl became the belle of the hour, and I left in disgust.

Among the visitors at my father's house was a clergyman. He was a tall, handsome man, rather taciturn, and with a retired air about him, that fitted him for society. Indeed he rarely went into society; and when he did, there was constrained, ill-at-ease atmosphere about him that imparted some of its chilliness to others. He was naturally a gifted man; and to this he added a thorough, systematic course of education, coupled with much personal observation. He conversed freely, that is, with those with whom he was intimate. What he said enchaind his hearers, as well as profited them.

He was not a gloomy man; a guide-post, with the way to the shadowy tomb written upon his face. He believed that God was good; he felt that we were created to be happy; he knew that the world was beautiful. He seemed to look at everything with such clear, true eyes. He could read your character at a glance; he knew your follies, your weak points, your inconsistencies. Yet he seemed to use this power leniently—and very much so with me. In our intercourse he did not lessen my friendship for him, by abruptly attacking my follies, nor making me less a being of God, by leaving them entirely alone. He showed me wherein I erred, in a quiet unassuming way—perhaps more by his manners than his words.

He would take me out of myself, as it were, and place me where his own inner perceptions had placed me. Then I could see how fruitless had been my life, and how deformed I was in the eyes of simplicity and truth. Yet I was a willful one; there was pride in my heart; I was wedded to the follies of the world. The revelation did not make me better; and as we never met again, my spiritual relation to God, I must say that it made me worse. I half-hated myself, and, as a

consequence, the things around me. Mr. Athol was pained at this; there was reproof in his eyes, and it seemed to me that he smiled more sadly every day.

I was conscious that he loved me. This consciousness came to me through many months—slowly, gradually, certainly. He did not say so in so many words, or by so many acts. He was not the man to do that. I divined it in his glance, in his anxious solicitude, in little things that were nothing to the world, yet much to me. Companionship increased the affinity between us more and more. We were always exerting an influence upon the characters of those around us, and he was influencing mine very much.

If I did not love him in return, I am sure that I did not hate him. I don't know how it was, but I at last began to learn that he was very dear to me. He would often come into the library to converse with my father. The latter was a Christian, and an elder in Mr. Athol's church. He was a warm friend, and an indulgent enemy, a loving husband and an indulgent father. I was the only child, and upon me he lavished all his affection. Every whim was gratified, every folly passively yielded to. He regretted my thoughtlessness and my inactivity; he was a good man; but he was not one of those stern, positive, unswerving men, who throw themselves into the breach and save us. Ethan Athol was to do that for me.

As I have said, he would often come to the study to talk with my father. Sometimes I would be present; not a participant in the conversation, but an attentive listener. The latest novel would drop listlessly into my lap. I would clasp my hands together, and silently gaze into that animated face; it seemed to me to deepen in its spiritual radiance. His eloquence was the eloquence of simplicity; there was no egotism about anything he said; he never seemed to be thinking about himself. He was not one to slumber upon the walls of Zion; neither did the voice of his watchfulness, nor his warning seem to say, as it so often seems to say in others of his profession, "I have come to prepare the way of the Lord. The enemy are upon us; they are at the outer gate. Become ye holy, even as I am holy!" Sometimes he would cease talking, almost abruptly as it were, and look at me. As his glance met mine, his gray eyes would grow warmer and warmer, and beautiful in their love for me. I would turn my face away, and gaze out of the window—and those soft, mesmerical eyes would be still looking at me from among the shrubbery.

At last it turned out as it was to be. I loved him; perhaps not warmly, passionately, for women of the world, and at my age, do not love in that way. I loved him with a sort of calm, holy, abiding love—in the same quiet way in which he loved me. I sought his society more; I entered more often into the grandeur of his soul. I tried to do right; but O! how often did I fail! I went less into company; I endeavored to store my mind so that I could better appreciate him whom the Lord, in his goodness, had given me; so that I might influence others for good, just as he was influencing me.

We became engaged. I cannot remember the time when he asked me to become his wife; indeed, I am not sure that he ever asked me. But I know that there was a time when we wholly understood each other; when I would sit beside him and pass my fingers through his hair, and look up, oh how trustingly, into that face, fairer to me than all other faces.

In the great fashionable church I seemed to see no one but him. My eyes were ever turned to the pulpit, and my ears drinking in the rich tones of that voice, speaking of life, and hope, and love—the life beyond the grave, of the hope that waiteth, of the love that endureth all things.

But a serpent came into the paradise of our love. It was my passion and my pride. A servant, one morning, broke a magnificent porcelain vase, the gift of a dear departed friend. It was lying in fragments upon the floor, and a young girl, a very child, was looking with apprehension into my face. I was in a dreadful passion. The serenity that had come into my face during many weeks, went out of it in a moment! My eyes were in a blaze, my temple veins were full, and my lips twitched nervously.

"My God! what have you done, Hortense?" I cried, cruelly and discordantly. "I could kill you—you little wretch!"

I caught the poor child by the shoulders, and shook her roughly—so much so, that when I let go my hold, she fell upon the floor.

In looking up, I caught the eye of Ethan Athol. He was standing in the door-way. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," he said, solemnly. "Corinne—is it possible?"

His face was very sad, and his eyes were as reproachful as his tone.

My veins were on fire, and I was indignant, then, to what I said or did. His words and his presence made me still more angry.

"Anything is possible with me, Ethan Athol," I said savagely.

"Anything wicked, do you mean?"
"You have intruded, sir."
"And I am sorry for it—sorry for your sake and for mine."

"I am not responsible to you, sir, for my words," I retorted.

"But you are to God, your Maker."
His voice trembled—not with passion, but with sorrow. He was quite pale in the face, and he pointed upward with his thin white hand.

"Then I shall crave His forgiveness, and not yours," I said. "Will you please to leave the room?"

"Miss May, I shall never annoy you any more."

"Then I shall be all the more thankful for it."

He was gone. There was something so cold, so stern, so different from him, in that last glance, that I shuddered.

I could restore that broken vase; it was nothing. I could not restore that broken friendship; it was all the world to me. Oh, how I regretted those words; how I wept, and mourned, and prayed! I would have gone down into the dust at his feet, as I passed the room that evening. Yes, I, proud, arrogant, defiant—at whose feet others had knelt in the deepest humility of soul to that plain, quiet, unassuming Missionary of the Cross! Ah! love worketh strange things.

But it was too late. He never came to our house again. I never met him, save on the street, and then he simply bowed to me as a friend. I did not go any more to hear him preach. His voice would have brought that fatal hour to my memory, and I would have grown more wretched than ever, in my self-abasement. His labors soon called him elsewhere, and I did not see him for three years. I heard of him often through some of his sermons, but more often, beautiful extracts from them, came floating to me through the newspaper word.

I put my better nature behind me; I again rushed into society, and again became its acknowledged queen. But society had no attraction; my eyes saw only tinsel and show, and my ears heard only hollow, meaningless sound. There was a great sorrow in my heart, and it grew upon my face. The world said, "She is suffering. She had found her own. It will do her good."

I was stopping at the Girard House in Philadelphia. I had arrived there the day before, and was in my room reading. A little boy was shown up by the servant; he handed me a note which I opened and read. It ran as follows:

"DEAR FALCON:—I have learned by the arrival that you are at the Girard House. I am dying. Will you come and see me? My little boy will show you the way."
October 9th, 1855. No. 7."

There was no mistaking about that—though there was a mistiness in my eyes. How that simple signature took me back into the long ago. I was again at the Evergreen Seminary, up "in No. 7," that sweet old room opening out upon the winding brook, the shady walks and beautiful vista of scenery.

My room-mates were with me; the sweet poetess of the green hills of New Hampshire, and the gentle Agnes Byrne, she who was now waiting by the darkling river of death!

I saw the "Nun Agnes," as we called her, again before me—with her soft, sunny hair, her dove-like eyes, and sweet classic mouth. We had been more than common friends. She was so different from me; she passive, and positive; she weak, quiet, yielding, child-like; I strong, vivacious, bold, uncomplaining, a veritable woman even then. Our love was a love of opposites. She looked upon me for hope and strength. I took her under my protection; her tormentors shrank away from the sarcasm of my words, at the fire in my eyes, at the scorn upon my lips; she was wholly unapproachable then. Oh, how those soft eyes and crimson lips thanked me for it.

Once we all three stood together at the window in No. 7. It was a calm, starlight night; we were talking of the stars. They were gems to shine in ebony hair; they were white bands to be upon the child of song; they were bands to string in the rosary of the prayerful Agnes! Those different expressions were our characteristics. And now the "Nun Agnes" was about to go on before—to tread the beautiful pathway of the stars.

I laid aside my jewelry; I put on my simplest dress. I parted my hair plainly over my brow. Was I not going to the bedside of a dying friend? I saw myself in the mirror; I thought I had never looked so beautiful before. Ah! I was taking some of my pride with me.

Her child led the way. He was thin and clad. His mother's hair and eyes were there, but his lips were not so fine and expressive. Perhaps suffering had to do with that. We reached the street where she lived—the narrow court—the wretched dwelling. We went up the long, winding stairs—we were in the room.

"Nun Agnes" was beautiful still. Her face was pale, and her cheeks sunken, but the same trusting expression was in her eyes. She was still very much like the dear, sweet girl of the long ago—like my room-mate in No. 7. She took both my hands in hers.

"Well, Falcon, you have come!" she said. "They had always called me Falcon at school. I was so bold, so swooping, and would rise so high!"

"Yes, Nun Agnes—and to find you changed so much!"

"You have changed too, Corinne!"

"She was looking at my hair, and my plain dress."

"I am still the proud, wilful one—a very Falcon yet! I have changed but for the hour."

"I am half sorry, and half glad, to hear you say that: sorry because you have not changed for eternity, and glad that you so readily acknowledge your fault. I am dying, Corinne."

"Oh, I hope not!"

Her arms were around my neck, and I was weeping bitterly.

"Your hope is different from my hope. Yes, I am going at last—to my Father's home, beyond those gates studded with a thousand stars! Will you lay aside your follies with your jewels, and grow lovely in the unspokeable richness of Christ? The world is vanity; the hope of earthly life is vanity; the love of approbation is vanity. There is nothing true but Heaven; no hope lasting but the hope of eternal life; no approbation like the approbation of God and an approving conscience. Turn to Him, for my sake, Corinne."

"I will, Agnes; not for your sake, but for my own. Experience has taught me how very, very true your words are. Oh, I hope that God will be merciful to me still!"

Her parched lips were kissing mine, and her tears were dropping on my face.

"Oh, I am so happy now! I happy because you have promised me that."

"My garments are white—my sandals worn. Sweet angel within!"

And I am the first to enter that beautiful gate—
"Oh, evermore and forevermore!"

[An hour afterward, and the prayerful Agnes was dead. She had taken the veil; death stood between her, and me, and the beautiful unknown.]

Her little boy sat at the foot of the bed; there was a vacancy in his stare. His grief was too great for tears. I smoothed back the sunny locks of Agnes, and folded her thin white hand over her breast. I kissed her, but they were, oh, so cold! It did me good to be alone with the quiet dead. There was a calm peacefulness growing within my soul. The first true inspired prayer from my heart, went up in that dim, old room.

Then a rich, full, sonorous voice, but I did not dare look up. I kept my face buried in the pillow. I knew it was Ethan Athol.

"The Lord upholdeth all who fall, and raiseth up all that are bowed down. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him in truth. Let all men bless his name forever and ever!"

He took the cold hand of Agnes Byrne within his own, and looking into her face said,

"She has had her wish. She is dead!"
"She is not dead but sleepeth," I said.

"Yes; asleep in Jesus! Are you her friend?"

"Yes—as I once was yours!"

I looked into his face as I said that. He was slightly changed. He looked careworn. His forehead gleamed still more whitely from his raven hair, but the same love for his fellow men shone in his eyes.

There was something familiar about my face and voice, and these words made him look searching at me. I saw that he did not know me.

"I have many friends in Christ," he said.

"Ethan Athol," I said, without taking my eyes off his face, "I am not, neither have I ever been your friend and in Christ, but through the help of God I intend to be. I have been taught a lesson here. I have promised to meet my friend in Heaven. To do this I must make my peace with God, and with my fellow men. Ethan Athol can you forgive my great sin against you?"

He looked at me wonderingly.

"None have ever injured me whom I have not forgiven. Wherein have you done me any wrong?"

"Ethan Athol, do you not know me? I am Corinne May!"

He knew me then. It all came back to him like a dream. Oh, you should have seen his face brighten!

"Come to my heart, my beloved."

"That was all he said. I was in his arms, kissing that high, white forehead."

"I am as gentle as a shorn lamb now," I said, smiling through my tears. "Neither am I proud any more."

"The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity. The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will He forsake his inheritance; but judgment shall return unto righteousness, and the upright in heart shall follow it."

I was happy again. The world, and the world's vanity was nothing to me. I had found my true life; it commenced by the bedside of the dead Agnes.

She was buried without show or ostentation. Her little boy is with us—Athol and me—for we are married. My husband is still a minister of the Gospel, pointing out the way to Eternal Life!

Christmas at Farmer May's.

"Joseph!" roared Farmer May's stentorian voice outside the kitchen door, where he was knocking the snow off from his great holed shoe. "Joseph, you great lazy rascal, come and unharvest this horse!"

Out of the windy wood-shed came Joseph, reluctantly, into the biting Christmas time air. Joseph was Farmer May's bound boy, who did the chores, and carried the May children on his back to school many a time.

"I don't think he's got any heart at all!" exclaimed Joseph passionately, as his numb fingers loosened the harness, and his teeth stole down each pale cheek. "And this is Christmas time! O, dear! dear! why didn't God make a beautiful time for me, too? Work, work, work, and never a kind word! I ain't good for anything; I never shall help a body, or do any good as long as I live; and I suppose God knows it. O, I pray every night, that I may help somebody, and then, maybe, I might get to love me, or drop a kind word once in awhile."

Here Joseph paused, and looked over his shoulder into the broad kitchen window. O, what a sight there was within; you ought to have seen it. One square patch of sunshine lay right in the middle of the snowy floor. The beams were hung with long strings of scarlet peppers, and queer, crooked-necked, yellow squashes; besides, a beautiful branch of burning bush sprang out over the chimney-piece. The great square table was piled high with golden colored pumpkins, rosy apples, just the hue of Tiny May's cheeks, bluish her, and fragrant quinces. And clustering round the table, were little variegated curly heads you might have mistaken for a bunch of marigolds, their eyes big with anticipation of the dainties in prospect. How they laughed and shouted every time Hetty May gave a vigorous clap at the obstinate mince-meat, and sent her curls flying off in a straight line from her head.

"Dear me!" cried mother May, in a flutter, "that Santa Claus tart's a burning, I'm sure; and my hands in this dough, too! Joseph! you Joseph! come here, and mind the tarts."

Joseph here, there, everywhere! Why, there wasn't a member of the whole May family but were perfectly convinced that Joseph Craig hadn't a spark of feeling in him. He never hung up his socks; no, indeed! And, little children, he never had a kind mother to put her soft hand under his chin, and lift his poor, pale face for her loving eyes. There is a beautiful little brook in every one of your hearts, that loves to have kind, smiling faces reflected in it, and pleasant words, like wild flowers, dropped into it. To be sure there is!

"Is not that pretty, Corinne? Do you remember it? There was three of us then—

night, when the little ones were safe in their beds, farmer May threw a fresh pine knot into the wide-mouthed fire place, and Santa Claus began invisibly, to fill up the four long, red, woolen stockings hanging beside it. Good gracious! what a dancing and dithering there was about that kitchen floor the next morning, when the beautiful sun revealed what sly Kris Kringle had been about! Even twelve year old Hetty danced a polka in a pair of new rubbers and a pretty silk hood, with delight. Thomas's blue-wheeled cart kept tripping everybody up, as he went careering round the room; and Tiny's great waxen doll stared at young and old with its impudent blue eyes. But the greatest general of the day was soldier Harry, with the shining new skates Santa Claus had bequeathed him.

Already he was strapping them on, and explaining the bucking to silent, patient Joseph.

"Hurrah, Joseph! hurrah, everybody! look out of the windows; I'm off to the big pond for a skate!"

They were all so proud of handsome, careless Harry! Mother May was dreadfully busy preparing the Christmas dinner—for all the May relatives were to be there—but she left the peeling of the turnips and onions, and with her wet hands behind her, peered out with the rest to see her promising son.

"God bless the boy!" cried out the farmer, in his hearty way; and the children's eyes glistened. Joseph's hand was on the window-sill, and farmer May's accidentally dropped on it, warming the slim fingers into his broad, warm palm. Joseph thought his heart would burst, and a sweet glow of pleasure stole over him. But the hand and pressure were instantaneously removed and the sunshine faded out of his eyes.

The weather had been unusually mild for two or three days before Christmas, so that the water lay on the ice of the big pond. But during Harry thought he could brave it; 'twould be a pity to spoil the fun now, and so many admiring eyes fixed upon him too!

He made a bold dash; his little figure, upright and graceful, was poised upon the ice. Then there was a crash! the treacherous cake gave way; and with a loud cry Harry fell amid the rush of ice and water.

The group at the window seemed for a moment, paralyzed with horror; then there was a scattering for the pond, and a screaming and crying from one and all.

"He's under the water! Father! father! Harry's going under the ice!"

Every particle of color had left farmer May's face; he trembled in every limb, and threw up his hands wildly. His strength seemed to have ebbed away in the tide of grief. "God help me!" he cried. "My boy! my boy! and I can't swim!"

"But I can!" shouted a voice brave and clear as an angel's. "I can swim, and I'll save him!" and dashing past weeping mother May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water, swimming for dear life.

How they watched him, breathless and excited, their hearts hanging by a thread! How they saw him grasp once, twice, at a dark object under the water, and then rise, his face gashed and bleeding from contact with the ugly ice-corners! He was far out now, and made a third dive; then there was a faint hurrah! and, breasting the ice, he swam up with one arm embracing poor Harry.

"My child! my boy! Thank God!" cried the happy parent, folding him in his arms. They bore him to the roving fire in the sitting-room, and rubbed him until he opened his eyes, and smiled. Pretty soon he was able to sit up, and laugh and talk naturally.

And where was Joseph all this time? Sitting on the kitchen floor, squeezing his wet clothes, and rubbing the great painful gashes in his arms, from which the blood was still streaming.

"Joseph!" He listened; it was farmer May's voice, unusually soft and tender. The bound boy shook like a leaf. Before he was aware, a strong arm came around him, lifting him from the floor. He found himself, as if by magic, sitting beside Harry, and Harry's bright head resting on his bosom, with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's cheeks.

"If there's anything you could wish for now, Joseph," said the farmer, huskily, "anything you'd like to have, just name it, my boy. You've saved us many a year of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come, speak out my boy!"

How could he speak, and be so happy? Twice he essayed to gulp down the sob rising in his throat; sobs of joy they were. "Only be kind to me, sir," he gasped out at last; "only drop a kind word, now and then, for I can't say more, like the rest."

How was it now with farmer May? He was conscious of a great lack in his otherwise kindly heart. It quite broke him down; that appeal to his better nature; so he leaned on mother May's shoulder, and sobbed aloud. Joseph sat in a dream; his beautiful Christmas had come at last. No more hunger and thirsting of spirit now. How the joyous red spikes of firelight ran up the white wall at the whole room shining. Harry squeezing him tightly, with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her pretty doll into his lap, whispering,

"There! there! keep it, Joseph; I don't want it, indeed and double-deed I don't!"

And then, running away in the corner, her face turned to the wall, lest by looking back, she might repent the immense sacrifice. Well, well, children, tears cannot always last; and the May family were soon bright and smiling again, Joseph the happiest of all. Why, I don't believe Kris Kringle, even with his merry, frosty old face, looked more shining than the bound boy.

There was a great Christmas dinner, most know, with all sorts of good things; mother May couldn't heap Joseph's plate high enough with sweetmeats, and every one at the table drank his health in a brimming goblet of egg nog. O, it was all fairy land, and his cheeks kept tingling with proud bashfulness all the time.

Farmer May gave Joseph his freedom, and sent him to school with Harry. He had good reason to be proud of him, too, for there never was a better, or more studious boy.

So you see, little children; that God never neglects even the humblest. He held little Joseph in the hollow of His hand, and put him on the road to help us.

Many a blessed Christmas has farmer May had since then, and, maybe, if you could look in upon them now, you might see them all seated around one of mother May's puddings, and smiling; handsome Harry on one side, growing up to a noble manhood; and Joseph Craig on the other, with the promise of great good in his sunny blue eyes. All these thanking God for this happy, happy Christmas.

A Millionaire's Musings.

"He! I've grown a little hard of hearing of late, but I caught that just as the two men turned round the corner. 'There goes old Morgan the Millionaire, rich as Croesus and hard as iron; wonder what good the money he grips so tight will do him a score of years hence.'"

"And so, that's what men say of me, is it? 'Morgan, the old Millionaire'—And I've spent my whole life—all the hopes of my youth, the strength of my manhood, the years of my old age for this!"

"It's a fact, I'm a millionaire this day. John Morgan, your hairs are grey; and your face is seamed with wrinkles, and your life has slipped over its seventieth birthday, and in houses and lands, in bank stock and railroad shares, in coal mines and heavy cargoes you can count down your hard million of dollars."

"It sounds strange enough as I repeat the words over, and go back to the time when I worked on 'Squire Mason's farm for six dollars a month and my board. I said 'I'd be a rich man some day, and I bent myself to the task, soul and body, night and day. I toiled early and late, and I've got a million dollars to show for it!"

"It was a hard struggle; but I was sharp and watched my chance, and luck favored me. I don't like to think of all the strings I pulled to get my money, for if a man's bent on making it he mustn't be squeamish; and though I was sometimes a little hard, and saved here and took advantage there, still I wasn't worse than other men, and I was always certain to keep within the law."

"And now, men will bow and cringe to me, and almost go down on their knees to get my name on their paper, and say hard things of me behind my back, and when I die I don't suppose there's a living soul that'll shed an honest tear over me, though I shall be certain to lie under the shadow of a great marble monument."

"Somewhere, sitting in my office this morning and looking back over my life, it doesn't seem as if the million of dollars had paid, after all; but when the greed and the thirst for gain gets possession of a man, everything else must go—fear of God and love of man; his life and soul must be given up to business."

"I am an old man and a millionaire, and I shall be dropping into my grave in a little while, and I've got precious little capital to take into another world, for I fancy 'Rich Man' don't need there as it does here."

"I don't live to think of my home, my wife, my children! Poor Mary, she was a sweet, simple hearted girl when I took her in her fair young girlhood, to walk with me all the days of my life. I promised to love, cherish and protect her, but I buried myself up in business, and seldom had a loving word or a smile for the home to which I went every night, cold and silent and crusty!"

"I can't blame her if she has turned to the world, and sought refuge for her aching heart in dress and show and splendor and become at last, a vain, heartless, fashionable woman."

"What a palace home we had; my money filled it with every luxury; but the gold didn't bring happiness, and I didn't like to think of that last hour of my wife's when she woke out of her long fever and gasped out, 'John, I am an old woman; I'm going to leave you, and my life's been a terrible mistake—I see it all now—a terrible mistake!'"

"I don't like to think of my children, either. There are my boys, miserable, dissipated spendthrifts—counting on the years before the old man will be gone, so they can make his money fly. There are my daughters, married to fops and fortune hunters—showy, silly women, their whole life consisting in dress, and parties, and splendid frolics."

The Middlesex Journal.

S. R. PIPPY, PROPRIETOR.
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid. Sample of the paper sent to subscribers on request. Any person wishing his paper discontinued, must give notice thereof at the expiration of the term, or after previous notice has been given or not.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, (fourteen lines), one insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents. Half a Square, (seven lines), one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents. One Square, per year, \$10.00; six months, \$6.00; three months, \$4.00; one month, \$2.00. Less than half a square charged as half a square. Special Notices, local, 20 cents a line for one insertion; 4 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements, not otherwise marked on the copy, will be inserted until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly; transient advertisements in advance.

AGENTS.

North Woburn—Messrs. NICHOLS, WINS & CO.
East Woburn—A. L. RICHARDSON.
Woburn—E. J. WHITTIER.
Reading—THOMAS RICHARDSON.
South Reading—J. B. MANSFIELD.
Winchester—J. H. HOBBS.
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WOBURN, SATURDAY, DEC. 29, 1860.

READING MATTER ON OUTSIDE.—First Page—Poetry; To an Old Friend; Things to Cherish; Turning to the True Life; Christmas at Farmer May's; A Millionaire's Musings; A Boy Born, &c., &c. Last Page—Poetry; Here and There; Riches; Attention; How Mr. Twist came to be Deacon, &c., &c.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

It seems but as yesterday that we entered upon the year that is now almost gone. We commenced it with sad hearts, for a dark shadow was resting upon us. A form familiar to the readers of the Journal, had just been laid away in its final resting place, to be seen by them no more till the earth and sea give up their dead. We extended to our patron, the salutations of the season, and sincerely hoped that they might not, in the next twelve months, be called to drain the cup that had been put to our lips. To many of our wishes have proved a reality, but the others who have been called to pass under the same dark cloud that overshadowed us, and have learned, by experience, to sympathize with the bereaved and sorrow-stricken. Well indeed is it that the future is concealed from our view, that we do not see the afflictions that are to come upon us years before they reach us.

The close of a year, as has often been said, is an important period. Business men close their old accounts then and open new ones. They strike the balance between the two sides that they may know how they stand with their debtors. Well would it be if we were to take as careful a survey in respect to our standing in the books that contain the record of our acts on earth—to be opened not till the throne of judgment is set.

The close of the year should lead every one to pause and review the months that are past. In our various business and social relations there may have been some transactions that give us deeply regretted. Let them be recalled to the mind and carefully examined so that the opening year may see no repetition of them. If we have been enabled to do deeds that our consciences approve—if we have soothed and comforted the sorrowing—alleviated the condition of the destitute—if we have been enabled to do anything toward ameliorating the moral condition of any portion of the human race, let us be thankful that God was pleased to confer such honor upon us, and humbly strive to be found doing the same during the remainder of our existence here below.

A cloud is resting at the present time over the whole nation, so dark, at times, that we can scarcely discern our right hand from the left. It does not become us to yield to despondency, or abandon the ship of state to be dashed with certainty upon the rocks of division. The helm must be held firmly, and the power toward a safer sea and smoother waters, and if a portion of the sails are rent, let such as remain be employed to us as good purpose as possible. We little know—we do not appreciate the blessings that we of New England possess. Where under the whole heaven is there a land like ours? Search the old world all over, and you will return to New England, feeling as well as knowing, that there is not another such place on the face of the earth. Peace and plenty, civil and religious liberty make their home with us. We cannot visit in safety our Southern brethren. They visit us, and we take them by the hand and convince them by our acts that they are indeed not only our friends, but the friends of every human being. We see in every man a brother, and we desire to honor the Creator by showing honor to the being made by him in his own image.

The close of another year admonishes us of the rapid flight of time. Soon our last year—yes, our last hour will have come. It will not then be a source of comfort to us to remember the strife and scramble for wealth and place. Such things will seem of no more value to us than the playthings of the nursery. There is something higher, nobler for us all to do. Let us rise above the damp and pestiferous fogs that hang over the moral world, rise into the clearer light of justice and virtue, and find the attempt to conform our lives to the precepts of our Divine Master, and to benefit the world by our own influence and example, our highest happiness in this life, while we strive for a blissful immortality beyond the grave.

WOBURN INSTITUTE.—The first meeting of this society since last spring was held in Lower Lyceum Hall, on Friday evening last. The meeting was called to order by S. Horton, clerk, and M. T. Tidd was appointed to the chair. It was voted that the old officers hold over until January. The order of the day, the passage of the liquor bill to its third reading, was then taken up, amended and "lost." Mr. W. A. Stone gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the next meeting. It will thus be seen that the Institute is again in full blast, and bids fair to prove as interesting as heretofore.

ON DIV.—That the present excitement about Secession has been carried farther than the leaders and originators intended it should, owing to the management being taken out of their hands by the mob; and now that things have reached a crisis they cannot retire gracefully, and so are compelled to cling to the ship, sink or swim. Truly this is not a very enviable position; but the best laid scheme of mice and men gang all a-gle.

Woburn Lyceum.

Prof. W. P. JONES, of Chicago, Illinois, delivered his poem on the "Fate of the Illini," before the Lyceum, on Tuesday evening. The Professor commenced by giving a prose description of the poem, and complimented the Yankees on their desire always to know whether a story was true. The prose description was wishy-washy enough. Then followed the Epic, delivered in a western man's own style; and we can't say we admire the style any more than we liked the poem itself. To be sure we all have our idiosyncrasies, and the Professor has his, we suppose, and cannot become a Yankee in his voice and pronunciation immediately. We were startled at times by the conglomeration of sounds which proceeded from the lecturer, and whether it was Pottawattamie or western dialect, was an enigma for awhile.

The poem is founded on the history of the Fate of the Illini tribe of Indians who inhabited the country of Illinois, and were a brave and warlike tribe. This tribe had incurred the enmity of its neighbors, and three tribes, the Pottawattamies, the Chippewas, and the Ottawas, formed a league to exterminate the Illini. The Illini were driven at last to a big rock on the Illinois river, and besieged and destroyed. This is the history in brief, and the Professor endeavored to work up a poem which should, in an interesting form, make his story attractive. The subject is a good one, and has many features of interest, and in the hands of a master, could be familiar to the land; but the Professor was not born a poet. "Poe's nascarit non fit," and his attempt at poetry was not a success.

Dr. Johnson and a great many others have discussed the subject whether a man can make himself a poet. We don't pretend to decide that question, but only say that the Professor cannot be cited as an instance of a "made poet." The production delivered on Tuesday night, was not poetry. It had occasional, very pretty lines which sounded well, but it had a great many others which were deficient in meter and in style. Some lines struck us as familiar, and we recognized Homeric, Miltonic and Tennysonian expressions. It seemed as if the Professor had found in his inmost soul "with hooks of steel," many a live and dead author's production.

There are many young men in college and out, who, if they should attempt it, could write as good verses as the Professor. In fact we have heard a townsman deliver in Lyceum Hall, a poem of his own production, which in points of style, thought and metre, was superior to the fate of the Illini.

The Professor's manner was not pleasing; he branched all over the platform, and when, in the war speech of some brave, against the "Pottawattamie's implacable," he got excited, the whole thing was somewhat ludicrous. On the whole, we do not think it was a successful lecture.

State Valuation.

The State Valuation Committee have selected one town in each County as a sample town, and reported appraised prices to the items, for the valuation of the property in every town in the County. Framingham has been selected as the sample town for Middlesex County.

There does not appear to be a great difference in the valuation of dwelling houses in the different parts of the State, as fixed by the Committee. Franklin County has the least valuable, and Middlesex the most valuable. We give a few items showing the prices affixed on the same article in different towns in this vicinity:—

	Woburn.	Lexington.	Concord.	Winchester.	Burlington.	Methuen.	N. Reading.	Bedford.
Houses	13500	300	130	120	50	75	29	3,619,380.
Barns	200	30	90	40	20	1,523,731.		
Trails	200	60	68	20	65	1,023,407.		
Mowing	1500	300	200	200	60	100	20	3,242,513.
Planting	500	200	20	45	25	60	12	1,571,413.
Wood	1500	400	300	300	100	100	100	4,120,817.
Upland	500	300	45	35	35	40		507,890.
Upland	700	200	50	40	25	60	15	515,507.

The present week has been one of unusual pleasure to skaters, and "young men and maidens" have had as much "fun" as the most envious could desire. "Russell's meadow," back of the Railroad, was overflowed early in the week, and since then there has been the best of skating, which is free to all. No merrier music can be heard than the ringing of the swift gliding steel over the reverberating ice; and no exercise will sooner quicken the pulses and dart a ray of health across the pale cheek, than skating, when indulged in moderately, but when taken as to bring on exhaustion, it is certain to prove injurious. Let every one who can command a pair of skates, improve the present opportunity.

PICTURE OF WOBURN.—We have been shown by Mr. S. Horton, a picture of Woburn in 1820, engraved on stone by M. T. Tidd, from a sketch taken by Bowen Buckman. This picture was some time ago fully noticed in our columns, and a repetition is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that it is engraved in Mr. Tidd's best style, and is eminently fitted to occupy a place in every house in town. Mr. Horton, who is sole agent, will be happy to supply all with copies, and also with frames. Price of pictures \$1. A copy can be seen at the Woburn Bookstore.

The robbery of nearly a million dollars worth of treasury bonds, shows a state of corruption without precedent. There is no country wherein the national finances are as carelessly managed as in this. Men are allowed to fill responsible offices, who are morally and physically unfit. Availability is everything in the choice of federal officeholders, adaptation nothing. The advancement of the public good is secondary to the advancement of private ends. In order to put a stop to such a state of things we must have a judiciary that cannot be played with or prejudiced. A man who can steal a hundred thousand dollars is as certain, in his own mind, that he will not be punished therefor, as he is that the sun shines. We must deal the same with the thief that steals a million dollars, as we do with the man who only takes one; until such is the case, we must expect a continuation of the present state of affairs.

The New York Tribune says:—"We are arranged to state in the most positive terms, that Mr. Lincoln is utterly opposed to terms, concession or compromise that shall yield one iota of the position occupied by the Republic to the subject of Slavery in the Territories, and that he stands now, as he stood in May last, when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency, square upon the Chicago Platform."

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Medical Meeting.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society met last Wednesday evening at the house of Dr. Dana, in Reading. The evening was pleasant, the sleighing excellent, and consequently there was a full attendance. The following gentlemen were present:—Dr. B. and E. Cutter, Rickard and Clark, of Woburn; Ingalls, of Winchester; Heath, of Stoneham; Wakefield and Dana, of Reading; Mansfield and Jordan, of South Reading; Toothaker, of Wilmington; Holmes and Currier, of Lexington; Buzzell, of Portland, Me.; and Mr. Dole, a medical student. The Secretary read the records of the last meeting. Dr. E. Cutter presented, for examination, the case of one of our citizens, recently removed by Dr. Dix, of Boston, on account of a cancerous affection; also an umbilical cord in which there was a knot at the time of the child's birth. Dr. B. Cutter presented two specimens of diseased kidney. Dr. Ingalls reported two cases of Chronic Rheumatic Arthritis in which the new remedy—Propylamin—was faithfully tried with no appreciable effect. Dr. Rickard read a paper upon a case of Latent Thrombus. Dr. E. Cutter read a paper upon the supposed identity of small pox and vaccine virus, in which he attempted to show that they are not identical, that is, that vaccine matter is not the result of small pox matter transmitted through the cow, but distinct in itself. A free and interesting conversation followed the introduction of each subject. Dr. Buzzell spoke of the excellent results he had obtained from the use of the Veratrum Viride. He mentioned a case of cancer of the breast, in which its effects were very excellent. Dr. B. Cutter, in behalf of the Periodical Committee, made a report relative to the Periodicals the Society were to take the ensuing year. At nine o'clock the company adjourned to the dining room where a table was bountifully spread—and, as usual, did ample justice to the good things provided. At half past ten o'clock the Society adjourned to meet on the evening of the last Wednesday in February, at the house of Dr. Rickard, in Woburn.

It is said that at a Secession meeting in Norfolk, Va., last Saturday evening, Gen. John Tyler concluded a speech with the expression "Let the Union go to Hell," which was received with rounds of applause. We are afraid that if some people were at the helm of state, that would be the first port they would bring up at. When bar room slang has been resorted to for effect in political gatherings, it argues that something is "rotten in Denmark."

RUDENESS.—We have heard the complaint freely made this winter, that the young portion of our Lyceum audience disturbs those who wish to pay attention to the lecturer, by their constant whispering. We wish the young folks could be made to observe the rules of common propriety, and observe quietness during the hour devoted to the lecture, thereby doing themselves, and those about them, a real service. We think the Lyceum Hall company should institute railroad companies, who provide smoking cars, and fit up a whispering and giggling room.

FIRE IN STONEHAM.—On Monday night last, a fire broke out in the barn owned by Col. Lyman Dike, and situated in Stoneham, which consumed it together with the shed adjoining, also a cow, cart, and harness. A horse which was in the barn was saved. The Gen. Worth Engine Co., were present, and were the means of saving the dwelling house. Col. Dike offers a reward of \$100, and the Selectmen offer another \$100, for the conviction of the incendiary.

The Charleston Mercury heads its reports of the proceedings of Congress—"Foreign Intelligence." This is probably owing to the absence of the South Carolina delegation, the sudden change in phraseology being so great as to make the doings unrecognizable.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.—We understand that the First Congregational Society in this town contemplate a large Social gathering in the course of a few weeks. The ample Vestries and Society rooms will accommodate a large company and we hope to see them well filled.

Mr. Samuel Sheldon, of North Reading, who was so severely assaulted by his son on Friday, the 21st, will probably recover from his wounds, and the matter will most likely be "hushed up."

DEDICATION AT ANDOVER.—The new church at Andover—erected during the past season, will be dedicated on Wednesday, the 2d of January next, the services to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. If the sleighing is good we presume there will be a goodly delegation present from this town.

THE REASON THE PRESIDENT GAVE for refusing to strengthen Capt. Anderson, is, that he was afraid of assassination if he did so. But why should the lives of sixty men be jeopardized, because one man lacks courage?

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE SOUTH.—Despatches from the South announce that Mr. Moultrie and Pinckney were taken by the South Carolina forces Thursday night.

EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENT.—The Governor, with the advice of the Council, has appointed Rev. George J. Carlton, of Newton, Chaplain at the State Prison, in place of Rev. Joseph Kicker, resigned.

PEWS IN THE NEW CHURCH.—We understand that nearly all the pews on the floor of the new church are either sold or let.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January is full of choice literary matter. There is a charming little poem from Longfellow, and an inimitable article from the pen of Dr. Holmes. This volume of the Atlantic promises to be ahead of all preceding ones. Subscriptions received at the Woburn Bookstore.

Mr. Editor:—Why is it that we cannot have a revival of the Woburn Musical Association, or a new one formed? How long shall we be entirely dependent upon singers from abroad to give us good renderings of the productions of the great masters? It does seem to me that in a population as large as ours, there ought to be persons enough of sufficient ability to keep up a good organization for the practice of the higher classes of music. We have two eminent organists—Messrs. Bricker and Whiting, and it seems to me that such an organization might be sustained. Will not others favor us with their views upon this matter.

SKATES.—Mr. T. W. BROWN, at 55 Union Street, Boston, has the largest and best variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Skates to be found in the city. He has patented the "Reversible Skate," a splendid article. His prices of skates, all complete, vary from 60 cents to \$5.00. Call and examine.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—We have received this magazine for January through the politeness of John J. Dyer & Co., of Boston.

Two weeks ago we received a letter, dated Cannelton, Ind., Dec. 10th, from a person who was then travelling in the West, stating that he had sent us a copy of a paper containing an article which he considered would be of interest to our readers. This paper has not come to hand, which will account for the non-appearance of the article. We make an extract below from the letter:—

"I left home Dec. 3d, and have passed through New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, and various other places, and am now at Cannelton, on the Ohio River—the great seat of the Cannelton Coal Trade, 120 miles below Louisville, where about 3,000,000 bushels of coal are taken from the coal mines on both sides of the river, and sold to the steamboats, besides supplying a cotton factory at this place, that has 11,000 spindles, which is now in full operation, and has been so for nearly 9 years; also, various other manufacturing concerns, and the machinery of the manufacturing here, as well as at other places on my route, are stopping on account of the Secession movement, which has had a tendency to prostrate business at all points I have visited, and I think will bring ruin to the North unless they repeal their nullification laws and personal liberty bills, and allow the South equal rights in the territories with their slaves. I have seen and conversed with gentlemen from all the Southern seceding States, and find that the whole South is determined to quit the North unless they can have what they consider equal rights in the Union. I find that there is, here in this section of the States, quite a feeling among the masses of the population, and also amongst the most enlightened politicians, in favor of Indiana, Illinois, and all other States west of Ohio, to go with the South; and in fact they desire that all the States drained by the waters of the Mississippi and its branches, to join in the Secession movement and unite with the South in a separate Republic, which they think will break them up into a great producing and manufacturing community, and vastly increase their wealth and prosperity."

We are surprised that any one can for a moment believe any such thing. The worst curse any one can wish the South, we think, is that they may be separated from the Union.

CHRISTMAS IN "YE OLDE ENGLAND."—When Alfred ascended the throne of England the feast of Christmas was kept in the same manner both on the Continent and England, and that great monarch reverently observed the festival, and is said to have commemorated one of its returns by presenting to the celebrated Abbot an abbey in Wiltshire, and also directed that it should be observed for twelve days. It was at Christmas, 1065, that Westminster Abbey was consecrated, during the reign of Edward the Confessor, who died a few days after, and William the Conqueror was crowned on Christmas day, 1066, and proved his "good-will toward men" when keeping the Christmas of 1069, by consigning to death by cold, fire, hunger, and the sword, more than a hundred of his own subjects.

From time immemorial the business of feasting has formed in England a goodly part of the annual celebration; and during the time of Henry the Second, the most fashionable dish was called *dilegrout*, compounded of almond milk, the brains of capons, chicken parboiled and chopped with sugar and spices; while other dishes, popular with the rich, consisted of stewed cranes, and also minced peacock and plum puddings, salmon pies, roasted peacock, and boar's heads stuffed with herbs and baked. The beverages consisted in ale, wine, mead, cider, and malt wine, &c.

It was while King John was keeping Christmas in 1214, that there was the infowind of the resolution of the barons to withdraw their allegiance, and the disquisitions which followed terminated in Magna Charta. In his time the singing of carols at dawn before the houses of the wealthy was universal, and the making of miracles, plays and interludes before the king was not uncommon. Eating and drinking and singing were associated with the earliest celebrations of the English; but the wassail bowl came more permanently into vogue in the 17th century. That bowl, when circulated by our forefathers, generally contained home brewed ale or strong beer.

A CHRISTMAS PIE.—Before plum pudding was invented, a mammoth pie for Christmas was considered indispensable in every English family. An old writer says of it:—"It is a great nostrum; the composition of this pastry is a most learned mixture of meats' tongues, chicken, egg, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery, &c." Another writer mentions that the chief ingredient of the pie was always a goose. There is an account of an enormous Christmas pie made in 1770 for Sir Henry Grey. It contained two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two geese' tongues, two woodcocks, six snipes, four partridges, two curlews, seven black-birds, and six pigeons! It was nine feet in circumference, and weighed about one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. It was fitted upon a case set on wheels, so that it could be easily passed about the table to each guest.

PETITION OF THE INHABITANTS OF HULL TO THE PRESIDENT. Sir: About four years since you were appointed custodian of property belonging to these United States, and took oath that you would protect and defend it (but we suppose you don't care much about that). Now, we the inhabitants of Hull, hereby give notice that, on the fourth of January next, (your Fast Day,) we shall take possession of the Navy Yard in Charleston, and wish you to give immediate orders to the Commander stationed there to surrender the same, not to a mob, but to the authorities of our town. We shall take it by force, but we have reason to believe, we will not attempt it, that blood would be shed, and our people would be as mad as March hares. We know you will avert this awful calamity by giving orders for its immediate abandonment.

A WARNING TO RUCHE PLAYERS.—A young man of Milwaukee, who is very fond of a daughter of a "pillar" in one of the popular churches, was taking tea at the house of his adored a few evenings since, and had some fruit cake offered him. Being somewhat confused on account of his situation, the cake was held out, he cried, "pass." The father hearing him, was horror-struck at the young man's infatuation of the game, and thought he would teach him a lesson, and spoke bluntly, "You pass, do you? then I order you, and there's the door." The young man sloped.

SKATES.—Mr. T. W. BROWN, at 55 Union Street, Boston, has the largest and best variety of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Skates to be found in the city. He has patented the "Reversible Skate," a splendid article. His prices of skates, all complete, vary from 60 cents to \$5.00. Call and examine.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—We have received this magazine for January through the politeness of John J. Dyer & Co., of Boston.

The idea of no political action in reference to this question is too absurd to be considered. The scripture says that faith without works is dead, being alone, so I think all the talk on this question, without political action, would be of no avail. The Republicans have been the past season plowing the ground, and in the coming spring they propose to plant the seed, fully convinced they can obtain a

Wanderings among the Indians.

No. V.

Some of the blood of the remnants of the Shunacock tribe is a good deal mixed. While a large portion go to one extreme, of marrying their own cousins, from which they tell me, however, that no evils ever result, the children of such parents being invariably bright and promising, a fact which ought to be noticed by those who manufacture exaggerated statistical accounts of the idiotic offspring of persons intermarrying; another portion have married whites in imitation of the noble Pocahontas, that world-renowned Princess of the Powhatan tribe, in Virginia, and the heroic saviour of Capt. Smith, after his death-warrant had been signed; and other portions have amalgamated with blacks, so that African as well as Anglo-Saxon blood is flowing through the veins of some of their choicest households, yet not enough to chain the eagle's wing, or blot out that free-born, untamed and untamable Indian spirit which can neither brook oppression nor submit for a moment to the galling shackles of involuntary servitude. During conversations on the subject, I was assured over and over again that they would sooner die than be slaves. There is not one of them but could say, as did Joshua R. Giddings in Congress, "Were I a slave, I would obtain my freedom if I had to walk over the dead bodies of slaveholders all the way from Mississippi to Massachusetts," up-raising the war cry of the Revolution, "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

And here is one of the secrets of our preference for the Indian, and the prime reason why he secures so much more respect than does the negro. You cannot enslave the former, while the latter all too readily yields to the injustice of bondage. This is no excuse however, for those who sinfully claim the ownership of the bodies and souls of immortal men. If Christopher Columbus and our discerning forefathers had not ascertained that the aborigines could not be transformed from persons into chattels, the natives of Africa would never have been stolen from their homes nor the "horrors of the middle passage" endured.

Many of the young men from the Indian Reservation on Long Island, follow the seas, some of them as first and second mates of vessels, and others as distinguished whalers, their fathers and mothers finding the same difficulty in keeping their adventurous sons long at home as do many New England parents, and feeling a similar grief at their departure and absence.

So strong became my interest and attachment in the course of a two days' visit, during which I performed what most would consider not less than a week's work, completely tiring out my Indian guide, he half the task was finished of visiting the various habitations, the common school, and the scattered nucleus, the majority of whom are reached merely by a narrow foot path, that it was hard, very hard parting from them when duty and affection called me homeward. In former periods I have been privileged to shake hands with some noted personages and renowned dignitaries, as for instance, Louis Kossuth and John Brown; yet none of these interesting recollections and reminiscences of the past are more gratifying than the handshakings with fugitive slaves, while pausing at one of the depots of an Underground Railroad, on their way to Queen Victoria's dominions in Canada, and the beloved Shunacock Indians of the State of New York.

W. C. W.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Sabbath School connected with the Universalist society gave an entertainment in Lyceum Hall, Christmas eve, consisting of tableaux, music, and speaking. The Hall was completely filled, and the exercises very interesting, although I am informed that no rehearsal had previous to exhibition, contrary to the intention, in consequence of some delay in erecting the staging, and other incidents. However, all passed off pleasantly. Some of the tableaux were excellent, and very instructive. "Secession and its consequences," in two scenes, was truly laughable. The first exhibited the chivalry in military array, attended by negroes carrying their guns; the second—showing the result of secession—represented the chivalry as having got the worst of it, the darkies standing in the centre, proud as Lucifer, with guns at their shoulders, which seemed very greatly to discomfort the chivalry as they looked upon this spectacle and beheld the negroes planting the Palmetto tree around them. The last act was the distribution of the presents to the children from well loaded Christmas trees, which seemed to interest them quite as much as any part of the performance. I think if the tableaux had been less in number and more extended views of them had been given, there would have been even greater satisfaction.

Our Post Master, H. N. Cate, Esq., has resigned, and Mr. Caleb D. Brown has been appointed his successor. Mr. Brown will no doubt make an efficient officer.

A mad dog has been troubling several others of his tribe, and this dog, with quite a number who were known to have been bitten by him, have been laid low, and cannot use their teeth for any purpose for want of motion in either jaw.

Rev. Mr. Barrows delivered a discourse last Sabbath afternoon on the condition of the country. The first of the discourse took strong Republican ground. Some of the points were, that slavery was at war with the whole tenor of the gospel, that it was abhorrent to his own feelings, and that he would not obey the fugitive slave law, but on the contrary, would not refuse to give the fugitive bread, and bid him God speed, and accept the consequences. But in what I shall term the second part of the discourse, he was understood to take the ground that the issue which has caused in part the panic, was not wisely taken; that civilization and the intelligence of the people were working favorably to the cause of freedom; and that the question should not be made a political one, but rather a moral one, which seemed to have been lost sight of; that it was questionable whether the third party—the negro—would be benefited by the recent political victory. This sounds somewhat like that pro-slavery shout, the New York Observer.

The idea of no political action in reference to this question is too absurd to be considered. The scripture says that faith without works is dead, being alone, so I think all the talk on this question, without political action, would be of no avail. The Republicans have been the past season plowing the ground, and in the coming spring they propose to plant the seed, fully convinced they can obtain a

For the Middlesex Journal.

larger and better crop by first plowing the ground.

I believe I have fairly stated the points referred to, though I do so entirely from memory. Comment is wholly unnecessary, though I may add that if the ideas advanced in the latter part of the discourse had been carried out in the time of the Revolution, we should not now enjoy the rich legacy bequeathed to us. Suffice it to say, the learned and talented divine proceeded to erect a noble building in the first part of his discourse, but in the latter part he brought into requisition his siege battery and completely annihilated the whole superstructure. However, many excellent ideas were advanced which all would do well to consider. LENO.

WINCHESTER.

For the Middlesex Journal.

CONCERT AND CHRISTMAS TREE.—The Annual Concert by the children connected with Mr. J. C. Johnson's singing school, came off in the vestry of the Congregational church last Monday evening. The upper portion of the vestry was reserved for the children, who occupied seats ranged one above the other across. This part of the room was appropriately decorated with evergreen and tissue and colored paper, arranged in the form of bouquets of flowers, while in the centre was the Christmas tree laden with gifts, which were also displayed around several of the iron columns. At 7 o'clock the children marched in to the music of the piano and took their seats, to the number of about one hundred. Many of them were ornamented in various ways, with wreaths, gilt paper, and bearing small flags of fanciful patterns, which gave the scene a fine appearance after they were arranged in their places. The exercises opened with the singing of the song entitled "The Sleigh Ride," which was accompanied by the jingling of little bells. Then followed a Scotch Song; The Hebrew Children, Solo by a little girl of the name of Skillings, with Chorus; Blue Mountains; Song of the Foresters by some of the older boys; The shining shore, Solo by Dolly Taylor, and Chorus; Duet, "No home like my own," by Rebecca Burnham and Helen Goodidge; Song of the Lincoln School, Solo by Master Skillings, Chorus, accompanied by the waving of flags; "The Night Voyagers;" Indian Chorus; "Marion Lee," sung by Miss Brown; Quartette, "Beautiful Star, Star of the evening, beautiful star," Song in memory of the loved ones who have passed away, commencing with, "Come to the land that is far, far away." In this piece voices representing the departed ones are heard faintly in the distance singing the first part of the song, which is answered by their schoolmates on earth. This piece could not fail to touch the hearts of those who have been bereaved of dear children who were present on the last Christmas eve at this festival; Song, "Ever of thee" by Miss Emily Vreeland; "Flora, the Shepherdess" by the older girls; The Blacksmith, representing one man at work singing to the other which was accompanied by a noise as of shoemaking hammers; Duet, "Labrador Watch Aho!" by Miss Collins, and Chorus; "The Evening Bells on Wildwood Hill," Solo by Emma Todd, and Chorus; Glee by the older boys, entitled the "Red Cross Knight;" "The Bugle," by a young lady, Solo, representing the difficulties attendant upon children who are climbing the hill of knowledge; "Still in my dreams," by Miss Lucy Blanchard; "La Belle France," by Miss Anna Whitten, was greeted with rapturous applause. The closing piece was a Military Chorus. After the singing the presents, of which there were a large number, were distributed by Mr. Johnson assisted by the older pupils, and afforded great delight to the children. The vestry was well filled, the singing good, and the occasion, as usual, very interesting. It is to be regretted that some of the older boys and girls should neglect to improve the opportunity afforded them of learning to sing and of being benefited by the associations connected therewith.

LECTURE.—The lecture of Rev. A. L. Stone, was postponed on account of the concert occurring on the same evening. It is understood that the reverend gentleman's engagements are such that he will not be able to lecture this season.

CHRISTMAS.—The schools were granted this as a holiday, and the children and youth had a nice time in sliding and skating although the ice was not very good.

EXCERPTS.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

At the meeting of the Literary Association last week the question was discussed, "Does the progress of civilization diminish the love for martial glory?" The debate was conducted on the affirmative by Messrs Lilley Eaton and James M. Sweetser, and on the negative by Messrs G. W. Copeland and Wm. H. Walker. Next week, Friday evening, is designated for a further discussion of the same question. The exercises this week are various.

Twelve of the fourteen public teachers, and four of the six Committee, met at the house of Hon. Lilley Eaton last week on Friday evening, and spent an hour very agreeably, to adopt a uniform plan to procure aid for the statue to Horace Mann. A report of the doings of the several teachers, it is expected, will be made at a meeting of the teachers and Committee, to be held in the Library room on the first Monday evening of January.

Christmas was not "as cold as Christmas," usually is. It was a beautiful day, and though there was but little snow upon the ground, that little was so nicely spread, that the sleighing was excellent. And well was it improved. Parties and parties, in sleighs and puns, steeds at the top of their speed, passed and re-passed in continual succession, making a scene as "merry as Christmas" could be. Thus all day long was the music of the bells. Nor yet at evening ceased the glee. The silvery moon looked down upon scores of teams dashing through the village as if on a gallop race. On the evening previous, Old Santa Claus had gone the usual rounds, though less liberal than formerly in the distribution of his gifts, feeling doubtless, in common with the people, the stringency of the times. At least, so say the shopkeepers who had provided abundantly the stuffings for the stockings. But hard times or easy, the holiday was much enjoyed, as why should it not be? It is well to be cheerful and merry.

Mr. Hiram Sweetser cut his foot badly while preparing wood for the fire, some two

To Consume.

